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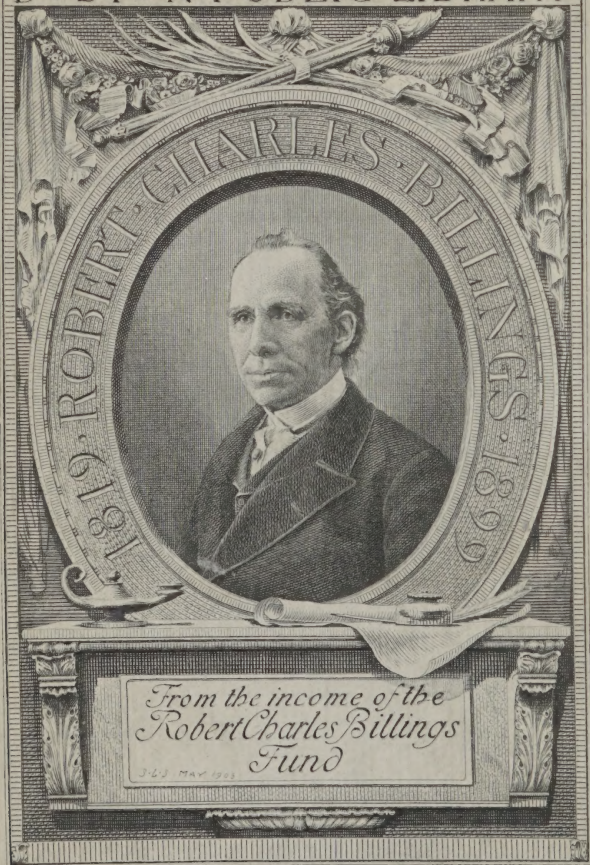
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VOLUME XVI.

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The BiBelot

A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
Lovers, chosen in part
from scarce editions and
sources not generally
known

Printed for Thomas B. Mosher
and Publish'd by him at 45 Ex-
change Street, Portland, Maine

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A Reprint of Poetry
and Prose for Book
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VOLUME XVI

THE BIBLOT

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PORTLAND, MAINE

Portland, Maine
THOMAS B. MOSHER

Mdccccx

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The Bibelot

THE cordial reception given our reprint of *The Crier by Night* in THE BIBELOT for September last has led to some very pleasing correspondence with that saving remnant who when they see a good thing know it for a fact at first sight. It has had moreover the agreeable effect of inducing Mr. Bottomley to permit the further use of anything else we might wish to select from his, so to speak, privately printed volumes. This being the case there seems no question of what should be chosen, and in *The Riding to Lithend* we now offer his latest and without doubt his finest one-act tragedy. It is very much to the advantage of us all that we are also able to give Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie's critical estimate of this tragedy, which he contributed to the *Liverpool Courier* under date of October 1, 1909. As a poet he possesses the requisite poetic capacity to deal with his subject to our entire satisfaction. This review in itself is fully as out of reach as any first-rate article that is put forth in a provincial newspaper.

One thing that hitherto has unquestionably worked to Mr. Bottomley's disadvan-

tage is the exceedingly limited issue of all his literary efforts. Our revised and augmented list of these productions goes far to show that their writer, as was said of FitzGerald, has done quite as much to avoid publicity as others take to insure it.

Still later we hope to offer A Vision of Giorgione, originally printed in The Gate of Smaragdus, augmented by a third and heretofore unwritten scene.

Enough has now been presented to make good the claim that in Gordon Bottomley we have an author who is bound to be reckoned with in no very far-off or uncertain future.



FOR FEBRUARY :
THE RIDING TO LITHEND
(Concluded.)

FOR MARCH :
TOYS
FROM THE PARIS HORIZON
BY AXEL MUNTHE.

THE RIDING TO LITHEND :

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

By

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY was born in February, 1874, at Keighley, one of the smaller manufacturing towns in the commercial district of the West Riding of Yorkshire. The following complete list of his books has been compiled from information furnished by their author:

1. *The Mickle Drede and Other Verses.* Kendal, 1896. 150 copies. (Not for sale.)
2. *Poems at White-Nights: A Book of Verse.* The Unicorn Press, London, 1899. Med 16mo. cloth, g. t. Pp. 96. (2s 6d net.) 500 copies. (Out of print.)
3. *The Crier by Night: A Play in One Act.* The Unicorn Press, London, 1902. 4to $\frac{1}{2}$ vellum, blue paper bds., g. t. Pp. 32. (2s 6d net.) 500 copies. (Out of print.)
4. *The Gate of Smaragdus.* [Poems] Decorated by Clinton Balmer. The Unicorn Press and Elkin Mathews, London, 1904. Royal 8vo. Paper bds. Pp. viii and 1-68. (10s net.) 400 copies.
5. *Midsummer Eve: A Dramatic Pastoral,* with drawings by James Guthrie. The Pear Tree Press, 1905. Post 8vo. Paper bds. Pp. iv and 1-30. (10s 6d net.) 120 copies.
6. *Chambers of Imagery.* [Poems] London, 1907. Fcap, 8vo. Wrappers, Pp. 40. 500 copies. (1s.)
7. *The Riding to Lithend: A Play in One Act.* The Pear Tree Press, 1909. Fcap 4to. Paper bds. 100 copies at 7s 6d net; 20 copies, hand coloured, with extra plate in intaglio. (15s net.)
8. *Laodice and Danæ: A Play in One Act.* 8vo. Wrappers. Printed for Private Circulation [Christmas] 1909. Pp. 26. (150 copies.)

TO EDWARD THOMAS.

HERE in the North we speak of you,
And dream (and wish the dream were true)
That when the evening has grown late
You will appear outside our gate —
As though some Gipsy-Scholar yet
Sought this far place that men forget ;
Or some tall hero still unknown,
Out of the Mabinogion,
Were seen at nightfall looking in,
Passing mysteriously to win
His earlier earth, his ancient mind,
Where man was true and life more kind
Lived with the mountains and the trees
And other steadfast presences,
Where large and simple passions gave
The insight and the peace we crave,
And he no more had nigh forgot
The old high battles he had fought.

Ab, pause to-night outside our gate
And enter ere it is too late
To see the garden's deep on deep
And talk a little ere we sleep.

When you were here a year ago
I told you of a glorious woe,
The ancient woe of Gunnar dead
And its proud train of men long sped,

*Fit brothers to your noble thoughts ;
Then, as their shouts and Gunnar's shouts
Went down once more undyingly
And the fierce saga was put by,
I told you of my old desire
To light again that bygone fire,
To body Hallgerd's ruinous
Great hair and wrangling mouth for us,
And bear her voice deny again
That hair to Gunnar in his pain.*

*Because your heart could understand
The hopes of their primeval land,
The hearts of dim heroic forms
Made clear by tenderness and storms,
You caught my glow and urged me on ;
So now the tale is once more done
I turn to you, I bring my play,
Longing, O friend, to hear you say
I have not dwarfed those olden things
Nor tarnisht by my furbishings.*

*I bring my play, I turn to you
And wish it might to-night be true
That you would seek this old small house
Twixt laurel boughs and apple boughs ;
Then I would give it, bravely manned,
To you, and with my play my hand.*

JUNE 30th, 1908.

PERSONS:

GUNNAR HAMUNDSSON

HALLGERD LONGCOAT, his Wife

RANNVEIG, his Mother

ODDNY, ASTRID, and STEINVOR, Hallgerd's House-
women

ORMILD, a Woman Thrall

BIARTEY, JOFRID, and GUDFINN, Beggar-women

GIZUR THE WHITE, MORD VALGARDSSON, THORGRIM
THE EASTERLING, THORBRAND THORLEIKSSON
and ASBRAND his Brother, AUNUND, THORGEIR
and HROALD, Riders

Many other riders and voices of riders

In Iceland, A. D. 990

THE RIDING TO LITHEND.

The scene is the hall of GUNNAR'S house at Lithend in South Iceland. The portion shewn is set on the stage diagonally, so that to the right one end is seen while, from the rear corner of this, one side runs down almost to the left front.

The side wall is low and wainscotted with carved panelling on which hang weapons, shields, and coats of mail. In one place a panel slid aside shews a shut bed.

In front of the panelling are two long benches with a carved high-seat between them. Across the end of the hall are similar panellings and the seats, with corresponding tables, of the women's dais; behind these and in the gable wall is a high narrow door with a rounded top.

A timber roof slopes down to the side wall and is upheld by cross-beams and two rows of tall pillars which make a rather narrow nave of the centre of the hall. One of these rows runs parallel to the side wall, the pair of pillars before the high-seat being carved and ended with images; of the other row only two pillars are visible at the extreme right.

Within this nave is the space for the hearths; but the only hearth visible is the one near the women's dais. In the roof above it there is a louvre: the fire glows and no smoke rises. The hall is lit everywhere by the firelight.

The rafters over the women's dais carry a floor at the level of the side walls, forming an open loft which is

reached by a wide ladder fixed against the wall: a bed is seen in this loft. Low in the roof at intervals are shuttered casements, one being above the loft: all the shutters are closed.

Near the fire a large shaggy hound is sleeping; and ORMILD, in the undyed woollen dress of a thrall, is combing wool.

ODDNY stands spinning at the side; near her ASTRID and STEINVOR sit stitching a robe which hangs between them.

ASTRID.

NIGHT is a winter long: and evening falls.
Night, night and winter and the heavy snow
Burden our eyes, intrude upon our dreams,
And make of loneliness an earthly place.

ORMILD.

This bragging land of freedom that enthralls me
Is still the fastness of a secret king
Who treads the dark like snow, of old king Sleep.
He works with night, he has stolen death's tool frost
That makes the breaking wave forget to fall.

ASTRID.

Best mind thy comb-pot and forget our king
Before the Longcoat helps at thy awaking.
I like not this forsaken quiet house.
The house-men out at harvest in the Isles

Never return. Perhaps they went but now,
Yet I am sore with fearing and expecting
Because they do not come. They will not come.
I like not this forsaken quiet house,
This late last harvest, and night creeping in.

ODDNY.

I like not dwelling in an outlaw's house.
Snow shall be heavier upon some eyes
Than you can tell of — ay, and unseen earth
Shall keep that snow from filling those poor eyes.
This void house is more void by brooding things
That do not happen than by absent men.
Sometimes when I awaken in the night
My throbbing ears are mocking me with rumours
Of crackling beams, beams falling, and loud flames.

ASTRID (*pointing to the weapons by the high-seat*).

The bill that Gunnar won in a far sea-fight
Sings inwardly when battle impends; as a harp
Replies to the wind thus answers it to fierceness,
So tense its nature is and the spell of its welding;
Then trust ye well that while the bill is silent
No danger thickens, for Gunnar dies not singly.

STEINVOR.

But women are let forth free when men go burning?

ODDNY.

Fire is a hurrying thing, and fire by night
Can see its way better than men see theirs.

ASTRID.

The land will not be nobler or more holpen
If Gunnar burns and we go forth unsinged.
Why will he break the atonement that was set?
That wise old Njal who has the second sight
Foretold his death if he should slay twice over
In the same kin or break the atonement set:
Yet has he done these things and will not care.
Kolskegg, who kept his back in famous fights,
Sailed long ago and far away from us
Because that doom is on him for the slayings;
Yet Gunnar bides although that doom is on him
And he is outlawed by defiance of doom.

STEINVOR.

Gunnar has seen his death: he is spoken for.
He would not sail because, when he rode down
Unto the ship, his horse stumbled and threw him,
His face toward the Lithe and his own fields.
Olaf the Peacock bade him be with him
In his new mighty house so carven and bright,
And leave this house to Rannveig and his sons:
He said that would be well, yet never goes.
Is he not thinking death would ride with him?

Did not Njal offer to send his sons,
Skarphedin ugly and brave and Hauskuld with him,
To hold this house with Gunnar, who refused them,
Saying he would not lead young men to death?
I tell you Gunnar is done. . . . His fetch is out.

ODDNY.

Nay, he's been topmost in so many fights
That he believes he shall fight on untouched.

STEINVOR.

He rides to motes and Things before his foes.
He has sent his sons harvesting in the Isles.
He takes deliberate heed of death—to meet it,
Like those whom Odin needs. He is fey, I tell you—
And if we are past the foolish ardour of girls
For heroisms and profitless loftiness
We shall get gone when bedtime clears the house.
'T is much to have to be a hero's wife,
And I shall wonder if Hallgerd cares about it:
Yet she may kindle to it ere my heart quickens.
I tell you, women, we have no duty here:
Let us get gone to-night while there is time,
And find new harbouring ere the laggard dawn,
For death is making narrowing passages
About this hushed and terrifying house.

*RANNVEIG, an old wimpled woman, enters as if from
a door at the unseen end of the hall.*

ASTRID.

He is so great and manly, our master Gunnar,
There are not many ready to meet his weapons:
And so there may not be much need of weapons.
He is so noble and clear, so swift and tender,
So much of Iceland's fame in foreign places,
That too many love him, too many honour him
To let him die, lest the most gleaming glory
Of our grey country should be there put out.

RANNVEIG.

Girl, girl, my son has many enemies
Who will not lose the joy of hurting him.
This little land is no more than a lair
That holds too many fiercenesses too straitly,
And no man will refuse the rapture of killing
When outlawry has made it cheap and righteous.
So long as any one perceives he knows
A bare place for a weapon on my son
His hand shall twitch to fit a weapon in.
Indeed he shall lose nothing but his life
Because a woman is made so evil fair,
Wasteful and white and proud in harmful acts.
I lose two sons when Gunnar's eyes are still,
For then will Kolskegg never more turn home. . . .
If Gunnar would but sail three years would pass;
Only three years of banishment said the doom —
So few, so few, for I can last ten years
With this unshrunk body and steady heart.

To Ormild.

Have I sat down in comfort by the fire
And waited to be told the thing I knew?
Have any men come home to the young women,
Thinking old women do not need to hear,
That you can play at being a bower-maid
In a long gown although no beasts are foddered?
Up, lass, and get thy coats about thy knees,
For we must cleanse the byre and heap the midden
Before the master knows—or he will go,
And there is peril for him in every darkness.

ORMILD (*tucking up her skirts*).

Then are we out of peril in the darkness?
We should do better to nail up the doors
Each night and all night long and sleep through it,
Giving the cattle meat and straw by day.

ODDNY.

Ay, and the hungry cattle should sing us to sleep.

*The others laugh. ORMILD goes out to the left ;
RANNVEIG is following her, but pauses at the sound of a
voice.*

HALLGERD (*beyond the door of the women's daïs*).

Dead men have told me I was better than fair,
And for my face welcomed the danger of me:
Then am I spent?

She enters angrily, looking backward through the doorway.

Must I shut fast my doors
And hide myself? Must I wear up the rags
Of mortal perished beauty and be old?
Or is there power left upon my mouth
Like colour, and lilt of ruin in my eyes?
Am I still rare enough to be your mate?
Then why must I shame at feasts and bear myself
In shy ungainly ways, made flushed and conscious
By squat numb gestures of my shapeless head—
Ay, and its wagging shadow—clouted up,
Twice tangled with a bundle of hot hair,
Like a thick cot-quean's in the settling time?
There are few women in the Quarter now
Who do not wear a shapely fine-webbed coif
Stitched by dark Irish girls in Athcliath
With golden flies and pearls and glinting things:
Even my daughter lets her big locks show,
Show and half show, from a hood gentle and close
That spans her little head like her husband's hand.

GUNNAR (entering by the same door).

I like you when you bear your head so high;
Lift but your heart as high, you could get crowned
And rule a kingdom of impossible things.
You would have moon and sun to shine together,
Snow-flakes to knit for apples on bare boughs,
Yea love to thrive upon the terms of hate.

If I had fared abroad I should have found
In many countries many marvels for you —
Though not more comeliness in peopled Romeborg
And not more haughtiness in Mickligarth
Nor craftiness in all the isles of the world,
And only golden coifs in Athcliath :
Yet you were ardent that I should not sail,
And when I could not sail you laughed out loud —
And kissed me home.

HALLGERD (*who has been biting her nails*).

And then . . . and doubtless . . . and strangely . . .
And not more thriftiness in Bergthorsknoll
Where Njal saves old soft sackcloth for his wife.
O, I must sit with peasants and aged women,
And keep my head wrapped modestly and seemly ;

She turns to RANNVEIG.

I must be humble — as one who lives on others.

*She snatches off her wimple, slipping her gold circlet as
she does so, and loosens her hair.*

Unless I may be hooded delicately
And use the adornment noble women use
I'll mock you with my flown young widowhood,
Letting my hair go loose past either cheek
In two bright clouds and drop beyond my bosom,
Turning the waving ends under my girdle
As young glad widows do, and as I did

Ere ever you saw me — ay, and when you found me
And met me as a king meets a queen
In the undying light of a summer night
With burning robes and glances — stirring the heart with scarlet.

She tucks the long ends of her hair under her girdle.

RANNVEIG.

You have cast the head-ring of the nobly nurtured,
Being eager for a bold uncovered head.
You are conversant with a widow's fancies
Ay, you are ready with your widowhood:
Two men have had you, chilled their bosoms with you,
And trusted that they held a precious thing —
Yet your mean passionate wastefulness poured out
Their lives for joy of seeing something done with.
Cannot you wait this time? 'T will not be long.

HALLGERD.

I am a hazardous desirable thing,
A warm unsounded peril, a flashing mischief,
A divine malice, a disquieting voice:
Thus I was shapen, and it is my pride
To nourish all the fires that mingled me.
I am not long moved, I do not mar my face,
Though men have sunk in me as in a quicksand.
Well, death is terrible. Was I not worth it?
Does not the light change on me as I breathe?
Could I not take the hearts of generations,

Walking among their dreams? O, I have might,
Although it drives me too and is not my own deed . . .
And Gunnar is great, or he had died long since.
It is my joy that Gunnar stays with me :
Indeed the offence is theirs who hunted him,
His banishment is not just ; his wrongs increase,
His honour and his following shall increase
If he is steadfast for his blamelessness.

RANNVEIG.

Law is not justice, but the sacrifice
Of singular virtues to the dull world's ease of mind ;
It measures men by the most vicious men ;
It is a bargaining with vanities,
Lest too much right should make men hate each other
And hasten the last battle of all the nations.
Gunnar should have kept the atonement set,
For then those men would turn to other quarrels.

GUNNAR.

I know not why it is I must be fighting,
For ever fighting, when the slaying of men
Is a more weary and aimless thing to me
Than most men think it and most women too.
There is a woman here who grieves she loves me,
And she too must be fighting me for ever
With her dim ravenous unsated mind.
Ay, Hallgerd, there's that in her which desires
Men to fight on for ever because she lives :

When she took form she did it like a hunger
To nibble earth's lip away until the sea
Poured down the darkness. Why then should I sail
Upon a voyage that can end but here?
She means that I shall fight until I die:
Why must she be put off by whittled years,
When none can die until his time has come?

He turns to the bound by the fire.

Samm, drowsy friend, dost scent a prey in dreams?
Shake off thy shag of sleep and get to thy watch:
'T is time to be our eyes till the next light.
Out, out to the yard, good Samm.

*He goes to the left, followed by the bound. In the
meantime HALLGERD has seated herself in the high-seat
near the sewing women, turning herself away and tugging
at a strand of her hair, the end of which she bites.*

RANNVEIG (*intercepting him*).

Nay, let me take him.
It is not safe—there may be men who hide. . . .
Hallgerd, look up; call Gunnar to you there:

HALLGERD *is motionless.*

Lad, she beckons. I say you shall not come.

GUNNAR (*laughing*).

Fierce woman, teach me to be brave in age,
And let us see if it is safe for you.

*He leads RANNVEIG out, his hand on her shoulder ;
the bound goes with them.*

STEINVOR.

Mistress, my heart is big with mutinies
For your proud sake : does not your heart mount up ?
He is an outlaw now and could not hold you
If you should choose to leave him. Is it not law ?
Is it not law that you could loose this marriage —
Nay, that he loosed it shamefully years ago
By a hard blow that bruised your innocent cheek,
Dishonouring you to lesser women and chiefs ?
See, it burns up again at the stroke of thought.
Come, leave him, mistress ; we will go with you.
There is no woman in the country now
Whose name can kindle men as yours can do —
Ay, many would pile for you the silks he grudges ;
And if you did withdraw your potent presence
Fire would not spare this house so reverently.

HALLGERD.

Am I a wandering flame that sears and passes ?
We must bide here, good Steinvor, and be quiet.
Without a man a woman cannot rule,
Nor kill without a knife ; and where 's the man
That I shall put before this goodly Gunnar ?
I will not be made less by a less man.
There is no man so great as my man Gunnar :
I have set men at him to show forth his might ;

I have planned thefts and breakings of his word
When my pent heart grew sore with fermentation
Of malice too long undone, yet could not stir him.
O, I will make a battle of the Thing,
Where men vow holy peace, to magnify him.
Is it not rare to sit and wait o' nights,
Knowing that murderousness may even now
Be coming down outside like second darkness
Because my man is greater?

STEINVÖR (*shudderingly*).

Is it not rare.

HALLGERD.

That blow upon the face
So long ago is best not spoken of.
I drave a thrall to steal and burn at Otkell's
Who would not sell to us in famine time
But denied Gunnar as if he were suppliant:
Then at our feast when men rode from the Thing
I spread the stolen food and Gunnar knew.
He smote me upon the face . . . indeed he smote me . . .
O, Gunnar smote me and had shame of me
And said he 'd not partake with any thief;
Although I stole to injure his despiser . . .
But if he had abandoned me as well
'T is I who should have been unmated now;
For many men would soon have judged me thief
And shut me from this land until I died—
And then I should have lost him . . . Yet he smote me . . .

ASTRID.

He kept you his — yea, and maybe saved you
From a debasement that could madden or kill,
For women thieves ere now have felt a knife
Severing ear or nose. And yet the feud
You sowed with Otkell's house shall murder Gunnar.
Otkell was slain: then Gunnar's enviers,
Who could not crush him under his own horse
At the big horse-fight, stirred up Otkell's son
To avenge his father; for should he be slain
Two in one stock would prove old Njal's foretelling,
And Gunnar's place be emptied either way
For those high helpless men who cannot fill it.
O, mistress, you have hurt us all in this:
You have cut off your strength, you have maimed yourself,
You are losing power and worship and men's trust.
When Gunnar dies no other man dare take you.

HALLGERD.

You gather poison in your mouth for me.
A high-born woman may handle what she fancies
Without being ear-pruned like a pilfering beggar.
Look to your ears if you touch ought of mine:
Ay, you shall join the mumping sisterhood
And tramp and learn your difference from me.

She turns from ASTRID.

Steinvor, I have remembered the great veil,
The woven cloud, the tissue of gold and garlands,

That Gunnar took from some outlandish ship
And thinks was made in Greekland or in Hind :
Fetch it from the ambry in the bower.

STEINVOR *goes out by the daïs door.*

ASTRID.

Mistress, indeed you are a cherished woman.
That veil is worth a lifetime's weight of coifs :
I have heard a queen offered her daughter for it,
But Gunnar said it should come home and wait—
And then gave it to you. The half of Iceland
Tells fabulous legends of a fabulous thing,
Yet never saw it : I know they never saw it,
For ere it reached the ambry I came on it
Tumbled in the loft with ragged kirtles.

HALLGERD.

What, are you there again? Let Gunnar alone.

STEINVOR *enters with the veil folded.* HALLGERD
takes it with one hand and shakes it into a heap.

This is the cloth. He brought it out at night,
In the first hour that we were left together,
And begged of me to wear it at high feasts
And more outshine all women of my time :
He shaped it to my head with my gold circlet,
Saying my hair smouldered like Rhine-fire through,
He let it fall about my neck, and fall

About my shoulders, mingle with my skirts,
And billow in the draught along the floor.

She rises and holds the veil behind her head.

I know I dazzled as if I entered in
And walked upon a windy sunset and drank it,
Yet must I stammer with such strange uncouthness
And tear it from me, tangling my arms in it.
Why should I so befool myself and seem
A laughable bundle in each woman's eyes,
Wearing such things as no one ever wore,
Useless no head-cloth too unlike my fellows.
Yet he turns miser for a tiny coif.
It would cut into many golden coifs
And dim some women in their Irish clouts —
But no; I'll shape and stitch it into shifts,
Smirch it like linen, patch it with rags, to watch
His silent anger when he sees my answer.
Give me thy shears, girl Oddny.

ODDNY.

You'll not part it?

HALLGERD.

I'll shorten it.

ODDNY.

I have no shears with me.

HALLGERD.

No matter; I can start it with my teeth
And tear it down the folds. So. So. So. So.
Here's a fine shift for summer: and another.
I'll find my shears and chop out waists and neck-holes.
Ay, Gunnar, Gunnar!

*She throws the tissue on the ground, and goes out by
the daïs door.*

ODDNY (*lifting one of the pieces*).

O me! A wonder has vanished.

STEINVOR.

What is a wonder less? She has done finely,
Setting her worth above dead marvels and shows. . . .

*The deep menacing baying of the hound is heard near
at hand. A woman's cry follows it.*

They come, they come! Let us flee by the bower!

*Starting up, she stumbles in the tissue and sinks upon
it. The others rise.*

You are leaving me — will you not wait for me —
Take, take me with you

Mingled cries of women are heard.

GUNNAR (*outside*).

Samm, it is well: be still.

Women, be quiet; loose me; get from my feet,
Or I will have the hound to wipe me clear. . . .

STEINVOR (*recovering herself*).

Women are sent to spy.

The sound of a door being opened is heard. GUNNAR enters from the left, followed by three beggar-women, BIARTEY, JOFRID, and GUDFINN. They hobble and limp, and are swathed in shapeless nameless rags which trail about their feet; BIARTEY's left sleeve is torn completely away, leaving her arm bare and mud-smeared; the others' skirts are torn, and JOFRID's gown at the neck; GUDFINN wears a felt hood buttoned under her chin, the others' faces are almost hid in falling tangles of grey hair. Their faces are shrivelled and weather-beaten, and BIARTEY's mouth is distorted by two front teeth that project like tusks.

GUNNAR.

Get in to the light.

Yea, has he mouthed ye? What men send ye here?
Who are ye? Whence come ye? What do ye seek?
I think no mother ever suckled you:
You must have dragged your roots up in waste places
One foot at once, or heaved a shoulder up—

BIARTEY (*interrupting him*).

Out of the bosoms of cairns and standing stones.
I am Biarthey: she is Jofrid: she is Gudfinn:
We are lone women known to no man now.
We are not sent: we come.

GUNNAR.

Well, you come.

You appear by night, rising under my eyes
Like marshy breath or shadows on the wall;
Yet the hound scented you like any evil
That feels upon the night for a way out.
And do you, then, indeed wend alone?
Came you from the West or the sky-covering North,
Yet saw no thin steel moving in the dark?

BIARTEY.

Not West, not North: we slept upon the East,
Arising in the East where no men dwell.
We have abided in the mountain places,
Chanted our woes among the black rocks crouching;

GUDFINN *joins her in a sing-song utterance.*

From the East, from the East we drove and the wind waved us,
Over the heaths, over the barren ashes.
We are old, our eyes are old, and the light hurts us,
We have skins on our eyes that part alone to the star-light.
We stumble about the night, the rocks tremble

Beneath our trembling feet ; black sky thickens,
Breaks into clots, and lets the moon upon us.

JOFRID joins her voice to the voices of the other two.

Far from the men who fear us, men who stone us,
Hiding, hiding, flying whene'er they slumber,
High on the crags we pause, over the moon-gulfs ;
Black clouds fall and leave us up in the moon-depths
Where wind flaps our hair and cloaks like fin-webs,
Ay and our sleeves that toss with our arms and the cadence
Of quavering crying among the threatening echoes.
Then we spread our cloaks and leap down the rock-stairs,
Sweeping the heaths with our skirts, greying the dew-bloom,
Until we feel a pool on the wide dew stretches
Stilled by the moon or ruffling like breast-feathers,
And, with grey sleeves cheating the sleepy herons,
Squat among them, pillow us there and sleep.
But in the harder wastes we stand upright,
Like splintered rain-worn boulders set to the wind
In old confederacy, and rest and sleep.

HALLGERD's women are buddled together and clasping each other.

ODDNY.

What can these women be who sleep like horses,
Standing up in the darkness What will they do

GUNNAR.

Ye wail like ravens and have no human thoughts.
What do ye seek ? What will ye here with us ?

BIARTEY (*as all three cower suddenly*).

Succour upon this terrible journeying.
We have a message for a man in the West,
Sent by an old man sitting in the East.
We are spent, our feet are moving wounds, our bodies
Dream of themselves and seem to trail behind us
Because we went unfed down in the mountains.
Feed us and shelter us beneath your roof,
And put us over the Markfleet, over the channels.
We are weak old women: we are beseeching you.

GUNNAR.

You may bide here this night, but on the morrow
You shall go over, for tramping shameless women
Carry too many tales from stead to stead—
And sometimes heavier gear than breath and lies.
These women will tell the mistress all I grant you;
Get to the fire until she shall return.

BIARTEY.

Thou art a merciful man and we shall thank thee.

GUNNAR *goes out again to the left.*

The old women approach the young ones gradually.

Little ones, do not doubt us. Could we hurt you?
Because we are ugly must we be bewitched?

STEINVOR.

Nay, but bewitch us.

BIARTEY.

Not in a litten house :
Not ere the hour when night turns on itself
And shakes the silence : not while ye wake together.
Sweet voice, tell us, was that verily Gunnar ?

STEINVOR.

Arrh — do not touch me, unclean flyer-by-night :
Have ye birds' feet to match such bat-webbed fingers ?

BIARTEY.

I am only a cowed curst woman who walks with death ;
I will crouch here. Tell us, was it Gunnar ?

ODDNY.

Yea, Gunnar surely. Is he not big enough
To fit the songs about him ?

BIARTEY.

He is a man.
Why will his manhood urge him to be dead ?
We walk about the whole old land at night,
We enter many dales and many halls :
And everywhere is talk of Gunnar's greatness,
His slayings and his fate outside the law.
The last ship has not gone : why will he tarry ?

ODDNY.

He chose a ship, but men who rode with him
Say that his horse threw him upon the shore,
His face toward the Lithe and his own fields;
As he arose he trembled at what he gazed on
(Although those men saw nothing pass or meet them)
And said What said he, girls?

ASTRID.

“Fair is the Lithe:

I never thought it was so fair, so fair.
Its corn is white, its meadows green after mowing.
I will ride home again and never leave it.”

ODDNY.

'T is an unlikely tale: he never said it.
No one could mind such things in such an hour.
Plainly he saw his fetch come down the sands,
And knew he need not seek another country
And take that with him to walk upon the deck
In night and storm.

GUDFINN.

He, he, he! No man speaks thus.

JOFRID.

No man, no man: he must be doomed somewhere.

BIARTEY.

Doomed and fey, my sisters. . . . We are too old,
Yet I'd not marvel if we outlasted him.
Sisters, that is a fair fierce girl who spins
My fair fierce girl, you could fight—but can you ride?
Would you not shout to be riding in a storm?
Ah . . . h, girls learnt riding well when I was a girl,
And foam rides on the breakers as I was taught. . . .
My fair fierce girl, tell me your noble name.

ODDNY.

My name is Oddny.

BIARTEY.

Oddny, when you are old
Would you not be proud to be no man's purse-string,
But wild and wandering and friends with the earth?
Wander with us and learn to be old yet living.
We'd win fine food with you to beg for us.

STEINVOR.

Despised, cast out, unclean, and loose men's night-bird.

ODDNY.

When I am old I shall be some man's friend,
And hold him when the darkness comes

BIARTEY.

And mumble by the fire and blink
Good Oddny, let me spin for you awhile,
That Gunnar's house may profit by his guesting:
Come, trust me with your distaff

ODDNY.

Are there spells

Wrought on a distaff?

STEINVOR.

Only by the Norns,
And they'll not sit with human folk to-night.

ODDNY.

Then you may spin all night for what I care;
But let the yarn run clean from knots and snarls,
Or I shall have the blame when you are gone.

BIARTEY (*taking the distaff*).

Trust well the aged knowledge of my hands;
Thin and thin do I spin, and the thread draws finer.

She sings as she spins.

They go by three,
And the moon shivers;
The tired waves flee,
The hidden rivers
Also flee.

I take three strands;
There is one for her,
One for my hands,
And one to stir
For another's hands.

I twine them thinner,
The dead wool doubts;
The outer is inner,
The core slips out

HALLGERD *re-enters by the daïs door, holding a pair of shears.*

HALLGERD.

What are these women, Oddny? Who let them in?

BIARTEY (*who spins through all that follows*).

Lady, the man of fame who is your man
Gave us his peace to-night, and that of his house.
We are blown beggars tramping about the land,
Denied a home for our evil and vagrant hearts;
We sought this shelter when the first dew soaked us,
And should have perished by the giant hound
But Gunnar fought it with his eyes and saved us.
That is a strange hound, with a man's mind in it.

HALLGERD (*seating herself in the high-seat*).

It is an Irish hound, from that strange soil
Where men by day walk with unearthly eyes

And cross the veils of the air, and are not men
But fierce abstractions eating their own hearts
Impatiently and seeing too much to be joyful.
If Gunnar welcomed ye, ye may remain.

BIARTEY.

She is a fair free lady, is she not?
But that was to be looked for in a high one
Who counts among her fathers the bright Sigurd,
The bane of Fafnir the Worm, the end of the god-kings;
Among her mothers Brynhild, the lass of Odin,
The maddener of swords, the night-clouds' rider.
She has kept sweet that father's lore of bird-speech,
She wears that mother's power to cheat a god.
Sisters, she does well to be proud

JOFRID and GUDFINN.

Ay, well

HALLGERD (*shaping the tissue with her shears*).

I need no witch to tell I am of rare seed,
Nor measure my pride nor praise it. Do I not know?
Old women, ye are welcomed: sit with us,
And while we stitch tell us what gossip runs —
But if strife might be warmed by spreading it.

BIARTEY.

Lady, we are hungered; we were lost
All night among the mountains of the East;

Clouds of the cliffs come down my eyes again. . . .
I pray you let some thrall bring us to food.

HALLGERD.

Ye get nought here. The supper is long over;
The women shall not let ye know the food-house,
Or ye 'll be thieving in the night. Ye are idle,
Ye suck a man's house bare and seek another.
'T is bed-time; get to sleep — that stills much hunger.

BIARTEY.

Now it is easy to be seeing what spoils you.
You were not grasping or ought but over warm
When Sigmund, Gunnar's kinsman, guested here.
You followed him, you were too kind with him,
You lavished Gunnar's treasure and gear on him
To draw him on, and did not call that thieving.
Ay, Sigmund took your feuds on him and died
As Gunnar shall. Men have much harm by you.

HALLGERD.

Now have I gashed the golden cloth awry:
'T is ended — a ruin of clouts — the worth of the gift —
Bridal dish-clouts — nay a bundle of flame
I 'll burn it to a breath of its old queen's ashes:
Fire, O fire, drink up

*She throws the shreds of the veil on the glowing embers:
they waft to ashes with a brief high flare. She goes to*
JOFRID.

There's one of you
That holds her head in a bird's sideways fashion :
I know that reach o' the chin. . . . What's under thy hair? —

She fixes JOFRID with her knee, and lifts her hair.

Pfui, 't is not hair, but sopped and rotting moss —
A thief, a thief indeed And twice a thief
She has no ears. Keep thy hooked fingers still
While thou art here, for if I miss a mouthful
Thou shalt miss all thy nose. Get up, get up ;
I'll lodge ye with the mares

JOFRID (*starting up*).

Three men, three men,
Three men have wived you, and for all you gave them
Paid with three blows upon a cheek once kissed —
To every man a blow — and the last blow
All the land knows was won by thieving food. . . .
Yea, Gunnar is ended by the theft and the thief.
Is it not told that when you first grew tall,
A false rare girl, Hrut your own kinsman said
“ I know not whence thief's eyes entered our blood.”
You have more ears, yet are you not my sister?
Our evil vagrant heart is deeper in you.

HALLGERD (*snatching the distaff from BIARTEY*).

Out and be gone, be gone. Lie with the mountains,
Smother among the thunder; stale dew mould you.
Outstrip the hound, or he shall so embrace you

BIARTEY.

Now is all done all done and all your deed
She broke the thread, and it shall not join again.
Spindle, spindle, the coiling weft shall dwindle ;
Leap on the fire and burn, for all is done

*She casts the spindle upon the fire, and stretches her
hands toward it.*

HALLGERD (*attacking them with the distaff*).

Into the night. . . . Dissolve

BIARTEY (*as the three rush toward the door*).

Sisters, away :

Leave the woman to her smouldering beauty,
Leave the fire that 's kinder than the woman,
Leave the roof-tree ere it falls. It falls.

GUDFINN *joins her*. *Each time HALLGERD flags they
turn as they chant, and point at her.*

We shall cry no more in the high rock-places,
We are gone from the night, the winds and the clouds are empty :
Soon the man in the West shall receive our message.

JOFRID'S *voice joins the other voices.*

Men reject us, yet their house is unstable. . . .
The slayers' hands are warm — the sound of their riding
Reached us down the ages, ever approaching.

HALLGERD (*at the same time, her voice high over theirs*).

Pack, ye rag-heaps — or I'll unravel you.

THE THREE (*continuously*).

House that spurns us, woe shall come upon you:
Death shall hollow you. Now we curse the woman —
May all the woes smite her till she can feel them.
Shall we not roost in her bower yet? Woe! Woe!

The distaff breaks, and HALLGERD drives them out with her hands. Their voices continue for a moment outside, dying away.

Call to the owl-friends Woe! Woe! Woe!

ASTRID.

Whence came these mounds of dread to haunt the night?
It doubles this disquiet to have them near us.

ODDNY.

They must be witches — and it was my distaff —
Will fire eat through me

STEINVOR.

Or the Norns themselves.

HALLGERD.

Or bad old women used to govern by fear.
To bed, to bed — we are all up too late.

STEINVOR (*as she turns with ASTRID and ODDNY to the dais*).

If beds are made for sleep we might sit long.

They go out by the dais door.

GUNNAR (*as he enters hastily from the left*).

Where are those women? There's some secret in them:
I have heard such others crying down to them.

HALLGERD.

They turned foul-mouthed, they beckoned evil toward us—
I drove them forth a breath ago.

GUNNAR.

Forth? Whence?

HALLGERD.

By the great door: they cried about the night.

RANNVEIG *follows* GUNNAR *in*.

GUNNAR.

Nay, but I entered there and passed them not.
Mother, where are the women?

RANNVEIG.

I saw none come.

GUNNAR.

They have not come, they have gone.

RANNVEIG.

I crossed the yard,

Hearing a noise, but a big bird dropped past,
Beating my eyes; and then the yard was clear.

The deep baying of the hound is heard again.

GUNNAR.

They must be spies: yonder is news of them.
The wise hound knew them, and knew them again.

The baying is succeeded by one wild howl.

Nay, nay!

Men treat thee sorely, Samm my fosterling:
Even by death thou warnest — but it is meant
That our two deaths will not be far apart.

RANNVEIG.

Think you that men are yonder?

GUNNAR.

Men are yonder.

RANNVEIG.

My son, my son, get on the rattling war-woof,
The old grey shift of Odin, the hide of steel.
Handle the snake with edges, the fang of the rings.

GUNNAR (*going to the weapons by the high-seat*).

There are not enough moments to get under
That heavy fleece: an iron hat must serve

HALLGERD.

O brave! O brave! — he 'll dare them with no shield.

GUNNAR (*lifting down the great bill*).

Let me but reach this haft, I shall get hold
Of steel enough to fence me all about.

He shakes the bill above his head: a deep resonant humming follows.

The dais door is thrown open, and ODDNY, ASTRID, and STEINVOR stream through in their night-clothes.

STEINVOR.

The bill!

ODDNY.

The bill is singing!

ASTRID.

The bill sings!

GUNNAR (*shaking the bill again*).

Ay, brain-biter, waken Awake and whisper
Out of the throat of dread thy one brief burden.
Blind art thou, and thy kiss will do no choosing:

Worn art thou to a hair's grey edge, a nothing
That slips through all it finds, seeking more nothing.
There is a time, brain-biter, a time that comes
When there shall be much quietness for thee:
Men will be still about thee. I shall know.
It is not yet: the wind shall hiss at thee first.
Ahui! Leap up, brain-biter; sing again.
Sing! Sing thy verse of anger and feel my hands.

RANNVEIG.

Stand thou, my Gunnar, in the porch to meet them,
And the great door shall keep thy back for thee.

GUNNAR.

I had a brother there. Brother, where are you

HALLGERD.

Nay, nay. Get thou, my Gunnar, to the loft,
Stand at the casement, watch them how they come.
Arrows maybe could drop on them from there.

RANNVEIG.

'T is good: the woman's cunning for once is faithful.

GUNNAR (*turning again to the weapons*).

'T is good, for now I hear a foot that stumbles
Along the stable-roof against the hall.
My bow — where is my bow? Here with its arrows. . . .

Go in again, you women on the dais,
And listen at the casement of the bower
For men who cross the yard, and for their words.

ASTRID.

O, Gunnar, we shall serve you.

ASTRID, ODDNY, and STEINVOR *go out by the dais door.*

RANNVEIG.

Hallgerd, come;

We must shut fast the door, bar the great door,
Or they 'll be in on us and murder him.

HALLGERD.

Not I: I'd rather set the door wide open
And watch my Gunnar kindling at the peril,
Keeping them back—shaming men for ever
Who could not enter at a gaping door.

RANNVEIG.

Bar the great door, I say, or I will bar it—
Door of the house you rule . . . Son, son, command it.

GUNNAR (*as he ascends to the loft*).

O, spendthrift fire, do you waft up again?
Hallgerd, what riot of ruinous chance will sate you? . . .
Let the door stand, my mother: it is her way.

He looks out at the casement.

Here's a red kirtle on the lower roof.

He thrusts with the bill through the casement.

A MAN'S VOICE (*far off*).

Is Gunnar within?

THORGRIM THE EASTERLING'S VOICE (*near the casement*).

Find that out for yourselves:
I am only sure his bill is yet within.

A noise of falling is heard.

GUNNAR.

The Easterling from Sandgil might be dying—
He has gone down the roof, yet no feet helped him.

A shouting of many men is heard: GUNNAR starts back from the casement as several arrows fly in.

Now there are black flies biting before a storm.
I see men gathering beneath the cart-shed:
Gizur the White and Geir the priest are there,
And a lean whispering shape that should be Mord.
I have a sting for some one—

He looses an arrow: a distant cry follows.

Valgard's voice. . . .

A shaft of theirs is lying on the roof :
I'll send it back, for if it should take root
A hurt from their own spent and worthless weapon
Would put a scorn upon their tale for ever.

He leans out for the arrow.

RANNVEIG.

Do not, my son : rouse them not up again
When they are slackening in their attack.

HALLGERD.

Shoot, shoot it out, and I'll come up to mock them.

GUNNAR (*loosing the arrow*).

Hoia ! Swerve down upon them, little hawk.

A shout follows.

Now they run all together round one man :
Now they murmur

A VOICE.

Close in, lift bows again :
He has no shafts, for this is one of ours.

Arrows fly in at the casement.

GUNNAR.

Wife, here is something in my arm at last :
The head is twisted — I must cut it clear.

STEINVOR *throws open the dais door and rushes through with a high shriek.*

STEINVOR.

Woman, let us out — help us out —
The burning comes — they are calling out for fire.

She shrieks again. ODDNY and ASTRID, who have come behind her, muffle her head in a kirtle and lift her.

ASTRID (*turning as they bear her out*).

Fire suffuses only her cloudy brain :
The flare she walks in is on the other side
Of her shot eyes. We heard a passionate voice,
A shrill unwomanish voice that must be Mord,
With "Let us burn him — burn him house and all."
And then a grave and trembling voice replied
"Although my life hung on it, it shall not be."
Again the cunning fanatic voice went on
"I say the house must burn above his head."
And the unlifted voice "Why wilt thou speak
Of what none wishes : it shall never be."

ASTRID *and ODDNY disappear with* STEINVOR.

GUNNAR.

To fight with honest men is worth much friendship :
I'll strive with them again.

*He lifts his bow and loosens arrows at intervals while
HALLGERD and RANNVEIG speak.*

HALLGERD (*in an undertone to RANNVEIG, looking out
meanwhile to the left*).

Mother, come here —

Come here and hearken. Is there not a foot,
A stealthy step, a fumbling on the latch
Of the great door? They come, they come, old mother:
Are you not blithe and thirsty, knowing they come
And cannot be held back? Watch and be secret,
To feel things pass that cannot be undone.

RANNVEIG.

It is the latch. Cry out, cry out for Gunnar,
And bring him from the loft.

HALLGERD.

O, never:

For then they'd swarm upon him from the roof.
Leave him up there and he can bay both armies,
While the whole dance goes merrily before us
And we can warm our hearts at such a flare.

RANNVEIG (*turning both ways, while HALLGERD watches
her gleefully*).

Gunnar, my son, my son! What shall I do. . . .

ORMILD *enters from the left, white and with her hand
to her side, and walking as one sick.*

HALLGERD.

Bah — here 's a bleached assault

RANNVEIG.

O, lonesome thing,
To be forgot and left in such a night.
What is there now — are terrors surging still?

ORMILD.

I know not what has gone: when the men came
I hid in the far cowhouse. I think I swooned
And then I followed the shadow. Who is dead?

RANNVEIG.

Go to the bower: the women will care for you.

ORMILD *totters up the hall from pillar to pillar.*

ASTRID (*entering by the daïs door*).

Now they have found the weather-ropes and lashed them
Over the carven ends of the beams outside:
They bear on them, they tighten them with levers,
And soon they 'll tear the high roof off the hall.

GUNNAR.

Get back and bolt the women into the bower.

ASTRID *takes ORMILD, who has just reached her, and goes out with her by the daïs door, which closes after them.*
Hallgerd, go in: I shall be here thereafter.

HALLGERD.

I will not stir. Your mother had best go in.

RANNVEIG.

How shall I stir?

VOICES (*outside and gathering volume*).

Ai . . . Ai . . . Reach harder . . . Ai . . .

GUNNAR.

Stand clear, stand clear—it moves.

THE VOICES.

It moves . . . Ai, Ai . . .

The whole roof slides down rumblingly, disappearing with a crash behind the wall of the house. All is dark above. Fine snow sifts down now and then to the end of the play.

GUNNAR (*handling his bow*).

The wind has changed: 't is coming on to snow.

The harvesters will hurry in to-morrow.

THORBRAND THORLEIKSSON *appears above the wall-top a little past* GUNNAR, *and, reaching noiselessly with a sword, cuts* GUNNAR'S *bowstring.*

GUNNAR (*dropping the bow and seizing his bill*).

Ay, Thorbrand, is it thou? That 's a rare blade,
To shear through hemp and gut . . . Let your wife have it
For snipping needle-yarn; or try it again.

THORBRAND (*raising his sword*).

I must be getting back ere the snow thickens:
So here 's my message to the end—or farther.
Gunnar, this night it is time to start your journey
And get you out of Iceland . . .

GUNNAR (*thrusting at THORBRAND with the bill*).

I think it is:
So you shall go before me in the dark.
Wait for me when you find a quiet shelter.

THORBRAND *sinks backward from the wall and is
heard to fall farther. Immediately ASBRAND THOR-
LEIKSSON starts up in his place.*

ASBRAND (*striking repeatedly with a sword*).

O, down, down, down!

GUNNAR (*parrying the blows with the bill*).

Ay, Asbrand, thou as well?
Thy brother Thorbrand was up here but now:
He has gone back the other way, maybe—
Be hasty, or you 'll not come up with him.

He thrusts with the bill : ASBRAND lifts a shield before the blow.

Here's the first shield that I have seen to-night.

The bill pierces the shield : ASBRAND disappears and is heard to fall. GUNNAR turns from the casement.

Hallgerd, my harp that had but one long string,
But one low song, but one brief wingy flight,
Is voiceless, for my bowstring is cut off.
Sever two locks of hair for my sake now,
Spoil those bright coils of power, give me your hair,
And with my mother twist those locks together
Into a bowstring for me. Fierce small head,
Thy stinging tresses shall scourge men forth by me.

HALLGERD.

Does ought lie on it?

GUNNAR.

Nought but my life lies on it ;
For they will never dare to close on me
If I can keep my bow bended and singing.

HALLGERD (*tossing back her hair*).

Then now I call to your mind that bygone blow
You gave my face ; and never a whit do I care
If you hold out a long time or a short.

GUNNAR.

Every man who has trod a war-ship's deck,
And borne a weapon of pride, has a proud heart
And asks not twice for any little thing.
Hallgerd, I'll ask no more from you, no more.

RANNVEIG (*tearing off her wimple*).

She will not mar her honour of widowhood.
O, widows' manes are priceless Off, mean wimple —
I am a finished widow, why do you hide me?
Son, son who knew my bosom before hers,
Look down and curse for an unreverend thing
An old bald woman who is no use at last.
These bleachy threads, these tufts of death's first combing,
And loosening heart-strings twisted up together
Would not make half a bowstring. Son, forgive me. . .

GUNNAR.

A grasping woman's gold upon her head
Is made for hoarding, like all other gold:
A spendthrift woman's gold upon her head
Is made for spending on herself. Let be —
She goes her heart's way, and I go to earth.

AUNUND'S *head rises above the wall near* GUNNAR.

What, are you there?

AUNUND.

Yea, Gunnar, we are here.

GUNNAR (*thrusting with the bill*).

Then bide you there.

AUNUND'S *head sinks* : THORGEIR'S *rises in the same place*.

How many heads have you?

THORGEIR.

But half as many as the feet we grow on.

GUNNAR.

And I've not yet used up (*thrusting again*) all my hands.

As he thrusts another man rises a little farther back, and leaps past him into the loft. Others follow, and GUNNAR is soon surrounded by many armed men, so that only the rising and falling of his bill is seen.

The threshing-floor is full. . . . Up, up, brain-biter!

We work too late to-night — up, open the husks.

O, smite and pulse

On their anvil heads :

The smithy is full,

There are shoes to be made

For the hoofs of the steeds

Of the Valkyr girls

FIRST MAN.

Hack through the shaft

SECOND MAN.

Receive the blade
In the breast of a shield,
And wrench it round

GUNNAR.

For the hoofs of the steeds
Of the Valkyr girls
Who race up the night
To be first at our feast,
First in the play
With immortal spears
In deadly holes

THIRD MAN.

Try at his back.

MANY VOICES (*shouting in confusion*).

Have him down. . . Heels on the bill. . . Ahui, Ahui. . .

The bill does not rise.

HROALD (*with the breaking voice of a young man, high over all*).

Father . . . It is my blow . . . It is I who kill him. . .

The crowd parts, suddenly silent, showing GUNNAR fallen.

RANNVEIG *covers her face with her hands.*

HALLGERD (*laughing as she leans forward and holds her breasts in her hands*).

O, clear sweet laughter of my heart, flow out!
It is so mighty and beautiful and blithe
To watch a man dying—to hover and watch.

RANNVEIG.

Cease: are you not immortal in shame already?

HALLGERD.

Heroes, what deeds ye compass, what great deeds—
One man has held ye from an open door:
Heroes, heroes, are ye undefeated?

GIZUR (*an old white-bearded man, to the other riders*).

We have laid low to earth a mighty chief:
We have laboured harder than on greater deeds,
And maybe won remembrance by the deeds
Of Gunnar when no deed of ours should live;
For this defence of his shall outlast kingdoms
And gather him fame till there are no more men.

MORD.

Come down and splinter those old birds his gods
That perch upon the carven high-seat pillars,
Wreck every place his shadow fell upon,
Rive out his gear, drive off his forfeit beasts.

SECOND MAN.

It shall not be.

MANY MEN.

Never.

GIZUR.

We 'll never do it :

Let no man lift a blade or finger a clout —

Is not this Gunnar, Gunnar, whom we have slain ?

Home, home, before the dawn shows all our deed.

The riders go down quickly over the wall-top, and disappear.

HALLGERD.

Now I shall close his nostrils and his eyes,

And thereby take his blood-feud into my hands.

RANNVEIG.

If you do stir I 'll choke you with your hair.

I will not let your murderous mind be near him

When he no more can choose and does not know.

HALLGERD.

His wife I was, and yet he never judged me :

He did not set your motherhood between us.

Let me alone — I stand here for my sons.

RANNVEIG.

The wolf, the carrion bird, and the fair woman
Hurry upon a corpse, as if they think
That all is left for them the grey gods need not.

*She twines her hands in HALLGERD'S hair and draws
her down to the floor.*

O, I will comb your hair with bones and thumbs,
Array these locks in my right widow's way,
And deck you like the bed-mate of the dead.
Lie down upon the earth as Gunnar lies,
Or I can never match him in your looks
And whiten you and make your heart as cold.

HALLGERD.

Mother, what will you do? Unloose me now—
Your eyes would not look so at me alone.

RANNVEIG.

Be still, my daughter

HALLGERD.

And then?

RANNVEIG.

Ah, do not fear—
I see a peril nigh and all its blitheness.
Order your limbs—stretch out your length of beauty,

Let down your hands and close those deepening eyes,
Or you can never stiffen as you should.
A murdered man should have a murdered wife
When all his fate is treasured in her mouth.
This wifely hair-pin will be sharp enough.

HALLGERD (*starting up as RANNVEIG half loosens her
to take a hair-pin from her own head*).

She is mad, mad O, the bower is barred —
Hallgerd, come out, let mountains cover you

She rushes out to the left.

RANNVEIG (*following her*).

The night take you indeed

GIZUR (*as he enters from the left*).

Ay, drive her out;
For no man's house was ever better by her.

RANNVEIG.

Is an old woman's life desired as well?

GIZUR.

We ask that you will grant us earth hereby
Of Gunnar's earth, for two men dead to-night
To lie beneath a cairn that we shall raise.

RANNVEIG.

Only for two? Take it: ask more of me.
I wish the measure were for all of you.

GIZUR.

Your words must be forgiven you, old mother,
For none has had a greater loss than yours.
Why would he set himself against us all

He goes out.

RANNVEIG.

Gunnar, my son, we are alone again.

*She goes up the hall, mounts to the loft, and stoops
beside him.*

O, they have hurt you but that is forgot.
Boy, it is bedtime; though I am too changed,
And cannot lift you up and lay you in,
You shall go warm to bed — I'll put you there.
There is no comfort in my breast to-night,
But close your eyes beneath my fingers' touch,
Slip your feet down, and let me smooth your hands:
Then sleep and sleep. Ay, all the world's asleep.

She rises.

You had a rare toy when you were awake —
I'll wipe it with my hair Nay, keep it so,

The colour on it now has gladdened you.
It shall lie near you.

She raises the bill : the deep hum follows.

No ; it remembers him,
And other men shall fall by it through Gunnar :
The bill, the bill is singing . . . The bill sings !

She kisses the weapon, then shakes it on high.

CURTAIN.

REVIEW:
THE RIDING TO LITHEND.

REVIEW.

THE RIDING TO LITHEND: A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

IT would not be worth while drawing attention to this play of Mr. Gordon Bottomley if it belonged to the ordinary run of poetic drama whereof we see such plenty these days—in print; dramas, that is to say, which are laid out on the plan of a prose play, with a seasoning of poetry (or more probably of rhetoric) added in the speeches to give common fare a smart relish, like sponge-cake dipped in wine. But this is the sort of play for which many of us are looking, some consciously and some, perhaps more, unconsciously. The prose play of the modern theatre is a very valuable form of literary expression, and it would be idle to belittle it; but even when it is something more than a close imitation of actual life, even when it is strongly impregnated with some profound sociological or moral thesis, or with some purpose of tragedy or humour, the prose play can do but little in exciting and satisfying those high nameless instincts which in the beginning called art into existence. It is a form of entertainment for the

reason and the more obvious emotions; but compare the effect of it with the effect of a symphony, and the limitations of a prose play are evident. A successful prose play provides us with some criticism of life; but a successful poetic play provides us, as a symphony does, with a symbol of life. There is an upper and a lower house of art. We may conveniently state the difference between the two houses by means of that compendious literary figure, a mixed metaphor; the works which must be put in the lower house are those which nourish thought and feeling, but in the upper house are the works which not only feed thought and feeling, but intoxicate them also. In these democratic days most modern works of art sit in the lower house; and they perform a very healthy office. But they must not pretend, however it may be in the corresponding political state of affairs, to the dignity and importance of those that are born to a seat in the upper house. Mr. Bottomley's *Riding to Lithend* is one of these latter. It is not a representative of life; it is a symbol of life. In it life is entirely fermented into rhythm, by which we mean not only rhythm of words, but

rhythm of outline also; the beauty and impressiveness of the play do not depend only on the subject, the diction, and the metre, but on the fact that it has distinct and most evident form, in the musician's sense of the word. It is one of those plays that reach the artist's ideal condition of music, in fact.

This interpenetration of rhythm through a work is the thing that gives art its intoxicating effect on mind and emotion, and makes it have an effect of deeper, fiercer reality than reality itself, like a distillation of life into a fiery essence. Of this species is Mr. Bottomley's tragedy. It is constructed out of the elements of life, but those elements are built into a pattern according to the rhythmic laws of beauty, not according to the laws of verisimilitude; and this it is, paradoxical as it may seem, that makes the existence Mr. Bottomley has contrived for his characters infect his readers with the sensation of an intenser actuality than is possible for any naturalism to achieve. But it is not only in the form of the play that this symbolic realism (as distinct from imitative realism) subsists. Mr. Bottomley has universalised his char-

acters into types; not types of "humours," like most of Ben Jonson's types, but types of humanity. There is plenty of psychology in the play of a universal kind, not of the alienist kind that our dramatists are so fond of now. The hero of the play, Gunnar, is a distinct and definite creation; but he is also Man fighting against the world. The heroine, Hallgerd, is a very individual person; but she also embodies that considerable portion of the "eternal womanly," which leads man upward, perhaps, but does it by keeping him for ever fighting, by continually stirring up war about him. *The Riding to Lithend* is an Icelandic play taken out of the noblest of the sagas. It is in one unbroken act, following the example of Mr. Yeats; but it aims at a very much mere vigorous exposition of passion, at very much less shadowiness of character, than those subtle, delicious Irish plays. *The Riding to Lithend* is a fight, one of the greatest fights in legend, which ends in the death of Gunnar the outlaw. The subject is stirring, and Mr. Bottomley takes it into a very high region of tragedy, giving it a purport beyond that of the original teller of the tale. But the events

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themselves of the play are so moving, the play itself leads up to the climax in such a forthright and exciting manner, that we cannot doubt that it would make a most powerful seizure on the attentions of an audience in the theatre. And a tragic actress would not have many such opportunities in the contemporary drama as is offered by the character of Hallgerd. This danger of a woman is perhaps the finest thing in the play. She is one who inhabits violence like an element; if her circumstance becomes placid she cannot help but stir it up into tumult. It is not lust of blood that animates her; it is simply that she must be surrounded by tremendous fires of passion. She is a sort of emotional salamander. She stifles in calm, equable affairs. She loves her husband Gunnar, but she refuses to give him any help in his last fight, in order that she may see him fight better and fiercer. This is how she exults in her own nature :—

I am a hazardous desirable thing,
A warm unsounded peril, a flashing mischief,
A divine malice, a disquieting voice :
Thus I was shapen, and it is my pride
To nourish all the fires that mingled me.

I am not long moved, I do not mar my face,
 Though men have sunk in me as in a quicksand.
 Well, death is terrible. Was I not worth it?
 Does not the light change on me as I breathe?
 Could I not take the hearts of generations,
 Walking among their dreams? O, I have might,
 Although it drives me too and is not my own deed.

And when Gunnar is dying, this is how she takes it:

O, clear sweet laughter of my heart, flow out!
 It is so mighty and beautiful and blithe
 To watch a man dying — to hover and watch.

At the supreme moment of the play, the string of Gunnar's bow, his best weapon for defending the house, is cut by one of his enemies. He appeals to Hallgerd to make him a new bowstring with the strands of her long hair. She refuses; and Gunnar will not ask twice. This, we dare avouch, is an incident worthy of being reckoned among the greatest and most remarkable heights of drama. There is another superb passage in *The Riding to Lilbend* — the entry of the three mysterious hags, and the song they chant in Gunnar's hall. Here we have dark, incomprehensible destiny brought on the stage in a terrific form; we feel the

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significance of this grisly trinity, though we cannot understand it. The three hags ought to be astonishingly effective in the theatre; but it is possible a manager might jib at them. We think also that the few touches of Icelandic sociology Mr. Bottomley has introduced may also tell against the play on the stage; but the obvious acting qualities that it possesses should easily overbalance these. There remains only the diction to be considered. Those who know Mr. Bottomley's previous work will be very ready to believe that it is fine, subtle, and distinguished; and we may assure them that the poetry is stronger and more essential in this tragedy than in his earlier writings. The arresting epithet and the vivid strangeness of language are here; but on the whole the poetry is of too stern a kind to need these decorations.

The format of *The Riding to Lithend* is beautiful and dignified, though we do not care for the lettering on the title-page; Mr. Guthrie's drawings have some good qualities, though only one of them really illustrates the drama. We cannot help wondering whether, if Mr. Bottomley were less scrupu-

lous in the production of his writings, he would not be better known. He is a poet who certainly ought to be much better known than he is. *The Riding to Litbend* does not belong to any ordinary species of composition; and it is the sort of tragedy that our stage needs perhaps more than anything else—if only our actor-managers could be persuaded of it. If Mr. Bottomley were a German, he would not have to wait long to see this play produced.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.



The Bibelot

IN the five years elapsed since we printed *For Those Who Love Music and Raffaella* we have looked in vain for a reissue of Dr. Muntbe's *Vagaries* and must conclude that, along with much else of beauty fallen to forgetfulness, this book has had to take its place. It is one of the tragic sides of publishing that so many works of undoubted excellence have so short a lease of literary life. As the new bubbles burst the old do not emerge. We have felt therefore that another attempt to make Dr. Muntbe's name better known would not be unacceptable to our readers. He has evidently adhered to his resolution: there have been no more books to his credit, nor are we able to discover any recent contribution to the magazines. He has so well described in *Instead of a Preface* the inception of *Vagaries* that any attempt to go over this ground would be at a decided disadvantage to ourselves.

In the paper on *Toys*, which stands first in Dr. Muntbe's book, we have a thumbnail sketch of a subject that probably goes back to a period antedating all written history and yet is as fresh and new as if no world

of childhood, save our own, had come into possession of the Doll.

Equally dear to babies of both sexes is the tin soldier and his toy fortresses. Long ago The Tin Soldier became a classic of childhood in the pages of Hans Christian Andersen. It has also been done into English verse with a simple accompaniment for singing. The words we cannot resist making over to those of our readers who may be supposed to retain a fondness for such mid-Victorian artlessness :

*“ He was a little Tin Soldier,
One little leg had he ;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be :
She had a castle and garden,
He but an old box dim ;
She was a dainty rose love,
Far too grand for him.*

*He was a little Tin Soldier,
One little leg had he,
Bravely shoulder'd his musket,
Fain her love would be.*

*Once as he watch'd his rose love
Winds from the North did blow,
Swept him out of the casement
Down to a stream below :
True to his little lady,
Still he shoulder'd his gun,
Soon, ah soon, came the darkness
Life and love undone.*

He was a little Tin Soldier,
One little leg had he,
Ne'er in the world a lover
Half so true could be.

*Once more he sees his rose love,
Still she is dancing gay,
He is worn and faded
Loyal still for aye :
Then came a band that swept them
Into a furnace wide,
Parted in life, in dying
They are side by side.*

Ah, for the little Tin Soldier,
Ah, for her cruel part,
There lies her rose in ashes,
There his loyal little heart.

Of slighter texture, perhaps, is the brief essay upon the dog. We suppose no one will deny that in this field the immortal Rab has preëmpted right of way. One recalls Matthew Arnold's Geist's Grave, while Our Friend the Dog by Maurice Maeterlinck remains the final word on canine psychology. We cannot do better in closing than quote To a Dog which has "no name of author attached," according to a rule apparently governing contributions to English semi-literary journals :

*Oh, friend, ten years did you and I
Travel so blithe together ;
Under the blue and starry sky,
In grey and golden weather.*

*But now that Spring begins to stir,
You sleep with grasses o'er you.
Ob, my small fellow-traveller,
I am so lonely for you !*

*It is not the same world, you know,
Wanting your face, ashoreen ;
And tears are with me as I go
By grassy land and boreen.*

*Your little ragged face I need,
Your lifted eyes' devotion ;
That faithful heart of yours, indeed,
It was Love's very ocean.*

*I want the four small pads that went
Beside me, night and morning.
Ochone, the pleasant days are spent,
And there is no returning.*

*For, though my heart may cry and call,
At last you lie uncaring ;
You keep your narrow bouse and small,
While lonely I go faring.*

*Let us now turn to what may well be, so
far as The Bibelot is concerned, final
selections from a book that has always been
very dear to us.*



FOR APRIL :

LYRICS

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

THREE SELECTIONS FROM *VAGARIES*

By

ASEL MUNTHE.

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE.

HE who has written these pages is no author; his life belongs to reality, and does not leave him any peace for indulging in fiction, and, besides, he has for nearly twenty years limited his best thoughts and efforts to that special authorship which has for its only public apothecaries. He thought it very easy and refreshing to write this little book. The only difficulty about it has been to find a title, for it turned out that, when confronted with this problem, neither the writer nor any of the friends he consulted could say what stuff it was that the book was made of—was it essays, stories, or what? Essays is much too important a word for me to use, and stories it certainly is not, for I cannot remember having ever tried to invent anything.

Besides, isn't it so that in a story something always happens—and here, as a rule, very little seems to me to happen. I do not know, but can it be that it is life itself which “happens” in these pages, life as seen by an individual who can but try to be as the Immortal Gods created him, since

conventionality long ago has given up in despair all hope of licking him into shape?

Now I want to tell you what made me publish this book—what made me write it cannot interest you. One day I found sitting in my consulting-room a young lady with a huge parcel on her knee. I asked her what I could do for her, and she began by telling me a long tale of woe about herself. She said that nothing interested her, nothing amused her, she was bored to death by everything and everybody. She could get anything she wished to have, she could go anywhere she liked, but she did not wish for anything, she did not want to go anywhere.

Her life was passed in idle luxury, useless to herself and to everybody else, said she. Her parents had ended by dragging her from one physician to another: one had prescribed Egypt, where they had spent the whole winter; another Cannes, where they had bought a big villa; a third India and Japan, which they had visited in their fine yacht. "But you are the only doctor who has done me any good," she said. "I have felt more happiness during this past week

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE

than I have done for years. I owe it to you, and I have come to thank you for it." She began rapidly to unfasten her parcel, and I stared at her in amazement while she produced from it one big doll after another, and quite unceremoniously placed them in a row on my writing-table amongst all my books and papers. There were twelve dolls in all, and you never saw such dolls. Some of them were dressed in well-fitting tailor-made jackets and skirts; some were evidently off for a yachting trip in blue serge suits and sailor hats; some wore smart silk dresses covered with lace and frills, and hats trimmed with huge ostrich feathers; and some looked as if they had only just returned from the Queen's Drawing-room.

I am accustomed to have queer people in my consulting-room, and I thought I noticed something glistening in her eyes. "You see, Doctor," said she with uncertain voice, "I never thought I could be of any good to anybody. I used to send money to charities at home, but all I did was to write out a cheque, and I cannot say I ever felt the slightest satisfaction in doing it. The

other day I happened to come across that article about Toys in an old Blackwood's Magazine,¹ and since then I have been working from morning till evening to dress up all these dolls for the poor children you spoke about. I have done it all by myself, and I have felt so strangely happy the whole time."

And I, who had forgotten all about this little escapade from the toil of my everyday life, I looked at the sweet face smiling through the tears, I looked at the long row of dolls who stared approvingly at me from among all my medical paraphernalia on the writing-table. And for the first and last time in my life did I feel the ineffable joy of literary triumph, for the first and last time in my life did I feel that mystic power of being able to move others.

A smart carriage was waiting for her at the door, but we sent it away, and I put the kind donor and some of her dolls in a cab, and I remember we went to see Petruccio. I could see by her shyness that it was the

¹"Toys, from the Paris Horizon," was published in Blackwood several years ago.

first time she had entered the home of the poor. She gave each child a magnificent doll, and she blushed with delight when she saw the little sisters' beaming faces and heard the poor mother's "God bless you!" Hardly had a week passed before she brought me another dozen of dolls, and twelve more sick and destitute children forgot all about their misery. At Christmas I got up a big festa at the Jardin-des-Plantes quarter, where most of the poor Italians live, and the Christmas-tree was loaded with dolls of all sizes and descriptions. She went on bringing me more and more dolls, and there came a time when I did not know what to do with them, for I had more dolls than patients. Every chair and table in my rooms was occupied by a doll, and people asked me to show them "the dear children," and when I told them I was a bachelor and had not got any they would not believe me. To tell you the truth, when spring came I sent the lady to St. Moritz for change of air. I have never seen her since, but should she come across this book she may know that it was she and her dolls who decided its publica-

tion, and it is in her honour I have given the *Toy* article the first place.

There is nothing like success. Some time ago I received a letter from a man I do not know, who wrote me that he was the mayor of a large town. He said that after having read a little paper called "*For those who love Music*"¹ he had revoked the order which forbade organ-grinders to play in the streets of his town, and had told his children always to give the old man a penny, for "perhaps it is Don Gaetano!" I admit I was immensely flattered by this, and in honour of the kind mayor I have placed his paper second.

But is this to be the end of my literary fame, or will any other laurel-leaf mark some hitherto unpublished page of this volume? What about "*Blackcock-shooting*?" Will ever an English mother write to me that she is teaching her son that he can grow up every inch a man without having ever killed a half-tame pheasant or a grouse, or stealthily crept up to murder a beautiful stag?

¹ This article was printed in *Murray's Magazine* several years ago.

INSTEAD OF A PREFACE

I have not heard from the Germans in Capri yet, but when that letter comes I believe my literary ambition will have reached its zenith, and that I shall relapse into silence again.

Rome, Spring 1898.

TOYS.

FROM THE PARIS HORIZON.

IN Paris the New Year is awakened by the laughter of children, the dawn of its first day glows in rosy joy on small round cheeks, and lit up by the light from children's sparkling eyes, the curtain rises upon the fairy world of toys.

This world of toys is a faithful miniature of our own, the same perpetual evolution, the same struggle for existence, goes on there as here. Types rise and vanish just as with us; the strongest and best-fitted individuals survive, defying time, whilst the weaker and less gifted are supplanted and die out.

To the former, for instance, belongs the doll, whose individual type centuries may have modified, but whose idea is eternal, whose soul lives on with the imperishable youth of the gods. The doll is thousands of years old; it has been found in the graves of little Roman children, and the archæologists of coming generations will find it amongst the remains of our culture. The children of Pompeii and Herculaneum used to trundle hoops just as you and I did when

we were small, and who knows whether the rocking-horse on which we rode as boys is not a lineal descendant of that proud charger into whose wooden flanks the children of Francis I. dug their heels. The drum is also inaccessible to the variation of time; through centuries it has beaten the Christmas and New Year's day's reveille in the nursery to the battles of the tin-soldiers, and it will continue to beat as long as there are boys' arms to wield the drum-sticks and grown-up people's tympanums to be deafened. The tin-soldier views the future with calm; he will not lay down his arms until the day of the general disarmament, and we are still a long way from universal peace. Neither will the toy-sword disappear; it is the nursery-symbol of the ineradicable vice of our race, the lust for fighting. Foolscap-crowned and bell-ringing harlequins will also defy time; they will exist in the toy-world as long as there are fools in our world. Gold-laced knights with big swords at their sides, curly-locked princesses with satin shoes on dainty feet, stalwart musketeers with top boots and big moustachios—all are types which still hold their own pretty well. The

Japanese doll is as yet young, but a brilliant future lies before her.

Amongst the toy-people who are gradually diminishing may be mentioned monks, hobgoblins, and kings—an evil omen for the matter of that. I don't wish to make any one uneasy, but it is a fact that the demand for kings has considerably decreased of late—my studies in toy-anthropology do not allow me the slightest doubt on this subject. It is not for me to try to explain the cause of this serious phenomenon—I understand well that this topic is a painful one, and shall not persist.

Hobgoblins—who in our world are growing more and more ill at ease since the locomotives began to pant through the forests, and who have sought and found a refuge in the toy-world, in picture-books, and fairy-tales—they begin to decrease, even they; they do not leap any longer with the same wild energy when they are let loose out of their boxes, and they do not know how to inspire the same terrifying respect as before. They are doomed to die; a few generations more and wet-nurses and nursery-maids will be studying physics, and then there will be

an end to hobgoblins and Jack-in-the-boxes !
For my part I shall regret them.

Our social life expresses itself even through toys, and the rising generation writes the history of its civilisation in the children's books. Our age is the age of scientific inquiry, and its sons have no time for dreams ; the generation which is growing up moves in a world of thought totally different from ours. Nowadays Tom Thumb is left to take care of himself in the trackless forest, and poor Robinson Crusoe, with whom we kept such faithful company, is feeling more and more lonely on his desert island with our common friend Friday and the patient goat whose neck we so often patted in our dreams. Nowadays boy-thoughts travel with Phileas Fogg *Round the World in Eighty Days*, or undertake fearlessly a journey to the moon with carefully calculated pace of I don't know how many miles in a second, and their knapsacks stuffed with physical science. Nowadays a little future Edison sits meditating in his nursery laboratory, trying to stun a fly beneath the bell of a little air-pump, or he communicates with his little sister by means of a lilliputian

telephone—when we only knew how to besiege toy-fortresses with pop-guns and arrange tin-soldiers' battles, limiting our scientific inquiries to that bloodless vivisection which consisted in ripping up the stomachs of all our dolls and pulling to pieces everything we came across to find out what was inside. These scientific toys were almost unknown some ten years ago,—these *jouets scientifiques* which now rank so high in toy-shops, and offer perhaps the greatest attraction for the children of the present.

The tranquillity of parents and the education of children is the device on these toys—yes, there is no doubt that the children's instruction has been thought of, but their imagination, what is to become of that, now that even Christmas presents give lessons in chemistry and physics? And all this artificially increased modern thirst for knowledge, does it not destroy the germ of romance which was implanted in the child's mind? does it not drive away that rosy poetry of dreamland which is the morning glow of the awakening thought? Maybe I am wrong, but it sometimes seems to me that there is less laughter in the nurseries now than

before, that the children's faces are growing more earnest. And if I am to be quite frank I must confess that I fight rather shy of these modern toys, and have never bought any of them for my little friends.

The same claim for reality which has brought forward these scientific toys is also shown in the multitude of political characters one comes across in the toy-world—Bismarck, with his bloodshot eyes and three tufts of hair; the "Zulu," the "Boer," etc. etc. The famous Tonquin treasures have not yet been brought to light, but we have long ago made acquaintance with the Tonquinese and his long nose like Mons. Jules Ferry; and the recent trouble in the Balkan states resulted in the last year's novelty, *le cri de Bulgare*.¹

Do not, however, imagine that the rôle of

¹ An uncanny little invention which, manipulated by hundreds of street boys, ran all along the Boulevards during the first week of the New Year. It is about the size of a thimble and costs four sous. As the Eastern question still commands the attention of Europe, we shall probably be favoured with it again this winter. To be correct, I must here state that this attractive toy is also offered for sale under the name of *Le dernier soupir de la Belle Mère*.

politics in the toy-world is limited to this — it is far more extensive, far more important. I now mean to dwell on this question for a moment or two, and wish to say a few words concerning *the political agitations of the toy-world*.

The political agitations of the toy-world — a weighty, and hitherto rather neglected topic—are like the swell, following the political storms which agitate our own world. The horizon which here opens before the eyes of the observer is, however, too vast to be framed in this small paper. I therefore propose to limit the subject to *the French toy-politics after l' année terrible* (1870-71).

The war between Germany and France is over long ago, but the toy-world still resounds with the echo of the clash of arms of 1870; fighting still continues with unabated ardour in the lilliputian world, where the Bismarcks and the Moltkes of the German toy-manufactories each Christmas fight new battles with *l' Article de Paris*.

Victorious by virtue of their cheapness, the Germans advance. From the Black Forest descend every Christmas hordes of wooden oxen, sheep, horses, and dogs to measure

themselves against the wares of the wood-carvers of the Vosges (*St. Claude, etc. etc.*). From Hamburg, Nuremburg, and Berlin emigrate every winter thousands of dolls to dispute the favour of the buyers with their French colleagues, and every Christmas dense squadrons of spike-helmeted Prussian tin-soldiers cross the Rhine to invade the toy-shops and nurseries of France. The struggle is unequal, the competition too great. Siebenburgen and Tyrol furnish at will a complete chemist's shop, a plentifully-supplied grocery store, or a well-stocked farm with crops and implements, cows, sheep, and goats grazing on the verdant pasture, for three francs fifty centimes. Hamburg at the same moderate price offers a doll irreproachable to the superficial observer, a doll with glass eyes, curly hair, and one change of clothes, whilst the little Parisienne has already spent double that sum on her toilet alone, and therefore cannot condescend to be yours for less than half a louis d'or. Nuremburg mobilises a whole regiment of tin-soldiers, baggage waggons, and artillery (Krupp model), included, at the same price for which the toy-arsenals of Marais set on

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foot one single battalion of "Chasseurs d'Afrique."

The situation is gloomy—the French toys retire all along the line.

But France will never be annihilated! And if the depths of a French tin-soldier's soul were sounded, there would be found under the surface of reserve exacted by discipline, the same glorious dreams of revenge which inspired the volunteers raised by Gambetta from out of the earth. The French tin-soldier looks towards the east; he knows that he is still powerless to stop the invasion of the German toy-hordes—he is bound by Article 4 in the Frankfort treaty of peace, but he bides his time.¹

And Revenge is near. This time also the signal for rising has been given from Belleville, by a Gambetta of the toy-world. Some years ago a poor workman at Belleville got a sudden idea, an idea that since then has engendered an army which would realise the dream of eternal peace, and keep in check the assembled troops of all Europe

¹ The German toys pay, since 1871, the ridiculous duty of sixty francs per hundred kilo.

were it a question of number alone. He sets on foot 5,000,000 soldiers a year. The origin of these soldiers is humble, but so was Napoleon's. They spring from old sardine boxes. Thrown away on the dust-heap, the sardine box is saved from annihilation by the dust-man, who sells it to a rag-merchant in Belleville or Buttes Chaumont, who in his turn disposes of it to a specialist, who prepares it for the manufactories. The warriors are cut out of the bottom of the box. The lid and sides are used for making guns, railway-carriages, bicycles, etc. etc. All this may seem to you very unimportant at first sight, but there is now in Belleville a large manufactory founded on this idea of utilising old sardine boxes, which occupies no less than two hundred workmen and produces every year over two milliards of tin toys. I went there the other day, and no one suspecting that I was a political correspondent, I was admitted without difficulty to view the gigantic arsenal and its 5,000,000 warriors. The poor workman out of whose head the fully-armed tin-soldiers sprung—*viâ* the sardine box—is now a rich man, and, what is more, an eager and keen-sighted patriot,

who in his sphere has deserved well of his country. After retreating for years the French tin-soldiers once more advance; the German spiked-helmets retire every Christmas from the conquered positions in French nurseries, and maybe the time is not far off when the tricolour shall wave over the toy-shops of Berlin—a small *revanche en attendant* the great one.

Many years have elapsed since the enemy placed his heel upon the neck of fallen France, but still to-day Paris is the metropolis of human culture. Competition has led the Article de Paris to a commercial Sedan, and from a financial point of view *le jouet Parisien* no longer belongs to the great powers of the toy-world. But the Paris doll will never admit the superiority of her German rival; she bears the stamp of nobility on her brow, and she means to rule the doll-world as before by right of her undisputed rank and her artistic refinement. It surely needs very little human knowledge to distinguish her at once, the graceful Parisienne with her *fin sourire* and her expressive eyes, from one of the dull beauties of Nuremburg or Hamburg, who, by the stereotyped grin on her

carmine lips, and the staring, vacant eyes, immediately reveals her Teutonic origin. Should any hesitation be possible a glance at her feet will suffice—the Parisienne's foot is small and dainty, and she is always shod with a certain coquetry, whilst the daughter of Germany is characteristically careless of her *chaussure*—*tout comme chez nous*, for the matter of that. As for the rest of her wardrobe—to leave the anthropological side of the question—Germany, in spite of her war indemnity of five milliards, is incapable of producing a tasteful doll-toilet; the delicate fingers of a Paris grisette are required for this. It is therefore considered the proper thing among German dolls of fashion to import their dresses from some doll-Worth in Paris. I can even tell you in parenthesis that the really distinguished German dolls not only send to Paris for their dresses but also for their heads. The German doll manufacturers, incapable themselves of producing pretty and expressive doll faces, buy their dolls' heads by retail from the porcelain factories of Montreux and St. Maurice, where they are modelled by first-rate artists, such as a Carrier-Belleuse and others.

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Up till now I have confined myself to the upper classes of doll society, but even amongst the well-to-do middle-class dolls of ten to fifteen francs apiece, the difference between German and French is palpable at first sight. The further one descends into the lower regions of society, in the doll *bourgeoisie*, the less clear becomes the national type. I will undertake, however, to recognise my French friend even amongst dolls of five francs apiece. To determine the nationality of a one-franc doll, it is necessary to possess great preliminary knowledge and much natural aptitude. For the benefit of future explorers in these still obscure regions of anthropology I may here point out an important item in the necessary physical examination—the doll must be shaken. If there is a rattling inside she is probably French, for the Paris grisettes who make these dolls have a habit of putting some pebbles inside them, which, I am told, tends to develop the taste for vivisection amongst the rising generation.

Lower down in the series where the transition type of Darwin is found, where the doll is without either arms or legs, and where

every trace of soul has died out from her impassive wooden face, stamped with the same passion-free calm which characterises the marble folk of antiquity, or where an unconscious smile alone glides over the rudimentary features into which the wax has hardened, where the nose is nothing but a prophetic outline, and where the black eyes are still shaded by the chaotic darkness out of which the first doll rose—there all national distinctions cease, there the embryo doll lives her life of Arcadian simplicity, undisturbed by all political agitations in the land which gave her birth; the doll *à treize sous* does not emigrate, maybe from patriotic motives, maybe from lack of initiative.¹ Her rôle in life is humble; she belongs to the despised. Her place in the large toy-shops is in a dark corner behind the other dolls, who stretch forth their jointed arms towards better-to-do purchasers, and with gleaming

¹ The doll *à treize sous* is a characteristic Parisian type; she belongs to the family of *poupards* and is usually made of papier-mâché or wood. After the making of the head the creative power of the artist comes to a sudden stand-still; the rest of body is only a sketch and loses itself in an oblong chaos.

glass eyes and laughing lips appropriate the admiring glances of all the customers. But far away in the deserted streets of the suburbs, where the whole toy-shop consists of a portable table and the public of a crowd of ragged urchins,—there the doll *à treize sous* reigns supreme. By the flickering light of the lantern illuminating the modest fairy-world which Christmas and the New Year display to the children of the poor, there the despised doll becomes beautiful as a queen and is surrounded by her whole court of admirers.

And I myself am one of her admirers. Not one of the fashionable beauties of the Magasin du Louvre has ever made my heart beat one whit the faster; not one of the charming coquettes of the Bon Marché has succeeded in catching me in the net of her blond tresses; but I admit the tender sympathy with which my eyes rest upon the coarse features of the doll *à treize sous*. Every one to his taste—I think she is handsome; I cannot help it. And we have often met; chance leads me frequently across her path. But fancy if it were not chance! fancy if instead it was my undeclared affection

which so often guided my steps to these places where I knew I should meet my sweetheart! fancy if I were falling in love at last! At all events I haven't said anything to her, nor has she ever said a word to me either of encouragement or rebuff. But, as I said before, we often meet at the houses of mutual friends, and sometimes, especially at Christmas and New Year, have we come together there. My visit does not impress them very much, but what happiness does not the doll spread around her! Realising my subordinate rôle I willingly bow before the superior social talents of my companion, and silently in a corner by myself I enjoy her success. I don't know how she manages it, but she has hardly crossed the threshold before it seems to grow brighter inside the dark garret where live the children of destitution. The light radiates from the sparkling eyes of the little ones, glimmers in a faint smile on the pale cheek of the sick brother, and falls like a halo round the bald head of the doll. The little fellow crawling on the floor suddenly ceases his sobbing; he forgets that he is hungry, forgets that he is cold, and with radiant joy he stretches out

his arms to welcome the unexpected guest. And later at night, when it is time for me to go away, when the children of the rich have danced themselves tired round the Christmas tree, when the soldier's bugle has sounded in the boys' nursery, and when the little girls' smart dolls have been put to sleep each in their dainty bed — then little sister up in the garret tenderly wraps mother's ragged shawl round her beloved doll, for the night is cold and the doll has nothing on; and so they fall asleep side by side together, the pauper doll and her grateful little admirer.

Despised and ridiculed by us grown-up people, whose eyes have been led astray by the modern demand for realism, it is nevertheless a fact that the doll *à treize sous* in the freshness of her primitive naïveté approaches nearer the ideal than the costly beauties of the Louvre and Bon Marché, who have reached the highest summit of refinement. We grown-up people have lost the faculty of understanding this from the moment we lost the simplicity of our childhood, but our teacher in this, as in many other things, is the little chap who stills crawls about on the floor. Put a smart doll of fashion side by

side with a simple pauper doll whose shape is as yet barely human, and you will see that the child usually stretches out his arms towards the latter. It sounds like a paradox, but it is a fact that you can easily verify for yourself; these cheap toys are, as a rule, preferred even by the children of the rich—that is to say, so long as they are real children and unconscious of the value of money. Later on, when they have acquired this knowledge, they are driven out from the Eden of childhood, their eyes are opened to the nakedness of the pauper doll, and what I have just said ceases to be true.

But the “political agitations”—what has become of them? Far away from all political storms and quarrels, my thoughts have fled to the garret idyll of the pauper doll; I have tried to sketch her as she has so often revealed herself to me; I have lifted a corner of the veil of unmerited oblivion which conceals her humble existence, there where she lives to bring joy to those whom the world rears to sorrow. I have done so as a tribute of gratitude for the pure joy which she has so often given me also, although I am myself too old to play with

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dolls. But, thank God, I am not too old to look on!

The doll is not old, and old age will never touch her—she will never grow old; she dies young, even as the hero, beloved of the gods. She dies young, and the first few weeks of the New Year have hardly passed away before she wends her way to the strange Elysian fields, where all that survives of broken toys sleeps under the shade of withered Christmas trees.

TO ———

"The firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend."

BYRON.

WE have camped together for the whole of ten years. We have stuck to each other in both joy and sorrow; honestly we have shared good and evil.

When I am happy he is also happy; he does not for a moment consider if he has any personal reason to cheer up; he doesn't ask for any explanations; he only thinks of partaking in my pleasure—only a glance, a nod, or a single friendly word is enough for him, and his whole honest face lights up with my joy. And when I am depressed and miserable, he then sits so sorrowfully by my side. He does not try to console me, for he knows how little words of pity avail; he says nothing, for he knows that silence is a comfort when one is sad. He only looks steadfastly at me, and maybe puts his big head on my knee. He knows that he cannot fathom what it is that worries me; that

his poor, dark brain cannot follow me in all I am thinking about; but his faithful heart anyhow wants to claim his share of my burden.

Others think I am quick-tempered and angry, and pay me back in the same way; his patient indulgence knows how to forgive everything; his friendship stands the trial against all injustice. Am I nervous and hard on him when I leave him, he rewards evil with good and comes just as friendly and caressingly to meet me when I come back. Others sit in judgment over my many faults, and have only words of blame for whatever I take in hand; he tries with loving eagerness to find out the least ugly side of everything; he refuses to believe me capable of anything wrong. When I defend a cause, I am too often considered to be in the wrong; but he thinks always as I do. In the moment of adversity no friends are to be found; he is always at my side ready to defend me against any peril, happy, if required, to give his life for mine.

He never complains; he is always satisfied, however uncomfortable he is, if only he may be allowed to be with me. He can sit

for hours out in the street waiting patiently, in cold and rain, whilst I am visiting some of my acquaintances where he is not received. Is there no room in the carriage when I drive, he runs just as cheerfully behind me; he is even delighted when I am driving; he is proud of me; he thinks it looks grand. Do I go out in my boat, without hesitation he jumps in the water after me; he swims as long as he has any breath left, and when his strength begins to give out, with a last effort he raises himself out of the water to look after the boat, but to return to the shore he never dreams of. When I travel by train, he sits, without complaining, cramped up in his little compartment for however long it may be, without a scrap of comfort, with the sharp wind blowing straight through, sore in all his bones with the continual shaking, softened by no springs, black in his face as a sweep from the smoke of the engine. And anyhow, whenever the train stops, he shouts out cheerfully that he is there, and all well on board. Have I time to run forward and look at him, he peeps out patiently and contentedly through his little barred window, and presses his dry nose against my hand—

never a hint that he is aware how uncomfortable he is, compared to me in my luxurious wagon-lit; never the slightest complaint against the railway company who has done so surprisingly little for travellers of his class.

But if he, out of delicacy for me, has never wanted to make any complaint, I do not see why I should be kept back from doing so by any such consideration. And I may as well tell you that I am thinking of getting up a petition to protest against *the unfair distribution of comfort for railway travellers*. I have been inquiring about it for the many years I have knocked about on the railways of all nations, and I am pretty sure that I may count upon a great number of signatures from travellers concerned. Man, who always takes the best of everything, and thinks of nobody but himself, has also succeeded in securing all sorts of advantages from the railway companies—advantages which exclusively benefit him, but which are a crying injustice towards other travellers, who have also paid for their tickets, and consequently have a right, even they, to claim the fulfilment of the obligations which the railway

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company has accepted towards them. If I am waked up in the night in my comfortable berth by the heating apparatus having gone wrong, and find the compartment cold, I have only to complain to the conductor; but I have innumerable times heard loud complaints from the dog-compartments about the ice-cold night-wind blowing straight through them, and I have never noticed any one pay the slightest attention to this. If my neighbour lights a cigar, and having blown a cloud of smoke in my face, asks me if I object to his smoking, although it is not a smoking compartment, I have only to answer "Yes," to get rid of the smoke; but who has ever asked the dogs if they object to the thick fumes of coal which the engine puffs in their faces the whole time, where the poor fellows sit in the front van?

All trains stop at certain places for refreshment, and we have only to run into the buffet to eat our fill; but is there any one who knows how difficult it is to get a little food and a drink of water for a travelling dog? The minutes are counted, and you are served in turn as you come to the buffet, you believe. No, not in the very least, the dogs are always

skipped over, even if they have their money lying ready before them on the table; and as often as not, when their turn comes the bell rings, and the train is off. When I was in the first stage of my human knowledge — the Idealistic — I always asked for some food for my dog; that was no good, no waiter was kind enough to listen to that. Later, when in the second stage — that of Vanishing Illusions — I asked at once for a beef-steak for my dog; that was not much better, the chances of getting anything are very small. In the third stage — that of Hopeless Pessimism — I immediately ask for dinner for two, and turn two chairs at the *table d'hôte*; Tappio disappears instantly under the table, and I hand down to him his portion as it is placed before his chair. I have acquired such a practice in this that nobody notices where the food goes, and silent as a ghost, Tappio swallows down both cutlets and pastry in one gulp — the only thing which has made him lose countenance has been the, in Italy, not uncommon practice of serving ice-cream, of the inconvenience of which, at railway dinners, I agree with him. I remember how once in Macon — the Paris-

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Turin night-train used to stop there for supper—we had as neighbours a peaceful family of bourgeois, the members of which, one after the other, dropped their knives and forks as the dinner proceeded, and stared at me and my rapidly vanishing double portions with increasing amazement. At last a little old lady, who was of the party, exclaimed, quite aloud, “*Voilà un homme que je ne voudrais pas inviter à dîner, il serait capable de manger les assiettes aussi !*”

Yes, we have seen a good deal of the world; we have met many people on our way; our experience of life is large enough. There was a time when we were ambitious we also, very ambitious. We dreamt of prize medals and certificates for both of us, of Persian carpets under our feet, and of roasted ortolans flying straight into our mouths. That time is past, one of us is already gray, but no roasted ortolans have flown into our mouths, nor any Persian carpets spread themselves under our feet. And when the floor feels too cold, I lay down my

cloak for my comrade to lie upon. And we begin to realise what man is worth. We used to be idealists because we believed that others were idealists. We were gentle and harmless as lambs because we believed that others were so. We were philanthropists. But we have discovered that we were mistaken. Men are not at all kind to each other. They talk so much about friendship, but there are only very few of them who are capable of realising the true signification of this word.

But, to be sure, they laugh if one gives to a dog's faithful devotion the name of friendship, if with thankful recognition one strives to repay as far as lies in one's power the humble comrade whom they call but a soulless animal, whose fine, sensitive thought they call instinct, and for whose honest, noble soul they deny all right to live any longer than his faithful dog-heart beats.

If this be not virtue, this all-sacrificing, all-self-denying, all-injustice-forgetting love, —well, then, I don't know what virtue means; and should his only reward for a whole life's faithful devotion consist in being shot in his old age and buried under a tree

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in the park at home, then all I can say is,
that I do not believe that we either will get
beyond the grave where our remains will one
day be laid.



The Bibelot

IT was a happy little group of men and women forty years ago in London, known to each other and to a small appreciative outside world, which as time elapsed have ceased to sing, and many of them, in Omar's poignant phrase, "one by one crept silently to rest." Among those looked at as having fulfilled the promise of rare lyrical gifts, Arthur O' Shaughnessy, born March 14, 1844, was and is an unforgettable figure.¹

A list of O' Shaughnessy's books can be given in narrow compass. Four volumes in fact stand to his credit and from each of these selections have been made that, in our opinion, constitute the high-water mark of his genius. The latest book was first to give promise of what he might have attained as a translator, an attainment brought to greater technical perfection in later years by Arthur Symons.

There is far less imitative work, first to

¹ One must turn to Louise Chandler Moulton's *Arthur O' Shaughnessy: His life and His work with Selections from His Poems*, (1894), for an appreciation by one who was not only a friend but a true poet in her own right.

last, than could have been reasonably expected in a poet of his day and generation. Exposed to the white radiance of the greater Victorians, some of whom were his personal friends, he manfully withstood their meteoric splendours. The Fountain of Tears owes nothing to Swinburne. Bisclavaret and its were-wolf diablerie borrows not at all from Rossetti and his balladry. The best lyrics chosen here are, indeed, his very own. To say this is to express an opinion we have held for years.

O'Shaughnessy died in London, the city of his birth, January 30, 1881. As his brother-in-law Philip Bourke Marston wrote :

*Thou wert so full of song and strength and life,
Had such keen pleasure in small things and great,
It hardly can seem real to know thy state
Is with the ancient dead.*

As we have said, it was a happy little group of men and women; but our poet was acquainted with something other and perhaps deeper than mere happiness—a sorrow that touched his song to far-off and finer issues. They have all gone and only the verse remains, fit memorial of that “fair, fleet, singing life.”

FOR MAY:
UNDER A FOOL'S CAP.

LYRICS

By

ARTHUR O' SHAUGHNESSY.

Our Selections are drawn from the following volumes :

AN EPIC OF WOMEN (1870)

EXILE

BISCLAVARET

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS

LAYS OF FRANCE (1872)

SONG (FROM CHAÏTIVEL)

MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT (1874)

ODE : WE ARE THE MUSIC MAKERS

SONG : I MADE ANOTHER GARDEN

SONG : HAS SUMMER COME WITHOUT THE ROSE

SONGS OF A WORKER (1881)

FALLEN FLOWERS

IN THE OLD HOUSE

SONG : WHEN THE ROSE CAME

TWO SONNETS FROM SULLY PRUDHOMME

I THE STRUGGLE

II THE APPOINTMENT

PARVULUS (FROM CATULLE MENDES)

EXILE.

Des voluptés intérieures
Le sourie mystérieux.

VICTOR HUGO.

A COMMON folk I walk among ;
I speak dull things in their own tongue :
But all the while within I hear
A song I do not sing for fear —
How sweet, how different a thing !
And when I come where none are near
I open all my heart and sing.

I am made one with these indeed,
And give them all the love they need —
Such love as they would have of me :
But in my heart — ah, let it be ! —
I think of it when none is nigh —
There is a love they shall not see ;
For it I live — for it will die.

And oft-times, though I share their joys,
And seem to praise them with my voice,
Do I not celebrate my own,
Ay, down in some far inward zone
Of thoughts in which they have no part ?
Do I not feel — ah, quite alone
With all the secret of my heart ?

O when the shroud of night is spread
On these, as Death is on the dead,
 So that no sight of them shall mar
 The blessed rapture of a star —
Then I draw forth those thoughts at will ;
 And like the stars those bright thoughts are ;
And boundless seems the heart they fill :

For every one is as a link ;
And I enchain them as I think ;
 Till present, and remembered bliss,
 And better, worlds on after this,
I have — led on from each to each
 Athwart the limitless abyss —
In some surpassing sphere I reach.

I draw a veil across my face
Before I come back to the place
 And dull obscurity of these ;
 I hide my face, and no man sees ;
I learn to smile a lighter smile,
 And change, and look just what they please.
It is but for a little while.

I go with them ; and in their sight
I would not scorn their little light,
 Nor mock the things they hold divine ;
 But when I kneel before the shrine

Of some base deity of theirs,
I pray all inwardly to mine,
And send my soul up with my prayers :

For I — ah, to myself I say —
I have a heaven though far away ;
And there my Love went long ago,
With all the things my heart loves so ;
And there my songs fly, every one :
And I shall find them there I know
When this sad pilgrimage is done.

BISCLAVARET.

Bisclaveret ad nun en Bretan,
Garwall l'apelent li Norman.
Jadis le poët-hum oïr,
E souvent suleit avenir,
Humes plusurs Garwall devindrent
E es boscages meisun tindrent.

MARIE DE FRANCE: *Lais*.

I*N either mood, to bless or curse,
God bringeth forth the breath of man;
No angel sire, no woman nurse
Shall change the work that God began:*

*One spirit shall be like a star,
He shall delight to honour one;
Another spirit he shall mar;
None shall undo what God hath done.*

The weaker holier season wanes;
Night comes with darkness and with sins;
And, in all forests, hills, and plains,
A keener, fiercer life begins.

And, sitting by the low hearth fires,
I start and shiver fearfully;
For thoughts all strange and new desires
Of distant things take hold on me;

And many a feint of touch or sound
Assails me, and my senses leap
As in pursuit of false things found
And lost in some dim path of sleep.

But, momentarily, there seems restored
A triple strength of life and pain ;
I thrill, as though a wine were poured
Upon the pore of every vein :

I burn — as though keen wine were shed
On all the sunken flames of sense —
Yea, till the red flame grows more red,
And all the burning more intense,

And, sloughing weaker lives grown wan
With needs of sleep and weariness,
I quit the hallowed haunts of man
And seek the mighty wilderness.

— Now over intervening waste
Of lowland drear, and barren wold,
I scour, and ne'er assuage my haste,
Inflamed with yearnings manifold ;

Drinking a distant sound that seems
To come around me like a flood ;
While all the track of moonlight gleams
Before me like a streak of blood ;

And bitter stifling scents are past
A-dying on the night behind,
And sudden piercing stings are cast
Against me in the tainted wind.

And lo, afar, the gradual stir,
And rising of the stray wild leaves;
The swaying pine, and shivering fir,
And windy sound that moans and heaves

In first fits, till with utter throes
The whole wild forest lolls about:
And all the fiercer clamour grows,
And all the moan becomes a shout;

And mountains near and mountains far
Breathe freely: and the mingled roar
Is as of floods beneath some star
Of storms, when shore cries unto shore.

But soon, from every hidden lair
Beyond the forest tracts, in thick
Wild coverts, or in deserts bare,
Behold They come — renewed and quick —

The splendid fearful herds that stray
By midnight, when tempestuous moons
Light them to many a shadowy prey,
And earth beneath the thunder swoons.

— O who at any time hath seen
Sight all so fearful and so fair,
Unstricken at his heart with keen
Whole envy in that hour to share

Their unknown curse and all the strength
Of the wild thirsts and lusts they know,
The sharp joys sating them at length,
The new and greater lusts that grow?

But who of mortals shall rehearse
How fair and dreadfully they stand,
Each marked with an eternal curse,
Alien from every kin and land?

— Along the bright and blasted heights
Loudly their cloven footsteps ring!
Full on their fronts the lightning smites,
And falls like some dazed baffled thing.

Now through the mountain clouds they break,
With many a crest high-antlered, reared
Athwart the storm: now they outshake
Fierce locks or manes, glossy and weird,

That sweep with sharp perpetual sound
The arid heights where the snows drift,
And drag the slain pines to the ground,
And all into the whirlwind lift

The heavy sinking slopes of shade
From hidden hills of monstrous girth,
Till new unearthly lights have flayed
The draping darkness from the earth.

Henceforth what hiding-place shall hide
All hallowed spirits that in form
Of mortal stand beneath the wide
And wandering pale eye of the storm?

The beadsman in his lonely cell
Hath cast one boding timorous look
Toward the heights; then loud and well,
— Kneeling before the open book —

All night he prayeth in one breath,
Nor spareth now his sins to own:
And through his prayer he shuddereth
To hear how loud the forests groan.

For all abroad the lightnings reign,
And rally, with their lurid spell,
The multitudinous campaign
Of hosts not yet made fast in hell:

And us indeed no common arm,
Nor magic of the dark may smite,
But, through all elements of harm,
Across the strange fields of the night —

Enrolled with the whole giant host
Of shadowy, cloud-outstripping things
Whose vengeful spells are uppermost,
And convoyed by unmeasured wings,

We foil the thin dust of fatigue
With bright-shod phantom feet that dare
All pathless places and the league
Of the light shifting soils of air;

And loud, mid fearful echoings,
Our throats, aroused with hell's own thirst,
Outbay the eternal trumpetings;
The while, all impious and accurst,

Revealed and perfected at length
In whole and dire transfiguration,
With miracle of growing strength
We win upon a keen warm scent.

Before us each cloud fastness breaks;
And o'er slant inward wastes of light,
And past the moving mirage lakes,
And on within the Lord's own sight —

We hunt the chosen of the Lord;
And cease not, in wild course elate,
Until we see the flaming sword
And Gabriel before His gate!

O many a fair and noble prey
Falls bitterly beneath our chase ;
And no man till the judgment day,
Hath power to give these burial place ;

But down in many a stricken home
About the world, for these they mourn ;
And seek them yet through Christendom
In all the lands where they were born.

And oft, when Hell's dread prevalence
Is past, and once more to the earth
In chains of narrowed human sense
We turn, — around our place of birth,

We hear the new and piercing wail ;
And, through the haunted day's long glare,
In fearful lassitudes turn pale
With thought of all the curse we bear.

But, for long seasons of the moon,
When the whole giant earth, stretched low,
Seems straightening in a silent swoon
Beneath the close grip of the snow,

We well nigh cheat the hideous spells
That force our souls resistless back,
With languorous torments worse than hell's
To the frail body's fleshly rack :

And with our brotherhood the storms,
Whose mighty revelry unchains
The avalanches, and deforms
The ancient mountains and the plains,—

We hold high orgies of the things,
Strange and accursèd of all flesh,
Whereto the quick sense ever brings
The sharp forbidden thrill afresh.

And far away, among our kin,
Already they account our place
With all the slain ones, and begin
The Masses for our soul's full grace.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years ;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length, — to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears ;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces :
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gentle and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears —
You shall surely — without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curb'd emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears :
Yea, so blessed and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas ! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find mid your hopes and your fears ;
— O the world shall come up and pass o'er you ;
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears, —
O perhaps the mere silences round you —
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you ;

Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought, — if that cheers ;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken :
— Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years ;
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no Past and no morrow :
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears ?

But the floods of the tears meet and gather ;
The sound of them all grows like thunder :
— O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years ?
For Eternity only seems keeping
Account of the great human weeping :
May God then, the Maker and Father —
May He find a place for the tears !

SONG FROM CHAITIVEL.

HATH any loved you well, down there,
Summer or winter through?
Down there, have you found any fair
Laid in the grave with you?
Is death's long kiss a richer kiss
Than mine was wont to be —
Or have you gone to some far bliss
And quite forgotten me?

What soft enamouring of sleep
Hath you in some soft way?
What charmed death holdeth you with deep
Strange lure by night and day?
A little space below the grass,
Out of the sun and shade;
But worlds away from me, alas,
Down there where you are laid?

My bright hair's waved and wasted gold,
What is it now to thee —
Whether the rose-red life I hold
Or white death holdeth me?
Down there you love the grave's own green,
And evermore you rave
Of some sweet seraph you have seen
Or dreamt of in the grave.

There you shall lie as you have lain,
 Though in the world above,
Another live your life again,
 Loving again your love:
Is it not sweet beneath the palm?
 Is not the warm day rife
With some long mystic golden calm
 Better than love and life?

The broad quaint odorous leaves like hands
 Weaving the fair day through,
Weave sleep no burnished bird withstands,
 While death weaves sleep for you;
And many a strange rich breathing sound
 Ravishes morn and noon:
And in that place you must have found
 Death a delicious swoon.

Hold me no longer for a word
 I used to say or sing:
Ah, long ago you must have heard
 So many a sweeter thing:
For rich earth must have reached your heart
 And turned the faith to flowers;
And warm wind stolen, part by part,
 Your soul through faithless hours.

And many a soft seed must have won
 Soil of some yielding thought,

To bring a bloom up to the sun
That else had ne'er been brought;
And, doubtless, many a passionate hue
Hath made that place more fair,
Making some passionate part of you
Faithless to me down there.

ODE.

WE are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ; —
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation ;
 A wondrous thing of our dreaming
 Unearthly, impossible seeming —
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
 Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
 And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising ;
 They had no divine foreshowing
 Of the land to which they are going :
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
 A light that doth not depart ;
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
 Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling ;
 And the multitudes are enlisted
 In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
 Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
 The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
 Ceaseless and sorrowless we !

The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing :
O men ! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
Intrepid you hear us cry —
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail ! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore ;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore ;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before :
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

SONG.

I MADE another garden, yea,
For my new love ;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin ?
Why did my heart not haste ?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,
Just as of old ;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight :
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas !
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate ;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait,
And say farewell once more.

SONG.

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me.
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death — or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place! desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
Come back with any face,
Summer! — do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place —
The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot —
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

ONE of the workers of the world
Living toiled, and toiling died ;
But others worked and the world went on,
And was not changed when he was gone,
A strong arm stricken, a wide sail furled ;
And only a few men sighed.

One of the heroes of the world
Fought to conquer, then fought to fail,
And fell down slain in his blood-stained mail,
And over his form they stept ;
His cause was lost and his banner furled ;
And only a woman wept.

One of the singers among mankind
Sang healing songs from an o'erwrought heart ;
But ere men listened, the grass and wind
Were wasting the rest unsung like a wave ;
And now of his fame that will ne'er depart
He has never heard in his grave.

One of the women who only love,
Loved and grieved and faded away —
Ah me ! are these gone to the God above,
What more of each can I say ?
They are human flowers that flower and fall,
This is the song and the end of them all.

IN THE OLD HOUSE.

IN the old house where we dwelt
No care had come, no grief we knew,
No memory of the Past we felt,
No doubt assailed us when we knelt ;
It is not so in the new.

In the old house where we grew
From childhood up, the days were dreams,
The summers had unwonted gleams,
The sun a warmer radiance threw
Upon the stair. Alas ! it seems
All different in the new !

Our mother still could sing the strain
In earlier days we listened to ;
The white threads in her hair were few,
She seldom sighed or suffered pain.
Oh for the old house back again !
It is not so in the new.

SONG.

WHEN the Rose came I loved the Rose,
And thought of none beside,
Forgetting all the other flowers,
And all the others died;
And morn and noon, and sun and showers,
And all things loved the Rose,
Who only half returned my love,
Blooming alike for those.

I was the rival of a score
Of loves on gaudy wing,
The nightingale I would implore
For pity not to sing;
Each called her his; still I was glad
To wait or take my part;
I loved the Rose — who might have had
The fairest lily's heart.

TWO SONNETS FROM SULLY PRUDHOMME.

I. THE STRUGGLE.

NIGHTLY tormented by returning doubt,
I dare the Sphinx with faith and unbelief;
And through lone hours when no sleep brings relief
The monster rises all my hopes to flout.
In a still agony, the light blown out,
I wrestle with the Unknown: nor long nor brief
The night appears, my narrow couch of grief
Grown like the grave with Death walled round about.
Sometimes my mother, coming with her lamp,
Seeing my brow as with a death-sweat damp,
Asks, "Ah, what ails thee, child? hast thou no rest?"
And then I answer, touched by her look of yearning,
Holding my beating heart and forehead burning,
"Mother, I strove with God, and was hard prest."

II. THE APPOINTMENT.

'TIS late ; the astronomer in his lonely height,
Exploring all the dark, descries afar
Orbs that like distant isles of splendour are,
And mornings whitening in the infinite.
Like winnowed grain the worlds go by in flight,
Or swarm in glistening spaces nebular ;
He summons one dishevelled wandering star ;
"Return ten centuries hence on such a night."
The star will come. It dare not by one hour
Cheat Science or falsify her calculation ;
Men will have passed, but watchful in the tower
Man shall remain in sleepless contemplation.
And should all men have perished there in turn,
Truth in their place would watch that star's return.

PARVULUS.

(FROM CATULLUS MENDES.)

THE Lord was teaching folk by the sea shore ;
His voice had quelled the storm, it raged no more ;
His word was like a balm, and did impart
Joy to the righteous, hope to the broken heart.
" Whoso shall love me perfectly," said He,
" Shall look upon my Father and on Me."
And people listened humbly to His Word.

Now on the outer side of them that heard
A certain woman, leading by the hand
Her child, had halted, passing on that way,
And hearkening for a while the twain did stand.
She had grown old with gleanings, and that day
The load she carried was of straw, not wheat,
And all her mother's heart heaved full of sighs ;
But lo, the boy was rosy-hued and sweet ;
A fair small child he was, with smiling eyes
That shamed the miserable rags he wore.
The child said, " Mother, who speaks there on the shore ?"
" Child, 'tis a prophet : holy laws they be
He gives to men."

" I wish that I could see
The prophet, mother." And the child strove hard,

Stood on tiptoe, and pressed to find a breach
In the thick crowd; but many tall folk barred
And hemmed him in, so that he could not reach
To look upon the Master whose kind speech
Wrought in his ear. Then, eager still, he cried,
"I should behold him, mother dear, if thou
Wouldst lift me in thine arms."

But she replied,
"Child, I am tired; I cannot lift thee now."
Then a great sadness came upon the child
And tears stood in the eyes that lately smiled.

But Jesus, walking through the crowd, drew near
E'en to the child and said, "Lo, — I am here."



The Bibelot

WHEN we read Mr. Roe's Cornhill article for last August something at the back of our mind became awake as to the format and arrangement of a very treasureable little volume. It seemed as if one had recovered some portion of a lost but still poignantly remembered youth. After considerable research the book came over from London and our presentiment was amply fulfilled. We had seen the volume. It had once upon a time passed through our hands. At this point our good friend Mr. Davis L. James of Cincinnati, Ohio,—a bookseller both of the old school and of the new—supplied the connecting link in a slender chain of bibliographic ratiocination. Mr. James not only procured us a second copy but gave the first definite information as to the book's origin and authorship. What follows is an expansion with some additions derived from authentic sources.¹

¹ There are but three volumes—the last being musical settings of fourteen songs including four with the words by Mr. Holmes—that we can bring to the attention of our readers :

1. Under a Fool's Cap | Songs | by | Daniel Henry, Jun. | London | Kegan Paul, Trench and

Of the actual writer of Under a Fool's Cap we, at least, know this much, despite the evident reluctance on the part of himself while living and of his friends and relatives when dead, to give details: that he was born previous to the Civil War in Covington, Kentucky; that he was the son of a wealthy merchant doing business in New Orleans, and that during his father's life he called himself Daniel Henry Junior, whereas his full name was Daniel Henry Junior Holmes. Such were the father's northern antipathies that he sent his family abroad when the war broke out and educated the children in France. On the mother's side there was English blood which may account for this first book being published in London. At his death, which occurred within the past two years, he left manuscript still unpublished that may or may not see the light. From all

Co. | MDCCCLXXXIII. 12mo, pp. vi+1-144, smooth grey cloth, gilt top.

2. *A Pedlar's Pack* | by | Daniel Henry Holmes | (Device in tint) | New York | Ernest Dressel North | MCMVI. 250 copies on Italian hand-made paper. 12mo, pp. xii+1-146. Decorated half-vellum grey boards.

3. *Hempen Home-spun* | Songs | by | Daniel Henry Holmes | [Latin motto] | The | Geo. B. Jennings Co. | Publishers | 105-107 West 4th St. | Cincinnati, Ohio | MCMVI. Quarto, gilt, decorated wrapper.

we now gather the personality of Daniel Henry Junior Holmes was a fascinating one. Possessed of all that went to the making of success,—a beautiful home, a devoted family, wealth and the refinement which rightly go along with it,—he travelled much, wrote comparatively little, as we measure authorship nowadays, was an incessant reader,—finding the joy as we may hope that comes of calm,—and there we have all that can be told of the author of Under a Fool's Cap.

For us there is furthermore one vital point of interest: the man who could take these old tags of nursery rhymes and fashion out of them the lyrics which we have reprinted to the extent of over one-half their number was an American by birth, and in doing this unique thing did it perfectly. That he never repeated his first fine careless rapture is nothing to his discredit. He accomplished what he set himself to do with an originality and a proper regard to the quality of his work rather than its quantity,—and there we rest the case.

One of the beatitudes of the book-lover is that unexpected association of ideas developed at the merely casual opening of a magazine or the pages even of a newspaper

of the day. Sometimes it is a correspondent out of a quiet little Canadian town, as in the present instance, who gives the first intimation which followed up leads on to fortunate discovery. As we all know, who are familiar with one of Aldrich's most exquisitely etched lyrics, the chance turning of a spade revealed that little intaglio bust of Minerva whereof the final word is this :

*" O nameless brother ! see how Time,
Your gracious handiwork has guarded :
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded.*

*Who would not not suffer slights of men,
The pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so ! "*



FOR JUNE :
THE DEAREST OF ALL
BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

UNDER A FOOL'S CAP

By

NORMAN ROE.

UNDER A FOOL'S CAP.

IN everybody's library, I suppose, there is a certain shelf—a cubby-hole—where certain books nestle. Not great books, epic or epoch-making, hallowed by time and hall-marked as standard, but stray little volumes, which have come there without letters of recommendation, without references, sometimes even without merit, but which one prizes, notwithstanding, more than all their fellows. Quite simple books they often are, and bearing on childhood—books that bring back, like the croon of an old song, some face, some place, some adventure of the earlier days:

'Tis sometimes pleasant to rehearse,
When twilight deepens out of day,
The tinkle of a tiny verse,
That whiled the noontide hours away.

'Tis sometimes pleasant to recall,
The friends of yesterday, to-morrow,
But that 's a pleasure—if at all—
That borders very close on sorrow.

So wrote J. K. Stephen, and, indeed, his own "Lapsus Calami," though more widely known than most of its shelf-mates, has an

honoured place in my cubby-hole. But there is another book of verse which I value more than all the others. "Under a Fool's Cap" it is called — there are 139 pages of it, the author is Daniel Henry, junior, and it appears to have been published in 1884, by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. There my knowledge of its history ends, and no bookseller has been able to secure another copy, but as nearly everyone browsing amongst my books seems sooner or later to single it out, it must have some charm of its own to others besides myself.

The idea and plan of the book are, I think, unique. The author has taken twenty-four old, familiar nursery rhymes, which are printed in black-letter type at the head of the poems relating to them, and he has turned them, and moulded them, and amplified them to his own ends, whilst always maintaining the metre of the original. Although far from being parodies — as a matter of fact, they are the very opposite — they might well have been written by an older, maturer J. K. S. There is the same lightness of touch, the same wistfulness, the same underlying melancholy. As Edmund Gosse

UNDER A FOOL'S CAP

once said of "Cranford," "there is a smile — with a sob in it."

Daniel Henry, junr., has three methods of dealing with his nursery rhymes; he either makes them the basis of a story, or he takes them as an allegory and gives the "modern instance," or he simply continues and amplifies them. The last method is, perhaps, the most effective and successful of all, "My Lady's Garden" being well-nigh perfect. First, in its black-letter type, comes the old twice-put question, with the old cryptic answer:

How does my Lady's garden grow?
How does my Lady's garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle-shells,
And pretty girls all in a row.

And then we learn the task of my Lady's "girls;" how, during the long summer's day, they swing in the breeze like marguerites, and how, with night, comes the hour of their magic toil, when —

They spread their faint green wings abroad,
Their wings and clinging robes abroad,
And upward through the pathless blue
They soar, like incense smoke, to God,

Who gives them crystal dreams to hold,
And snow-white hopes and thoughts to hold,
And laughter spun of beams of the sun,
And tears that shine like molten gold.

And when their hands can hold no more,
Their chalice hands can hold no more,
And when their bells, and cockle-shells,
With holy gifts are brimming o'er,

With swift glad wings they cleave the deep,
As shafts of starlight cleave the deep,
Through Space and Night they take their flight
To where my Lady lies asleep ;

And there the maidens coil in a fairy crown
above her bed and sprinkle her with their
gifts. And that is the task of the pretty
girls with their silver bells and cockle-shells,
who grow like marguerites, and that is how
the garden grows, and that is how my Lady
herself grows—grows in such sorcery that,
at her touch, sweet laughter blossoms, and
songs uncloset.

The whole poem is one of exquisite fancy,
and the thirteen verses of it are all beautifully
wrought and without flaw. A dozen other
poems follow in the same vein, each one
woven from some little clues in the rhyme-

text above it. We sit with King Cole, as he fills his pipe and goblet, and we listen to his fiddlers as they play to him the burdens of Long-ago. We follow him back to the great, grim hall where, on lifted shield, a child was hailed as king; to the postern-gate where a lover kept his tryst; to the pageant where a maid became a queen. We follow him till the last of the songs is told, till the ash of his pipe is whitened, and the beaker drops from his grasp, and the dreams sink back, with old King Cole himself, into the night.

We learn why Burnie Bee was warned, and why Bobby Shafto did not come back from the sea. We welcome Daffy-down-dilly when she brings April with her, and we would fain welcome Curly-locks, too. We are even introduced to Jumping Joan, and recognise her, with Mr. Daniel Henry as the Master of Ceremonies, for an old friend, though I must confess that hitherto, she had always baffled me. I used to wonder if she was any relation to the Jump-to-Glory Jane of Mr. Meredith. The rhyme was always so mysterious and yet seemed to mean so much:

Hink! Mink! the old witch winks!
The fat begins to fry!
There is nobody home but Jumping Joan,
Jumping Joan and I.

And then Mr. Henry comes along, and peers behind the charred logs of my fire as they soften to plush, and gives a gentle call, and lo! out hops Jumping Joan and scrambles into my lap. And then what talks we have, and what old memories we gather in, and what odd nooks she finds in my brain! And her voice is so low, that no one but I can hear her. And now, in the darkening we sit, for all the world as if I had never forgotten her, till somebody comes with a lamp and then Hop! and she is back in the fire.

Then, later, when the lamp too has burnt low, comes wee Willy Winkie, a strange visitor surely, for he is garbed in his night-gown and runs through the house, upstairs and down, without so much as saying, "By your leave!" But Willy Winkie is a busy little man and much-to-be-forgiven; there are little bald heads to trim, and little mouths to fill with pearls, and many general repairs besides. There are little pupils to be taught—how to crow for toys, for instance,

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and how to clutch at pleasant beards. And there are reports to be received from baby friends, and if, when he hears them, he learns that baby isn't faring well, Presto! Winkie just stoops down, picks up baby and away — some think it dead — but Winkie knows better. He has made for some bleak home, unblest by any baby, and on the morrow there is much to-do about baby, newborn. So he runs, upstairs and down, till daylight comes, when he throws wide the shutters, and, with a "Goodnight, Watchman," flies off to blow out the stars.

We are taught, too, why cheeses must be turned and why Little Boy Blue must sleep out his sleep beneath the haycock, though the cow's in the corn and the sheep's in the meadow. For Little Boy Blue is a dreamer of dreams, and the slumber that caused such havoc in the grain is but a low price, after all, for the silver melody of his horn.

The last of this group of poems is "Bell horses." I had quite forgotten the old rhyme, till I met it again here:

Bell horses, Bell horses,
What time of day?

— One o'clock! Two o'clock!
Three! and away.

The verses to this are the simplest and most unpretentious in the whole volume, but there is a gallop to them, and a pretty old-fashioned sentiment as well. The Bell horses are taking the scarlet mail-cart to London, bearing, perhaps, great news of State,

Up the hills, down the hills,
Till the cart shrink
To a faint dab of paint
On the sky-brink.

But down in the keep of their mail-cart lies a tiny love-note, ill-spelt and badly written, stiff of hand and thought, with the kisses marked by ink-blots, a note which to-night a lover will read and understand, and to-morrow, perhaps, will answer. Till then, till the chime of the Bell horses rings out again, the hours will pass but slowly.

Here Mr. Henry resigns his fancy's freedom, he no longer allows his pen to carry him where it listeth, but sets out to weave a definite story out of the rhyme before him. Up to now he has been as a child with a piece of quicksilver, taking his rhyme, breaking it

into a thousand sparkling pieces, running it up and down the surface of his imagination with many a dart and cantrip of whimsical fancy, toying with it, spreading it, giving it rein, but always bringing it back in the end to the same illusive, fugitive little morsel he began with. Now he has sterner work. There are stories, aye, and tragedies too, lurking behind the innocent catches, and Mr. Henry sets out to tell them with all the fire of the "serious" Hood. My edition of Hood, I must explain, is in two volumes, "serious" and "comic" and the arbitrary partition occasionally shows unfortunate results, but none the less we know that Hood could be very grave and grim when he chose, and so can Mr. Henry. His poem on Margery Daw, for instance, is every bit as haunting as "The Bridge of Sighs," or "The Song of the Shirt:"

See-Saw ! Margery Daw !
 Sold her bed to lie upon straw ;
 Was she not a dirty slut
 To sell her bed, and live in dirt.

There is the raw material, there is the question to be answered, and Mr. Henry answers it for us. Why did she sell her bed? Be-

cause Margery had been playing at see-saw on the tree of knowledge and she had fallen, and now there was another life to consider. So Margery not only sold her bed, but "the gown off her back and the shawl off her head," and thus she fed her brat.

Till her all lay piled on the pawner's shelf
Then she clench'd her teeth and sold herself.

Poor Margery!

Not a sparrow falls, they say — Oh well!
God was not looking when Margery fell.

It is not a pretty poem, perhaps, any more than "The Song of the Shirt" is pretty, but, on the other hand, Margery Daw is not the daintiest of nursery rhymes. It will be noticed that, for once, the original metre is abandoned. There is a similar story in "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John" only the subject of it is a child-waif of the streets. But perhaps the best written poem in the book is "The Old Woman under the Hill." Once, we are told, she was beautiful, as beautiful as Marguerite, till the same fate befell her and the same wooer came to her and led her to Shadowland, where she lost

UNDER A FOOL'S CAP

both her youth and her beauty. And now
she is just

A queer little body, all shrivelled and brown,
In her earth-colour'd mantle and rain-colour'd gown,
Incessantly fumbling strange grasses and weeds,
Like a ricketty cricket, a-saying its beads.

And then there is the story of the Beggars
who Came to Town, to hail King Cophetua
and his bride; the story of the Cat and the
Fiddle, and what befell them in the mum-
mer's tent; and the story of the Fine Lady,
who rode to Banbury Cross, and what she
found there. Lastly, there is the story of
Little Blue Betty—you know the rhyme—

Little Blue Betty lived in a lane,
She sold good ale to gentlemen.
Gentlemen came every day,
And little Blue Betty hopp'd away.

Well, Betty, so it appears, not only distrib-
uted ale to the gentlemen, but gave them all
kisses as well,

For Betty, with none of those foolish qualms
Which come of inordinate singing of psalms,
Thought kissing a practice both hearty and hale,
To freshen the lips and smarten the ale.

So Mr. Daniel Henry, very junior then, used
to sit by the door of the inn, jealous as only

a calf-lover can be, a "Byronic, elaborate frown" on his face, till Betty brought him his favourite mug and wheedled back his young vanity. Perhaps it was to Betty that he wrote his first verses? But that was years ago, and when one day he returned to give a friendly nod to the old sign —

The inn was gone — to make room, alas!
For a railroad buffet, all gilding and glass,
Where sat a proper young person in pink,
Selling ale —— which I hadn't the heart to drink.

The remaining rhymes are treated allegorically, the most striking of them being "Humpty-Dumpty" and "The Old Man in Leather." Humpty-Dumpty is no less a person than the Sphinx:

Æons sat on his huge calm brows,
As sparrows perch'd on the pitch of a house,
Tempests crouch'd at his foot, abash'd
Like fawning hounds by the master lash'd.

But now no nations come to hail him; his greatness has gone for ever.

While on so much of the base that stands
Worn by the tides of men's lips, and the sands,
This is inscribed, in a cockney's scrawl,
Last and bloodiest gibe of all:
Humpty-Dumpty sat on a Wall.

"The Old Man in Leather" is not only the longest but the subtlest poem in the whole collection. Even the rhyme that heads it has an esoteric flavour:

One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was the
weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather ;
He began to compliment, and I began to grin :
How do you do? and How do you do? And how do
you do? again.

A strange old man surely, but I think I have met him before. In "Nature's Vagabond," a cousin to the "Book of Paragot the Beloved," Mr. Cosmo Hamilton has given us Billy Rudd. Billy Rudd, it will be remembered, was going to write a great History, so he took a little cottage in the country, and bought ten mighty manuscript volumes, and on the first page of the first volume he wrote chapter one. But fishing and sleeping was easier work, so he fished and slept, and backed horses till money failed him, so that the History was never written. And "The Old Man in Leather" is just another calf-bound volume like "Billy Rudd's," the book of the plans and the dreams of our lives,

with chapter one written in copperplate at the beginning, and the rest a desert of empty pages. And sometimes, when the day is cloudy with us, he will jump out with his everlasting "How do you do?" till we put him away on the topmost shelf again.

That is the last of the nursery rhymes, and as I read them all again—I am sure that Daniel Henry, junr., would understand me—I think of an old bachelor, fingering some old toys, the flotsam and jetsam of a playroom. A rocking-horse, perhaps, or some tin soldiers or a box of bricks, forsaken years ago, but what a world of dreams went with them! What journeys were to be accomplished on the back of that horse! What fights were to be won at the head of those soldiers! What castles were to be built with that boxful of bricks!

Violet 's blue — Diddle, diddle!
 Lavender 's green,
 When I am king — Diddle, diddle!
 You shall be queen.

In good truth, a smile — with a sob in it.



XIII LYRICS FROM
UNDER A FOOL'S CAP
By
DANIEL HENRY HOLMES.

*Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers,
Trimmed and combed,—still, it is true,
Olden friends, though dressed anew;
Here I dedicate to you,
Oh my Sister-geese . . . and brothers!
Olden friends, though dressed anew,
Goslings of that Dean of Mothers!*

KING COLE.

Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,
A jolly old soul was he :
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

HIS day was done, and the sands had run
Through the measuring glass so long,
That now there was left to his setting sun,
But a pipe, and a bowl, and a song.

But while the wine holds out to shine,
The pipe holds out to burn,
Why should a wise old greybeard pine ?
A fond old dreamer yearn ?

So, day growing dim, he filled to the brim
His pipe, and his bowl also,
And bade his fiddlers three play to him
The burdens of Long-ago,

That their spell may lift, through the purple drift
Of the smoke, and the fire of the wine,
The long-dead Past in its burial-shift,
Like a ghost at a wizard's sign.

Then his fiddlers three made melody
So strange and potent of spell,

That the darkness grew as a peopled sea
With the shadows, once loved so well,

And the whole vast Yore uprose once more
On its world-wide phantom wings,
And drifted past, to the magic lore
That wept from the viol-strings.

First, the battle-field, where two armies reeled,
Under flashing and clashing of swords,
Then, the huge grim hall, where on lifted shield,
A boy-king was hailed by the Lords :

The postern gate, where he used to wait,
For the sweetheart — oftentimes —
Then the darkened church where she came in state
At the call of the wedding chimes.

Every scene and place — every form and face —
Which the past in its glory had used,
Rolled on, in a pageant of stately pace,
Before King Cole, as he mused.

So the music sped, as the hours fell dead
In the ebb of the ghostly stream,
While the king sat wagging his wise white head
And smiled and sighed at his dream.

And there seemed to rise weird signals and cries
From the serried ranks and dim,

As though dumb throats and blinded eyes
Were beckoning to him.

At last the old sweet songs were told,
The ash in the pipe turned white,
The emptied beaker slipped from his hold,
And the dream sank back into night.

The fiddlers rose, and lay down their bows,
They knew they had played their last :
King Cole lay back, and his eyes were close,
He had followed after the Past.

VIOLET'S BLUE.

Violet's blue — Diddle, diddle !
Lavender's green,
When I am king — Diddle, diddle !
You shall be queen.

YOU shall have crown — Diddle, diddle !
Jewels and gold,
Damasks and lace — Diddle, diddle !
Centuries old.

Pages behind — Diddle, diddle !
Heralds before,
And all the state — Diddle, diddle !
Queens had of yore.

But when you're queen — Diddle, diddle !
And I am king,
Will your eyes shine — Diddle, diddle !
Will my lips sing,

As they do now — Diddle, diddle !
When we are still,
Poor country-folk — Diddle, diddle !
Plain Jack and Jill ?

Can our hearts beat — Diddle, diddle !
Our love unfold,

Prisoned in pomp — Diddle, diddle !
Girdled with gold ?

Love thrives alone — Diddle, diddle !
In open air ;
Where pageants are — Diddle, diddle !
Love is not there.

Where skies are blue — Diddle, diddle !
And fields are green,
I will be king — Diddle, diddle !
You shall be queen.

Queen of Day-Dreams — Diddle, diddle !
King of No-lands,
With full-filled hearts — Diddle, diddle !
And empty hands.

Let others king — Diddle, diddle !
And queen, who will :
We 're better so — Diddle, diddle !
Plain Jack and Jill.

BOBBY SHAFTO.

Bobby Shafto 's gone to sea :—
Silver buckles on his knee —
He 'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

WITH his treasures won at sea,
Spanish gold and Portugee,
And his heart, still fast to me
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

In a captain's pomp and pride,
With a gold sword at his side,
He 'll come back to claim his bride,
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

So she sang, the winter long,
Till the sun came, golden-strong,
And the blue-birds caught her song :
All of Bobby Shafto.

Days went by, and Autumn came,
Eyes grew dim, and feet went lame,
But the song, it was the same,
All of Bobby Shafto.

Never came across the sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,

Bobby to his bride-to-be,
Fickle Bobby Shafto!

For where midnight never dies,
In the Storm-King's caves of ice,
Stiff and stark, poor Bobby lies —
Heigho! Bobby Shafto.

JUMPING JOAN.

*Wink ! Wink ! the old witch winks !
The fat begins to fry !
There is nobody home but Jumping Joan,
Jumping Joan and I.*

IT's the time when ashen-grey hazes drape
All form, and deaden all glow,
The hour when the Earth strips off Harlequin's cape,
Before putting on domino ;

When the cupboards and chairs which have stood stiff
and stark
In the kitchen, for long hours back,
Make use of the stillness and fast-coming dark,
To stretch out their legs and crack ;

And here, where the pots and kettles all hush,
While the housewife has gone to milk,
From behind the charr'd logs that soften to plush,
And the embers that glisten to silk,

With her towzled curls, her arms and legs bare,
In her old-fashioned smock and mob-cap,
Jumping Joan hops out of the dim hearth there,
And scrambles up into my lap.

And then she will talk — You would never believe
What a witch this Jumping Joan is!
What wonderful news she will manage to give,
What astonishing prophecies!

She will tell me the plan of to-morrow's fight,
My fight for the daily bread,
She will make me rehearse, till I get them right,
The things to be done then or said;

She will made odd finds in the nooks of my brain:
Some old memory gone astray —
The clue to some problem I work'd at in vain —
Or the rhyme which had dodged me all day;

She will bring good news, from the years to come,
Of the work which to-day seems ajar,
Or perhaps some love-worded message from
My dear little girl afar.

Yet her ways are so quiet, her voice is so soft,
That no one can hear her but I;
Not even the long-ear'd brass pitchers aloft,
Or good neighbour Cricket hard-by.

And so in the darkening, my Joan and I sit,
Telling stories that never tire,
Till somebody comes, and the lamp is lit:
Then Hop! she jumps into the fire.

WILLY WINKIE.

Wee wee Willy Winkie,
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown,
Tapping at the window,
Peeping at the lock : —
“ Are all the babies gone to bed ?
It 's now ten o'clock ! ”

THEN when noises all are still,
Lamps all burn low,
Bolted doors and windows creak,
Open — and tiptoe,
With his lanthorn and his staff,
Grimly night-gowned,
Like a watchman of the Night
Winkie goes his round.

For of all the Angel guard,
Time out of mind,
He it is hath had in charge
All Baby-kind,
From the mud-lark, fast asleep
On bare curbstone,
To the puppet, plump and pink,
Heir to the throne.

So when steeple clocks have tolled
Sleep-time at hand,
When mammas and nurses rub
Eyes full of sand :
Silver rattles all are hushed,
Pink lids all furled,
Winkie comes to oversee
His little world.

Ay! but there is much to do
For boys and girls :
Wee bald heads to trim with floss,
Empty mouths with pearls,
Little pudding legs to mould
Into human shapes ;
General repairs besides :
Scratches and scrapes.

There is much to teach likewise
To girls and boys,
How to caterwaul for pins,
And crow for toys,
How to clutch at pleasant beards
Coming too close,
How to neatly cram the mouth
With fists and toes.

Then reports to be received
From baby friends,

Litter'd all about the place
In odds and ends,
Rattles, rings and rag-dolls
Cast on the shelves,
Shoes and socks, that sulk because
Left to themselves.

Then if he make up his mind
From what they tell,
Baby, where its lines have fall'n,
Isn't faring well.
Presto! Wee wee Winkie
Bends o'er the bed,
Picks up Baby, and away!
Some think it dead:

But the sly old watchman
Winkie knows best,
He has made for some bleak home
With no baby bless'd,
There he lays his charge to sleep,
And with the morn,
There is much to-do about
Baby, New-born.

Upstairs and down, he goes
In his night-gown,
Till the Day comes peeping
Into the town;

Then he throws all shutters wide,
 Lets down the bars. . . .
Goodnight, Watchman! Off he flies
 To blow out the stars.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue ! Come blow up your horn.
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn.
Where is the little boy tending the sheep ?
He 's under the haystack — fast asleep !

FAST asleep ? with the sun noon high !
While the bread-getting moments go hurrying by,
Man and beast in the fields at work —
Does he think him alone privileged to shirk ?

Tending the sheep ! why the veriest drone
Could do what little there is to be done :
Even that little 's too much, so it seems !
Plague on all idlers and dreamers of dreams !

Half a year's treasure, wrenched from the soil
By dogged strain of unceasing toil,
Wantonly wasted, trod down under heel,
To pay for the sleep of a young ne'er-do-weel !

Labourer ! Labourer ! think, ere you blame
How often his horn's silver melody came,
Staying your courage, when courage had flagg'd,
Lighting the dead heavy burden you dragg'd :

Where do you think he has found them grow,
These wonderful songs which have cheer'd you so ?

Toil as you may, in the sweat of your brow,
You will find none such, where you delve and plough.

Farmer! consider, oh! you, who, begrudge
That scant broken sleep of your hard-driven drudge,
All of us have not like tasks to fulfil,
There are other fields than your own to till!

He is of those who have ears to hear
A higher message than comes to your ear,
Eyes to see, back of Nature's blind mask,
The Great Face beckon to holier task.

He is of them who are called from the throng,
To work in the fields of immortal song,
Gleaning a harvest of golden grain,
Without which we labour and toil but in vain.

Somewhere, whither his dreams have led
Beyond the hills that purple ahead,
Fields are there to be harvested in
With the very bread of the soul to win.

Little Boy Blue! Go sleep out your sleep,
Though the cow's in the corn, in the meadow the sheep,
Better to lose a whole harvest of corn
Than the tidings born from thy lifted horn.

BELL HORSES.

Bell horses, Bell horses,
What time of day?
— One o'clock ! Two o'clock !
Three ! and away.

I SHALL wait by the gate
To see you pass,
Closely press'd, three abreast,
Clanking with brass :

With your smart red mail-cart
Hard at your heels,
Scarlet ground, fleck'd around
With the Queen's seals.

Up the hills, down the hills,
Till the cart shrink
To a faint dab of paint
On the sky-brink,

Never stop till you drop
On to the town,
Bearing great news of state
To Lords and Crown.

And down deep in the keep
Of your mail cart,

There's a note that I wrote
To my sweetheart.

I had no words that glow,
No penman's skill,
And high-born maids would scorn
Spelling so ill;

But what if it be stiff
Of hand and thought,
And ink-blots mark the spots
Where kisses caught,

He will read without heed
Of phrases' worth,
That I love him above
All things on earth.

I must wait here, till late
Past Evensong,
Ere you come tearing home —
Days are so long! —

But I'll watch, till I catch
Your bells chime clear . . .
If you'll bring *me* something? —
Won't you please, dear?

MARGERY DAW.

See-Saw ! Margery Daw !
Sold her bed to lie upon stram ;
Was she not a dirty slut
To sell her bed, and live in dirt ?

AND yet perchance, were the circumstance
But known, of Margery's grim romance,
As sacred a veil might cover her then
As the pardon which fell on the Magdalen.

It's a story told so often, so old,
So drearily common, so wearily cold :
A man's adventure, — a poor girl's fall —
And a sinless scapegoat born — that's all.

She was simple and young, and the song was sung
With so sweet a voice, in so strange a tongue,
That she follow'd blindly the Devil-song
Till the ground gave way, and she lay headlong.

And then : not a word, not a plea for her heard,
Not a hand held out to the one who had err'd,
Her Christian sisters foremost to condemn —
God pity the woman who falls before them !

They closed the door for evermore
On the contrite heart which repented sore,

And she stood alone, in the outer night,
To feed her baby as best she might.

So she sold her bed, for its daily bread,
The gown off her back, the shawl off her head,
Till her all lay piled on the pawnner's shelf,
Then she clench'd her teeth and sold herself.

And so it came that Margery's name
Fell into a burden of Sorrow and Shame,
And Margery's face grew familiar in
The market-place where they trade in sin.

What use to dwell on this premature Hell?
Suffice it to say the child did well,
Till one night that Margery prowled the town,
Sickness was stalking and struck her down.

Her beauty pass'd, and she stood aghast
In the presence of want, and stripped, at the last,
Of all she had to be pawned or sold,
To keep her darling from hunger and cold.

So the baby pined, till Margery, blind
With hunger of fever, in body and mind,
At dusk, when Death seem'd close at hand,
Snatch'd a loaf of bread from a baker's stand.

Some Samaritan saw Margery Daw,
And lock'd her in gaol to lie upon straw:

Not a sparrow falls, they say — Oh well!
God was not looking when Margery fell.

With irons girt, in her felon's shirt,
Poor Margery lies in sorrow and dirt,
A gaunt, sullen woman untimely grey,
With the look of a wild beast, brought to bay.

See saw! Margery Daw!
What a wise and bountiful thing, the Law!
It makes all smooth — for she's out of her head,
And her brat is provided for. It's dead.

THE OLD WOMAN UNDER THE HILL.

There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she 's not gone, she lives there still;
Baked apples she sold and cranberry pies,
And she 's the old woman who never told lies.

A QUEER little body all shrivelled and brown,
In her earth-colour'd mantle and rain-colour'd gown,
Incessantly fumbling strange grasses and weeds,
Like a ricketty cricket, a-saying its beads.

In winter or summer, come shine or come rain,
When the bustles and beams into twilight wane,
To the top of her hill, one can see her climb,
To sit out her watch through the long night-time.

The neighbourhood gossips have strange tales to tell—
As they sit at their knitting and tongues waggle well
Of the queer little crone who lived under the hill
When the grannies among them were hoppy-thumbs still.

She was once, they say, a young lassie, as fair
As white-wing'd hawthorn in April air,
When under the hill—one fine evening—she met
A stranger, the strangest maid ever saw yet:

From his crown to his heels he was clad all in red,
And his hair like a flame on his shoulders was shed;

Not a word spake he, but clutching her hand,
Led her off through the darkness to Shadowland.

What befell her there no mortal can tell,
But it must have been things indescribable,
For when she return'd, at the last, alone,
Her beauty was dead, and her youth was gone.

They gather'd about her: she shook her head
— She had been through Hell — that was all she said
In answer to whens, and hows, and whys;
So they took her word, for she never told lies.

And now, they say, when the sun goes down
This queer little woman, all shrivell'd and brown,
Turns into a beautiful lass, once more,
With gold-stranded hair and soft eyes as of yore,

And out of the hill in the stills and the gloams
Her beautiful fabulous lover comes,
In scarlet doublet and red silken hose,
To woo her again — till the Chanticleer crows.

And she, poor old crone, sits up on her hill
Through the long dreary night, till the dawn turns chill,
And suffers in silence and patience away,
In the hope that God will forgive, some day.

HIGH-DIDDLE-DIDDLE.

High-diddle-diddle !
The rat play'd the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

AND there never had been
Such a mummary seen
In the batter'd old circus tent,
As there came then about,
When the lights were put out,
And the rush of the audience was spent.

The full cast of the troupe,
From the star to the "supe"
The Clown-Dish and the Song-and-dance-Spoon,
A trim hussy as Cat
In jack-boots and cock'd hat,
And the red-headed maid of the Moon.

The whole gang of them dress'd
In their maddest and best,
Hand in hand went careering around
The professional ring
Where a fire beat wing
Like a monster bird struck to the ground ;

While in stately masque,
On an upended cask,
Sat old Pantaloon, ruling the feast,
With his arm resting on
A huge black demijohn
Made to hold a Norse wassail at least.

And all this because,
Amid "storms of applause,"
Little Muggins had, for the first time,
Faced the dreaded lime-lights,
In corselet and tights,
As the "Prince" in the new pantomim

Little Muggins? A chit
Upon whom they had hit
Hap-hazard, one night, on the road,
And had carried along,
— As one picks up a song,
Just to lift the dead-weight off the load, —

Who had grown up, the child
Of them all, grown up wild
In a world which the big world ignores,
Yet lithe-limb'd, brown of flesh,
And as straight, strong, and fresh
As the world — the clean world, out-o'-doors.

And now the new Star,
Who will blaze near and far,

On poster and bill through the town,
In the plush and the plume
Of her Prince's costume,
In the pride of her fledgling renown,

Drawn up to full height :
In the leaping fire-light
One scarlet from tiptoe to throat,
Yet, ashamed, in a way,
For one shy hand will stray
In search of the miss'd petticoat.

Well may they rejoice,
Make exceeding great noise,
Drain the demijohn dry to her fame,
For in years that have been,
Never fairer young Queen
Came to rule the cloud-realms of *Bohème*.

LITTLE BLUE BETTY.

Little Blue Betty lived in a lane,
She sold good ale to gentlemen.
Gentlemen came every day,
And little Blue Betty hopp'd away.

A RARE old tavern, this "Hand and Glove,"
That little Blue Betty was mistress of;
But rarer still than its far-famed taps
Were Betty's trim ankles and dainty caps.

So gentlemen came every day —
As much for the caps as the ale they say —
And call'd for their pots, and her mug to boot:
If it better'd their thirst they were welcome to 't;

For Betty, with none of those foolish qualms
Which come of inordinate singing of psalms,
Thought kissing a practice both hearty and hale,
To freshen the lips and smarten the ale.

So gallants came, by the dozen and score,
To sit on the bench by the trellised door,
From the full high noon till the shades grew long,
With their pots of ale, and snatches of song,

While little Blue Betty, in shortest of skirts,
And whitest of caps, and bluest of shirts,

Went hopping away, rattling pots and pence,
Getting kiss'd now and then as pleased Providence.

How well I remember! I used to sit down
By the door, with Byronic, elaborate frown
Staring hard at her, as she whisk'd about me, —
Being jealous as only calf-lovers can be,

Till Betty would bring me my favourite mug,
Her lips all a-pucker, her shoulders a-shrug,
And wheedle and coax my young vanity back,
So I fancied myself the preferr'd of the pack.

Ah! the dear old times! I turn'd out of my way,
As I travell'd westward the other day,
For a ramble among those boy-haunts of mine,
And a friendly nod to the crazy old sign.

The inn was gone — to make room, alas!
For a railroad buffet, all gilding and glass,
Where sat a proper young person in pink,
Selling ale ——— which I hadn't the heart to drink.

HUMPY-DUMPTY.

BURN'D and bare, the sands are spread:
Fire implacable beats overhead,
Heavens like Hell, and beneath, there lies
An august head, with blind dreaming eyes.

Once on a time, was lifted higher
No kinglier head, from Carthage to Tyre,
No loftier stature the sun look'd on,
Not even Rhodes or Singing Memnon.

Æons sat on his huge calm brows,
As sparrows perch'd on the pitch of a house,
Tempests crouch'd at his foot, abash'd
Like fawning hounds by the master lash'd.

Far to the edge of the desert's girth
Stretch'd the shadow of him on the earth,
Cowering beneath like a thing afraid:
So was his fame on the vast world laid.

Nations came from far-away lands,
Over the deep, and the waste of sands,
Kissing the footstool his huge feet trod
To hail him High, Everlasting God.

Now he lies prone — he is fallen! Great Pan,
God of Gods, very Lord of Man,

A shapeless litter of shatter'd rock
For newts and lizards to spit at and mock.

None now come to hail his fame,
His greatness is gone, forgotten his name.
Motionless, changeless, unbounded, untrod
The desert broods o'er the broken God.

While on so much of its base that stands
Worn by the tides of men's lips, and the sands,
This is inscribed, in a cockney's scrawl,
Last and bloodiest gibe of all:

Humpty-Dumpty sat on a Wall.

THE OLD MAN IN LEATHER.

One misty moisty morning, when cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather ;
He began to compliment, and I began to grin :
How do you do ? and How do you do ? And how do you
do ? again.

A STRANGE old man ! and strangely clad ! most
strange his mode of greeting !
And yet I felt instinctively this was no strangers'
meeting :
There was a something once well known, this unknown '
face behind,
As some old tune, the words of which have fallen out
of mind.

He walk'd in silence at my side until we reached my
gateway,
I turn'd in, paused to nod good-bye : he gravely bow'd,
and straightway
Pass'd on before me to my room, threw wide the door,
and took
A seat which fronts the old arm-chair in my favourite
chimney-nook.

It had been human to resent his treating me so queerly ;
And yet I felt nor wrath nor pique — a sort of wonder
merely :

Where had I seen this face before? Why should he
feel at home

In this, my room? Who was the man? Whence?
Wherefore had he come?

I am not bless'd with many friends, I have nor wife,
nor daughters,

Not even sunshine ever comes to cheer my bachelor
quarters:

A poor old bookworm left alone in my sere and yellow
leaf,

What have I worth the coming for, to lover, snob, or
thief?

Besides, this was no common face I saw in my new-
comer,

But nobly lined: a face that read like a kingly page of
Homer;

His suit was odd, yet rich withal—gold-figured black
shagreen,

The very dress that Shakspeare now, or Rabelais revels
in.

So while I lean'd back in my chair, my puzzled fancy
started

In search of clues, among the dust and drift of years
departed,

As he sat silent, with cross'd hands, his eyes held fast
to mine :

Grave eyes, that held a world of love, and pity almost
divine.

Then from the deep beyond those eyes, that never
closed or wander'd,

Rose slowly his identity before me, as I ponder'd ;
And though he lifted not a hand, and though he spake
no word,

With all my soul I knew him then, with every pulse I
heard.

This was the guide I followed once, in days long
unremember'd,

On land and sea, through solitudes and castles many
chamber'd,

Who taught my heart to blossom out, who taught my
lips to sing,

Who roused a sleeping god in me : my Prophet —
Poet — King.

He told of battles waged and won by deeds of
marvellous omen,

Of highest homage earn'd from men, and noblest love
from women

Of youth's most radiant promises and wildest dreams
fulfill'd,

Just as a child had pictured once, just as a fool had
will'd.

No need was there to tell his name, no need to speak
his meaning,

I recognized him through the mists of ages intervening,
This was the Ghost which in my dreams the Future
show'd to me :

Myself ! that never was ; alas, myself ! that could not
be.

And now ? the pity of it all ! my hopes, and dreams,
and longings

The Future and its righting hand, the Past and all its
wrongings

Have left me naked at the last before this Face of old,
To read it as it were a book, a story that is told.

EPILOGUE.

WHEN I began this loose handful of rhymes
I had no other purpose than to vary
Thy solemn saws and sayings centenary
With fresher costumes and new pantomimes,
Dear Mother Goose! that, as in olden times,
So now, thou shouldst still be the bounteous fairy
Who brings rich gifts of mirth—a drone's vagary,
As one who sets a wording to the chimes;
But as the work went on, the purpose heighten'd,
—For verses, like the wind, blow where they list—
It is not thou who peerest through the mist
Of childish dreams, the greying years off-frighten'd
But one—a mother's face—with eyes love-lighten'd,
Who used to bend above me to be kiss'd.



The Bibelot

“**I**T seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task which none else can finish: a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is. But he at least is content His soul was made for the noblest society: he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world: wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty he will find a home.”

These words of Emerson apply very literally to Andrew Cullen Tynan of Whitehall, Clondalkin, County Dublin, Ireland, who died in 1905. It was of him that The Dearest of All which, with the kind permission of Mrs. Hinkson, we now reprint, was written. It is the third and last of three memorials to her dead that we have brought to the attention of our readers,¹ and originally appeared in The Cornhill Magazine for November, 1907. Perhaps the best comment upon these affectionate communings with the oldest shadow known to man is contained in the beautiful foreword to A Book of Memory (London,

¹ See The Bibelot for June and September, 1907: *A Little Book for John O'Mahony's Friends and A Little Book for Mary Gill's Friends.*

1907,) dedicated to the same dear father and to Mary in Heaven:

"At the time when Mary died I was putting together the material for this book. She had been my friend for twenty years and had represented to me God knows how much of love and comfort and joy, for she was that soft and warm and glowing personality that she made the world in which she lived a home-like place; and without her a winter room from which the fire has died down. If I had ever anticipated her death, I could have anticipated only desolation from the loss of her. But to my amazement, steeped as I was in the most beautiful thoughts of the most beautiful souls concerning Death, I found that Death had no longer for me the horror and agony of old. Rather his face seemed like an angel's, for I saw him as Crashaw and Vaughan and Herbert, and many another old-time and new-time Saint and heavenly soul, perceived him. And I felt that never again could he be to me the terror he had been of old. Later in the same year my Father died; and again in the presence of Death I was enabled to lift up my heart."

One may well believe that The Birthday Book of the Blessed Dead is destined to become a consolation to many others who will first know of it from this citation and of what lay behind its inception. As for The Dearest of All it is here to speak for itself.

FOR JULY:
HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE:
A LECTURE BY ANDREW LANG.

THE DEAREST OF ALL

By

KATHARINE TYNAN.

*They lie at rest, our blessed Dead,
The dews drop cool above their head,
They knew not when fleet Summer fled.*

*Together all, yet each alone ;
Each laid at rest beneath his own
Smooth turf or white allotted stone.*

*When shall our slumber sink so deep,
And eyes that wept and eyes that weep
Weep not in the sufficient sleep ?*

*God be with you, our great and small
Our loves, our best beloved of all,
Our own beyond the salt sea-wall.*

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

You were a part of the green country,
Of the grey hills and the quiet places ;
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains,
Without the lost and beloved faces,
And you were a part of the sweet country.

There 's a road that winds by the foot of the mountains,
Where I run in my dreams and you come to meet me,
With your blue eyes and your cheeks' old roses,
The old fond smile that was quick to greet me.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains.

There is something lost, there is something lonely,
The birds are singing, the streams are calling,
The sun 's the same and the wind in the meadows,
But o'er your grave are the shadows falling,
The soul is missing, and all is lonely.

It is what they said : you were part of the country,
You were never afraid of the wind and weather.
I can hear in dreams the feet of your pony,
You and your pony coming together,
You will drive no more through the pleasant country.

You were a part of the fields and mountains,
Everyone knew you, everyone loved you ;
All the world was your friend and neighbour,
The women smiled and the men approved you.
They are not the same, the fields and the mountains.

I sigh no more for the pleasant places,
The longer I've lost you the more I miss you.
My heart seeks you in dreams and shadows,
In dreams I find you, in dreams I kiss you,
And wake, alas ! to the lonely places.

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THERE are some people who when they die leave a gap in the world even for those who have only seen them at a distance. When he died a whole country-side felt it so. Something had gone from the green glens and the purple mountain sides, from the long, sweet, winding roads where one might never again hear the feet of his little pony trotting and see him coming along with his kind old rosy face and his eyes bluer than a child's. People said: "There is no one like him left. The country is not the same without him. He was a part of the country." And it was so. He had become a part of the country. He was one of the immortals whose place in the serried ranks of the ages of men will never be filled by another made after his likeness.

He was of so dominant and energetic a character that the weakness of old age in him had a poignant sense of pain about it for one who remembered his prime. In the readjustment of things that is always happening, day by day, for our dead the memory of him as a quiet old man in the chimney-corner, dreading the sound of a rough word,

becomes dimmer and dimmer. Already one remembers him only in his prime. He was an oak of the forest: and rightly one thinks of him in his strength that stood, a four-square battlement, to all the winds of heaven.

If one were asked straight off without thinking to name his strongest characteristic one would say I think, his fearlessness. He feared nothing. Under his wholesome health he had nerves and imagination not known among his fellows: but his nerves had nothing to do with nervousness. I have driven with him in a thunderstorm along miles of tree-hung roads when the blue lightning leaped in chains within a foot of us and his voice talking to and soothing his pony kept the little creature from wild panic as his absolute courage put courage into my quaking heart. With him it was impossible to be afraid.

He had chosen a farmer's life and it was the one life which seemed right for him. He had the intense love of the land which is so peculiarly Celtic; and he had put every penny he was owner of into land, land of an unexampled richness in which the grass was to your knees any day of the year. He loved

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the land he had acquired for himself, loved it like a child; but dearer to him still was the little farm which had belonged to his grandfather, on which he had spent his childhood, every field, every hedgerow of which had its stories and its associations for him.

The farms lay almost side by side, in the lap of the mountains, swept by the sweet winds from the mountains and the sea, yet to hear him it was as though one pent in the city had escaped to the moorland and mountains when he had driven behind his pony the little space which divided the two farms. To be sure the little farm held the fields of his childhood, and it was a far cry from them to the days when he should farm his own fat land.

He would pull in his pony at the top of an upland pasture, and sit inhaling deep breaths of the mountain air while he gazed down over the placid fields where his own roan and strawberry cattle were standing in quiet groups.

He could spend hours in those fields, alighting now and again to feel the sides of his cattle, or merely reining up his pony by a

feeding group of them and eyeing them contemplatively while he pulled away at the pipe which was never out of his mouth.

He had his stories of those fields, — the very names of which, "Larry's Field," "The Cuckoo's Field," and so on, had magic for him. There was a little, ancient castle or watch-tower of the early Irish somewhere midway of those dream-haunted fields, which had its rath, its ghosts and fairies. Under the shadow of the tower was a little thatched cabin of two rooms. He was so fearless that any story of the supernatural coming from him had a curious impressiveness. Once, as a boy, having been up from daydawn with his grandfather's men when they went out milking he fell asleep on a heap of straw in the inner room. In the outer they were playing cards by the light of a tallow-candle. He could make you see it all, as he saw it through the doorless aperture between the two rooms. He could make you see and smell the night outside, the dews, the white moon of May and the intoxicating airs of the hawthorn as they call it in Ireland. Within, the rough heads bent over the filthy cards, the dirty walls of the cabin, furnitureless but

for the table and a few makeshift seats, the black thatch showing through the rafters, the shadows of the players' heads on the wall, their clutching fingers and bowed shoulders. He had the literary sense to make you realize all those things.

Suddenly he was awakened from his sleep by the loud voices of the players. One, ill-famed for the foulness of his speech, was in bad luck, and was uttering blasphemy after blasphemy, growing worse as his anger increased. Even his rough companions murmured and shrank away from him, and the lad, lying on the straw, felt appalled. There was a viler blasphemy than any that had preceded it, and suddenly a great wind forced open the door of the cabin, flung the players on their faces, threw over the table and the light and drove through the place, dying away as suddenly as it had come and leaving the undisturbed beauty of the night as it had been.

Of his fearlessness I must tell one or two stories.

Once he had a friend who suddenly developed a homicidal mania. Word came to him that the man had escaped to a loft above

his stables where, naked as the hour he was born, he held at bay those who would seize him, for he was armed with a razor.

He never hesitated for a second. The entrance to the loft was by a square aperture above the heads of the horses in the stable. One had to climb by the manger and the rack and to pull one's self up to the floor above. That ascent into the loft, occupied by the naked madman with the razor, was, I think, a feat few would have cared for: the person ascending was so absolutely defenceless.

But he, — so fearless was he that he was not conscious of any bravery in the act. He simply could not be afraid. He heaved himself into the loft as though it held nothing but the hay.

"Isn't it a shame for you, John," he said, "to be sitting there without your clothes? Here, I've brought them to you. Put them on for goodness' sake, and then we can talk."

He sat down on "a lock of hay," as he would have called it himself, and proceeded to empty his pipe of the ashes and fill it again. I can see him so well with the empty pipe on his knee while he mixed the tobacco

in the palm of his hand and talked in an even flow as soothing as the fall of waters. Meanwhile the naked madman in the corner had begun to clothe himself.

"Surely to goodness, John," went on the quiet voice, "you wouldn't be hurting yourself or any one else with that razor. What on earth are you doing with it open like that? Why you might cut yourself, so you might. If it was shaving you wanted a barber would do it for you. Put it down, man, before you cut yourself with it."

The madman put down the razor quietly and allowed his friend to take possession of it. More, when he was clad he allowed himself to be driven to the big lunatic asylum by the man he trusted. That was a part of the adventure which hurt *him*.

"I shall never forget," he used to say, "poor John's face as he looked out from between the big keepers. 'If I'd known you'd have done the like on me,' he said, 'I'd have cut your throat with the razor.' Poor John, sure it had to be, for his good."

Another time it was a wicked cow which had nearly killed a man. She was loose in a field and no one would approach her. They

were talking of shooting her. Anything that he did not know about cattle was not worth knowing. He walked into the field despite the efforts of those who would restrain him. The cow came at him with her head down to charge. He waited, and at the moment of the charge he received her with a kick in the nose. She lifted her head and looked at him in amazement: then trotted quietly away and began grazing. He kept her for a considerable time after that and she was quite harmless. Oddly enough too she evinced a particular affection for him. "She'd let me handle her calf when no one else dare go near her," he said. It would have been a serious matter for him if he had missed that kick, for she had been an ill beast from the hour of her calving, and her latest victim was only one of a long line. He was not young then and he had ceased to be agile. We used to reproach him saying: "What would have happened if you had missed?" "I didn't miss," he would answer, "and I knew I wasn't going to miss. And look at her now. A kinder cow you wouldn't meet with in a day's walk."

Another time it was a dangerous bull,

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delivered to him in a frenzied state by a pack of yokels, half of them hanging on by ropes fastened to the ring in the bull's nose and his horns the other half belabouring the poor splendid beast with blackthorns. He swept them away with one of his tempestuous bursts of anger; and they scattered like chaff before the wind when they discovered that his purpose was to set the bull free. "Hold on to him! Hold on to him!" they kept shouting from a safe distance. He opened the gate of a field where a herd of young cows was grazing and turned the bull in. There was no further trouble with the bull after that.

I have known him to drive through a field of his own into which a neighbour's wicked bull had escaped, to cross the field with the brute roaring and pawing the ground in most unpleasant proximity to himself and his pony, he flicking his whip gently about the bull's head as he went. Arrived at the gate through which he must pass to enter the next field he clambered out of the pony-cart, opened the gate and led the pony through, closing the gate behind him in the face of the astonished bull.

His fearlessness occasionally led him to things alarming to his neighbours. Once he bought and sent home thirty Spanish bulls. The panic of the men who went to the boat to receive the cattle and were met by the wilderness of wide tossing horns, the terror of the quiet country through which they were driven, may be imagined. After all they proved to be gentle beasts and no evil results followed.

Animals always loved him despite his tempestuousness. In anger he was tempestuous, splendid, like the storm-wind. I can remember a big Irish kitchen with an enormous rosy fire that sent its glow far out into the night. A "half-door" gave entrance from the farm-yard into the kitchen. Before the fire would be basking half-a-dozen dogs in perfect content. Presently in the yard outside would be heard a tumult. Something had happened: a man come home drunk in charge of a horse and cart, cattle overdriven: some such malfeasance or some neglect of duty. The master's voice would be heard in a mighty shouting: and the dogs getting stealthily to their feet would steal one by one into the shelter of a huge kitchen-

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table, below which they would lie with their noses on their paws, sighing because the master was angry and someone in trouble.

The odd thing was that no one resented those violent outbursts; not even those who had had a violent handling, well-earned from him. His men were to a man devoted to him. Women always loved him: and an insolent domestic, whom he had discovered brow-beating his young daughters and turned out, declared always that it was the aforesaid young daughters, who trembled before the termagant, that were to blame and not he.

He had in a most extraordinary way the spirit of the country. He was a wonderful talker, and as you sat listening to him by the fire he made live again for you the days that were over. Always he was filling his pipe or smoking it, interrupting the narrative to ask for a straw, — he called it a *thraneen*, — to clean the stem of it, or a match to light it, or it might be a wad of soft paper to put in the bowl of it, to absorb the nicotine. He was an intemperate smoker; the only one I have ever known who kept pipe and tobacco by his bedside and woke up at intervals during the night to smoke. He smoked

very strong tobacco, enough to make the head of a younger man reel. He used to amuse himself by calculations as to how much a richer man he would have been if he had not been a smoker. As it was his splendid personality, his abounding health, the clear rose of his cheek, the unsullied blue of his eye, were a counter-blast to the haters of tobacco.

He loved to talk of the Ireland which was out of our memories, the Ireland of the dances at the cross-roads and all the old customs, when he was young, before the Famine brought the death into the hearts of the people and the emigrant-ships had carried them away. He had much to tell. Re-constructing the old life in the Glens of Wicklow he would tell the history of this one or that one, branching off from the main narrative to tell what befell the other characters in the story; "like a Saga," said an Oxford professor who listened to him entranced for the length of a day and would have gone on listening for many days if he might.

I pick up a book published in the late 'Eighties by an American who visited Ireland and sifted patiently all the evidence

that came before him from men of opposite creeds and classes and politics and points of view regarding the Irish question. The American took down what he heard verbatim. Here is a bit which recalls the days that are no more, in which his utterances have the Saga-like quality noted by the Oxford professor. "A massive man," the American describes him, "dressed in thick blue serge of the wool of his own sheep, with a magnificent Landor-like forehead towering over a face that was one large smile." I can see him and hear him as he talks, driving his guest through the mountainous country, flicking his pony gently with the whip as he talked.

"We took a delightful drive," wrote the American, who was a gentleman, a soldier and a man of literary taste and performance—an American indeed who bore the name of an English noble house and called cousins with a dozen English families of the aristocracy. "We took a delightful drive through the valley and back along the Wicklow hills. Here and there the lofty walls of some gentleman's demesne cut off the view: again we clattered along the ill-paved streets of a

little village; and near every village were the ruins of deserted mills and melancholy rows of cottages with broken window-panes of long-forgotten mill-hands. 'There were fourteen or fifteen paper-mills here in my boyhood,' he murmured: 'now they are all obliterated, simply because the great thinkers of the Empire decided that there should be no tax on knowledge, and so newspapers were sold for a penny instead of for sixpence. All this looks well but it doesn't work. There were even up to three years ago ten or twelve flour-mills at work in this neighbourhood. They are all gone, ruined by American competition.' In the good old times things were very different. I forgot the jolting of the car as he slowly recalled the past and some of its beloved figures. 'My grandfather Cullen was a farmer with plenty of land. He supplemented his farm-work by dealing in timber. He would buy twenty or thirty acres of oakwood, strip the bark, dry it, and sell it in Dublin. Of the timber he would select what was good enough for ship-building, and the debris he made into charcoal. He had two sons and five daughters. He and his two sons were weavers

and all his daughters carders and the family wove and carded the wool of their own sheep and sold the flannel and dressed themselves in it: coats, jackets and trousers were all home-made. They had plenty of money to spare for everything. Now there is not a weaver in the County of Wicklow. My great-grandfather Kelly was also a farmer in Wicklow with a hundred acres, but he was a hatter besides and kept fifty men at work supplying hat-frames for the English army. I remember him well, and he remembered when the O'Tooles held Wicklow.' ”

He would go on then to tell the stories of those who lived in that long-ago time: but the American chronicler who only wanted to find out what the Irish question was all about records no more of it.

This quotation reminds me of his wonderful hospitality. Every Sunday his delightful house was packed with guests,—as many to dinner as the table would hold, with occasionally an overflow party in another room—additional guests afterwards for tea and an informal supper later. Tennis, croquet, cards, occasionally dancing were for those who liked those forms of recreation: but the

symposia in the dining-room after dinner were such as surely were not to be found in any other farmhouse before or since.

Story-telling, political discussions, literary arguments, were carried on with the greatest animation and good humour. Let me recall some of the guests. There would be John O'Leary, the old Fenian chief: there would be Douglas Hyde: there would be W. B. Yeats: there would be George Russell—"A. E." There would be, or might be, one or two members of Parliament. Those were the fighting days and he and his household were tremendous Parnellites. During Mr. Parnell's last sad and glorious campaign he followed him to all his great meetings. He always called Mr. Parnell "Charlie" and he wore his picture with a favourite daughter's in a locket till the day he died. There would be journalists from the Dublin newspapers. There would be visitors from over-seas, all men of affairs, men of letters and politics, women too. One of his daughters was a writer as well as a politician and to her came constantly English, American, Colonial visitors with letters of recommendation where they were not already friends. There came

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parsons and doctors, lawyers and priests. There was a time when the priests came hardly at all,—at least on the occasions of the Sunday symposia. Those were the days when feeling ran so high that even the magnificent spirit of hospitality could hardly tolerate an anti-Parnellite: and the unhappy one who strayed by chance into that Parnellite fold was apt to find things somewhat unpleasant. In time the priests came back: and in later years, when the great soreness and grief for Parnell's betrayal and death were less raw the priests came in for friendly hard-hitting and took it like the gentlemen and men of the world they are. At one time or another men and women of many classes, creeds, and opinions, met at that hospitable table. Only the dullard was barred out.

It was a part of his fearlessness that he was always ready to oppose the priests in secular matters, where he thought they were in the wrong. The Parnellite man of those days was apt sometimes to oppose the priests unreasonably. Occasionally some of the hot-headed would even stand up and walk out of the Church during Mass because a priest had delivered an anti-Parnellite diatribe from

the altar. He was never so illogical and unreasonable. He had always opposed the undue domination of the priests in politics, from the time he had been a Young Irelander and adored John Mitchel. He opposed them when it came to a question of abandoning Mr. Parnell and fought the campaign against them fearlessly. But when the first rankling bitterness was done and over the priests came back to the hospitable board in the hospitable house. They respected the man who had fought them logically and fearlessly: and being as I have always maintained the most reasonable body of men in Ireland, indeed the only reasonable body of men in Ireland,— they took the hard hitting like the men of the world and the other-worldly men they are, and gave him the solace of their friendship and their help in the sad years that followed.

So many strangers came to that hospitable board. There was hardly a Sunday of the year when he did not drive off after breakfast to pick up a couple of visiting English or Americans or Colonials at the light railway station, and to take them a drive through the country before bringing

them home. He was always ready to entertain those visitors in the first place to his writing daughter. He had such a wonderful interest in things and people. Sometimes he had no clue and she had no clue as to what the visitors might look like. He was always ready to discover them and receive them in a way that filled them with pleasure. He would pay an innocent, audacious compliment to a woman which was irresistible. Once he met an American mother and daughter.

"My daughter told me," he said, "to look out for two ladies who were mother and daughter. She did not tell me that I should find two so young and so pretty that they might pass for twin sisters."

He delighted all manner of men, but still more all manner of women. Being of that dominant nature that he would sometimes roar down a man in argument he was invariably gentle with women and he had peculiarly the gift of pleasing them.

Some of his memories went far back. He had known various historical personages. Major Sirr, hated in Ireland as the man who captured and mortally wounded Lord Edward

Fitzgerald, the bright, the beautiful, the immortally young, had patted his curly flaxen locks as a child. His evidence about Major Sirr was rather in the direction of rehabilitating him. He was never one for conventional beliefs; and while he yielded to none in his love for Lord Edward he was not the less impartial as regards him whom many people would call Lord Edward's murderer.

"When I was a flaxen-haired child," he said, "I used to play about the Castle Yard. One day we had been playing marbles on the steps of a house when the door opened and a man whom I took to be a tall man hurriedly came out. My companions scattered, but I remained. He took me by the chin, and lifting it up looked down into my eyes. 'Well, little boy, do you often play marbles on my steps?' he asked. 'Very often,' I said, fearlessly. 'And hop-scotch, and spinning tops, and all your other games?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, you can go on playing them then and don't be afraid.' After he had gone, the others running back cried out, 'Did you know it was Major Sirr?' I had had no idea indeed that it was he whose

name was something of a bugaboo to frighten children in the dark.

“Hated as he was however he had the reputation as a magistrate of being fair and impartial. There was a friend of my grandfather’s, Edward Byrne, like himself a Wicklow man, settled in Dublin. One night he was walking home after enjoying an evening with some friends. He was three sheets in the wind, and as he was going down George’s Street he struck up a good old Croppy song — ‘Billy Byrne of Ballymanus’ — in a most loud and stentorian voice. He was suddenly confronted by a tall man who walked up to him and without speaking a word struck him a blow on the side of the face which, Byrne not being very steady, knocked him into the gutter. Byrne, who was a very powerful and athletic man, belonging to a very pugilistic family, and being own uncle to Simon Byrne, who never met a man that he could not beat boxing, leaped to his feet, rushed on his assailant with all the force and power in him, and knowing he had a foe of both courage and science to contend with he rained a shower of terrific blows on him, which felled him to the ground. ‘Get up,’

said Byrne, 'I strike no man when he is down,' at the same time receding some paces. In an instant the man leaped to his feet, but instead of advancing to the fray he emitted a piercing whistle, and in a minute there rushed up ten or twelve of the most powerful men of the Dublin Watch. After a prolonged struggle they succeeded in felling Byrne, bound him, and carried him off to the old Werburgh Street lock-up or watch-house.

"Now Byrne was well-known to the watchmen and one of them summoned my grandfather to stand by his friend in his trouble. The next morning the two appeared before Major Sirr in whom Byrne, to his alarm, recognised his opponent of last night.

"The major looked steadfastly at him.

"Your name is Edward Byrne, I see, but you are not a Dublin man.'

"No, indeed, sir. I belong to Wicklow.'

"Ha! So you are one of the Wicklow Byrnes. Mr. Byrne, what right had you to be disturbing the peace of the citizens of Dublin after midnight, when I was fortunate enough to meet with you?'

"No right, sir. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know it was Dublin at all.

THE DEAREST OF ALL

I thought myself back on the Wicklow hills.'

" 'Mr. Byrne, are you as good a man to-day as you were last night?'

" 'I am not, sir. It wasn't me was in it last night: it was the drink I had taken.'

" 'Mr. Byrne, will you promise me that I shall not find you brawling in the streets of Dublin again?'

" 'Indeed I will, sir.'

" 'Well, then, you may go with your friend.'

" Of Major Sirr's personal courage there was no doubt. He went the rounds of the city every night alone, though there were watchmen within sound of his whistle. Yet he knew that three-fourths of the citizens of Dublin would rejoice in his death.

" My grandfather had a case before him once. He had bought a horse from one of two brothers and it having been in his possession some days the other brother claimed it saying his brother had no right to dispose of it. He had brought a number of his friends with him and, my grandfather disputing his claim, they made an attempt to seize the horse by force. My grandfather's neighbours rallied round him and after a pitched battle

he was able to retain the horse. He then summoned the man before Major Sirr for assault and attempting to seize the horse by force.

“‘How much did you pay for the horse?’ the major asked my grandfather.

“‘Twenty pounds, sir.’

“‘Are you prepared to hand over the twenty pounds and take your horse?’ he asked the other.

“‘No, sir.’

“‘In that case,’ said the major, ‘the horse is the property of this man who purchased him. All I can do for you is, if you bring your brother before me, I will transport him.’”

To me it brings the most vivid sensation of comfort and quiet safety to think of him in his arm-chair as he told this and many another story. I used to come home down the hill from a long winter's walk, part of it in darkness, the intense darkness of the tree-overhung Irish roads. At the top of the hill I would see below me in the valley shining the window of the kitchen where an enormous rosy fire of coke shed warmth out into the darkness. There I knew I should

find him sitting, new come in from his fields, his leggins still on, and the clay of the fields about him, talking to his old steward of the work and the crops and the cattle and what beasts were ready for market and what were the prospects for this and that crop, and the coming fairs and so on. It used to lift up my heart in the darkness to think of him sitting there in the firelight, the dogs at his feet, talking away as quietly as the flowing of a river, till it should be time for him to get out of his outdoor things and join the family meal in the dining-room beyond.

He was extraordinarily generous. In fact so giving was he that many people supposed him to be a wealthy man when he was no such thing. To those he loved he would give royally. He exhaled a certain big generosity. His rich sense of humour was touched once when a tinker,—*i.e.*, a gipsy—who had year after year, times innumerable, opened the gates leading to his fattest pastures or his most promising meadow, and turned the whole herd of asses—(to speak of a donkey in Ireland is to give yourself airs),—to graze upon them, invited him to pay for getting the asses out of pound. Those asses

were the plague of the country-side. No man's crops were safe from them. It was a great blessing when the tinker did a deal with Government and sold the asses for exportation to South Africa. "Aye," said the tinker, "they're gone where they ought to go, to Road-Aisy. Isn't it what they've been looking for all their lives?"

Not at all à propos, I remember a mule which was also bought for the transport. He was struck dumb on hearing of its sale: it belonged to a neighbour. He described its age thus: "Farrell Fox of the Green Hills died the other day a very old man; and when Farrell Fox's father was a child he knew that mule, and he used to say that no man then knew how old the mule really was."

Another time when he had prosecuted a notorious *vaurien* for annoying some of his work-people, who occupied an adjoining cottage and had described the gentleman's language when he was in a state of intoxication as being "laborious," the *vaurien* being bound over in a certain sum to keep the peace turned cheerfully to him to pay it.

While he lived there were many delightful tales to be told of his humour and the

humorous happenings which befell him; but now that he is dead his death seems to forbid it. It has left one without heart to smile. I remember him coming in once from an encounter with a philosophical tramp to whom he had offered a meal of bread and meat and a shilling if he would take a fork and broom and clean out a stable.

"Now look here, mister," said the tramp. "D'ye see that town over there in the smoke? Well, that town has a population of nearly half-a-million. It has so many streets, with an average of so many houses to each street, every street worth at least tuppence to me. Now I ask you wouldn't I be a fool to spend my day working for your bit of bread and meat and your shilling?"

"I had to acknowledge that from his point of view he would," he said, smiling delightedly over the reminiscence. "I was so taken with the philosophy of the fellow that I gave him the bread and meat after all. But sure he wasn't hungry, for he left it on top of the dog-kennel when my back was turned."

I have tried to keep some salient bits of him, but it should have been done by someone to whom he was less dear. He was all

strength and all sweetness. And so much was he of the fields that for one at least he walks not only his own fields still, but all fields. She can never see a grass-blade spring without thinking of him coming towards her, —not old and sorrowful but rosy and splendid in his prime. By which he makes to her of all fields holy places.

A MEMORY.

THIS is just the weather, a wet May and blowing,
All the shining, shimmering leaves tossing low
and high,
When my father used to say: "'Twill be the great
mowing!
God's weather's good weather, be it wet or dry."

Blue were his eyes and his cheeks were so ruddy,
He was out in all weathers, up and down the farm;
With the pleasant smile and the word for a wet body;
"Sure the weather's God's weather. Who can take
the harm?"

With a happy word he'd silence all repining,
While the hay lay wet in field and the cattle died,
When the rain rained every day and no sun was shining:
"Ah, well, God is good," he'd say, even while he
sighed.

In the parched summer with the corn not worth saving,
Every field bare as your hand, and the beasts to feed,
Still he kept his heart up, when other folk were raving:
"God will send the fodder; 'tis He that knows the
need."

A wet May, a wild May; he used to rise up cheery
In the grey of the morning for market and for fair.

Now he sleeps the whole year long, though days be
bright, be dreary,
In God's weather that's good weather he sleeps
without a care.

Now 'tis just the weather, a wild May and weeping,
How the blackbird sang and sang 'mid the tossing
leaves!
When my father used to say: "'Twill be the great
reaping,
God send fine weather to carry home the sheaves!'

EVERYTHING THAT I MADE.

EVERYTHING that I made I used to bring to you.
Was it a song, why, then 'twas a song to sing
to you.

Was it a story, to you I was telling my story.
Ah, my dear, could you hear 'mid the bliss and the
glory?

Did anyone praise me, to you I said it all over.
My laughter for you: how we laughed in the days past
recover!

My tears and my trouble were yours: did anyone
grieve me,
I carried it straight to the love that was sure to relieve
me.

O my dear, when aught happens, to you I am turning,
Forgetting how far you have travelled this day from
my yearning.

There is nobody now to tell things to: your house is
so lonely:

And still I'm forgetting and bringing my tale to you
only.

The old days are over: how pleasant they were while
they lasted.

The sands were pure gold that ran out ere we knew
and were wasted.

And still I'm forgetting, ochone, that no longer you're
near me,
And turn to you still with my tale, and there's no one
to hear me.

THE RETURN.

I RESTED in your easy chair,
Slept in your late-abandoned bed,
And felt your pleasure everywhere
A benediction on my head.
Through sleep and waking: all the while
I was quite sure I felt your smile.

I knelt, and laid my cheek upon
The cushions that you lately pressed;
All your familiar things foregone
Took to my own use and behest,
Quite sure your spirit leant to bless
Your daughter in that loneliness.

I sat beside your fire aglow,
In the dim hours 'twixt night and day,
And knew you would be glad to know —
You who gave everything away —
I had your old room, sweet and warm,
Safe from the winter night and storm.

I slept, I rose, I rested there;
My thoughts, my dreams, were still and glad.
The dear room kept its happy air,
As in the golden years we had;
And sleeping, waking, all the while,
I was quite sure I felt your smile.

IN THE COUNTRY.

AH! in the city I hardly missed you,
For you had nothing to do with the city,
You a countryman, bred and born;
Now, in the hay and the springing corn,
My heart's awake, and it's more's the pity,
My heart cries for you night and morn.

Every grass-blade's a sword to hurt me,
Because you are dead and my heart is grieving;
When I walk in the pleasant weather
Through the corn and over the heather,
I'm thinking if you were only living,
And you and I, as of old, together.

In the city I could forget you.
I did not look for your face in the city.
Now, in the country, at every turning,
I look for you and my heart is yearning.
The blackbird's singing his pleasant ditty,
As in the days that have no returning.

No one knows how I'm dreaming of you,
Under the moon when the birds are quiet,
Before the larks spring out of the meadow,
The day comes, the day with its shadow.
I wake and remember with the birds' riot;
I know you are dead and my heart's in shadow.

A TRYST.

I KEPT our tryst alone,
In the sweet April weather,
Sat by your white grave-stone
A whole bright hour together.

The birds sang, the wind played,
The dreaming hills were round you.
There, in the sun and shade,
I who had lost you, found you.

You always were so glad
In the old days to have me:
Were only grieved and sad
When the hour came to leave me.

And, oh, my dear, my own,
In the sweet April weather,
Sitting by your grave-stone,
I felt we were together.

Oh! constant love of old,
That never hurt or harmed me,
There, by your grave-stone cold,
I sat awhile and warmed me.

I felt I had stepped in
For a long talk to cheer you,

There by your grave so green,
With the blue mountains near you.

There, as I sat awhile
Where the soft south wind passes :
I felt your well-pleased smile
Under the springing grasses.

Ah, oh! my dear, my dear,
In cold and rainy weather —
My dear, be of good cheer,
We still shall be together.

Such love as ours, dear heart,
No seas shall quench, nor water ;
Nor time, nor space, shall part,
My dear, you and your daughter.



The Bibelot

EVERY possible aid to a complete failure in verse or prose would seem to be provided for in this Lecture which, its distinguished author in a brief Preface tells us, "was delivered at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the College for Working Men and Women. As the Publishers, perhaps erroneously, believe that some of the few authors who were not present may be glad to study the advice here proffered, the Lecture is now printed. It has been practically re-written, and, like the kiss which the Lady returned to Rodolphe, is revu, corrigé, et considérablement augmenté."

That such airy fairy persiflage should itself prove a failure as one of the six best sellers of the far-off year of Grace, 1890, would almost "go without saying," — a phrase which Mr. Lang would be first to denounce as an outworn cliché. Such appears to have been the fact, however, with the consequence that *How to Fail in Literature: A Lecture by Andrew Lang*, London, 1890, (Sq. 16mo. Pp. i-iv: 5-96 with four additional pages of the Publishers' advertising list appended, and bound in imitation leather paper,) remains a some-

what-to-see book, only and truly describable as a first and unique edition.

To remedy this wrong was our first intent; to right such injustice to a remarkable tour de force must be and is our last desire. It is permissible to run over in retrospect—a retrospective review as Mr. LeGallienne hath it—a select little list comprising such gems of purest ray serene as Bayard Taylor's *Diversions* of the Echo Club, or the still earlier *Every Man his own Poet* by William Hurrell Mallock. Neither of these can be said to compete successfully with Mr. Lang's polished periods, for at the very last there is a dying fall which becomes poetic prose when prosaic poetry receives its final congé:

"It is not an easy goal to attain, as the crowd of aspirants dream, nor is the reward luxurious when it is attained. A garland, usually fading and not immortal, has to be run for, not without dust and heat."

Nearly twenty years later, (in the *Morning Post*, London, June 18, 1909) we come upon the article *Does Ridicule Kill*, a fitting postlude to the longer and more diverting treatise. Between these two dates what an infinite quantity of good work lies scattered in periodicals of the day, which even the hardiest bibliographer of Andrew

Lang can scarcely hope to enumerate accurately. When all is said he still remains the sanest literary survival of the fittest of the nineteenth century. There will be those among us who never forget At the Sign of the Ship, unhappily sailed upon its last long voyage, in whose submerged bulk lies deeper than fathoms five the treasure no one may hope to bring up out of the deciduous years. In a more fortunate and final format such unforgettable things as Letters to Dead Authors and Letters on Literature enduring stay to us, whereto we now add How to Fail in Literature.

As we write these words of "hail and farewell" there is just time to chronicle the latest "failure" in London letters. The Thrush which so late as last December began its song upon the bough has now gone "where the lost Mays 'and the lost Aprils' are." There is forsooth and forever a sense of tears in mortal things.

*"The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them."*



FOR AUGUST:
HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE
(Concluded.)
DOES RIDICULE KILL?

HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE :

A LECTURE

By

ANDREW LANG.



HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE.

WHAT should be a man's or a woman's reason for taking literature as a vocation, what sort of success ought they to desire, what sort of ambition should possess them? These are natural questions, now that so many readers exist in the world, all asking for something new, now that so many writers are making their pens "in running to devour the way" over so many acres of foolscap. The legitimate reasons for enlisting (too often without receiving the shilling) in this army of writers are not far to seek. A man may be convinced that he has useful, or beautiful, or entertaining ideas within him, he may hold that he can express them in fresh and charming language. He may, in short, have a "vocation," or feel conscious of a vocation, which is not exactly the same thing. There are "many thyrsus bearers, few mystics," many are called, few chosen. Still, to be sensible of a vocation is something, nay, is much, for most of us drift without any particular aim or predominant purpose. Nobody can justly censure people whose chief interest is in letters, whose chief pleasure is in study or composition, who

rejoice in a fine sentence as others do in a well modelled limb, or a delicately touched landscape, nobody can censure them for trying their fortunes in literature. Most of them will fail, for, as the bookseller's young man told an author once, they have the poetic temperament, without the poetic power. Still among these whom *Pendennis* has tempted, in boyhood, to run away from school to literature as Marryat has tempted others to run away to sea, there must be some who will succeed. But an early and intense ambition is not everything, any more than a capacity for taking pains is everything in literature or in any art.

Some have the gift, the natural incommunicable power, without the ambition, others have the ambition but no other gift from any Muse. This class is the more numerous, but the smallest class of all has both the power and the will to excel in letters. The desire to write, the love of letters may shew itself in childhood, in boyhood, or youth, and mean nothing at all, a mere harvest of barren blossom without fragrance or fruit. Or, again, the concern about letters may come suddenly, when a youth

that cared for none of those things is waning, it may come when a man suddenly finds that he has something which he really must tell. Then he probably fumbles about for a style, and his first fresh impulses are more or less marred by his inexperience of an art which beguiles and fascinates others even in their school-days.

It is impossible to prophesy the success of a man of letters from his early promise, his early tastes; as impossible as it is to predict, from her childish grace, the beauty of a woman.

But the following remarks on How to fail in Literature are certainly meant to discourage nobody who loves books, and has an impulse to tell a story, or to try a song or a sermon. Discouragements enough exist in the pursuit of this, as of all arts, crafts, and professions, without my adding to them. Famine and Fear crouch by the portals of literature as they crouch at the gates of the Virgilian Hades. There is no more frequent cause of failure than doubt and dread; a beginner can scarcely put his heart and strength into a work when he knows how long are the odds against his victory, how difficult it is

for a new man to win a hearing, even though all editors and publishers are ever pining for a new man. The young fellow, unknown and unwelcomed, who can sit down and give all his best of knowledge, observation, humour, care, and fancy to a considerable work has got courage in no common portion; he deserves to triumph, and certainly should not be disheartened by our old experience. But there be few beginners of this mark, most begin so feebly because they begin so fearfully. They are already too discouraged, and can scarce do themselves justice. It is easier to write more or less well and agreeably when you are certain of being published and paid, at least, than to write well when a dozen rejected manuscripts are cowering (as Theocritus says) in your chest, bowing their pale faces over their chilly knees, outcast, hungry, repulsed from many a door. To write excellently, brightly, powerfully, with these poor unwelcomed wanderers, returned MSS., in your possession, is difficult indeed. It might be wiser to do as M. Guy de Maupassant is rumoured to have done, to write for seven years, and shew your essays to none but a mentor as friendly

severe as M. Flaubert. But all men cannot have such mentors, nor can all afford so long an unremunerative apprenticeship. For some the better plan is *not* to linger on the bank, and take tea and good advice, as Keats said, but to plunge at once in mid-stream, and learn swimming of necessity.

One thing, perhaps, most people who succeed in letters so far as to keep themselves alive and clothed by their pens will admit, namely, that their early rejected MSS. *deserved to be rejected*. A few days ago there came to the writer an old forgotten beginner's attempt by himself. Whence it came, who sent it, he knows not; he had forgotten its very existence. He read it with curiosity; it was written in a very much better hand than his present scrawl, and was perfectly legible. But *readable* it was not. There was a great deal of work in it, on an out of the way topic, and the ideas were, perhaps, not quite without novelty at the time of its composition. But it was cramped and thin, and hesitating between several manners; above all it was uncommonly dull. If it ever was sent to an editor, as I presume it must have been, that editor was trebly justified

in declining it. On the other hand, to be egotistic, I have known editors reject the attempts of those old days, and afterwards express lively delight in them when they struggled into print, somehow, somewhere. These worthy men did not even know that they had despised and refused what they came afterwards rather to enjoy.

Editors and publishers, these keepers of the gates of success, are not infallible, but their opinion of a beginner's work is far more correct than his own can ever be. They should not depress him quite, but if they are long unanimous in holding him cheap, he is warned, and had better withdraw from the struggle. He is either incompetent, or he has the makings of a Browning. He is a genius born too soon. He may readily calculate the chances in favour of either alternative.

So much by way of not damping all neophytes equally; so much we may say about success before talking of the easy ways that lead to failure. And by success here is meant no glorious triumph; the laurels are not in our thoughts, nor the enormous opulence (about a fourth of a fortunate bar-

risters' gains) which falls in the lap of a Dickens or a Trollope. Faint and fleeting praise, a crown with as many prickles as roses, a modest hardly-gained competence, a good deal of envy, a great deal of gossip—these are the rewards of genius which constitute a modern literary success. Not to reach the moderate competence in literature is, for a professional man of letters of all work, something like failure. But in poetry to-day a man may succeed, as far as his art goes, and yet may be unread, and may publish at his own expense, or not publish at all. He pleases himself, and a very tiny audience: I do not call that failure. I regard failure as the goal of ignorance, incompetence, lack of common sense, conceited dulness, and certain practical blunders now to be explained and defined.

The most ambitious may accept, without distrust, the following advice as to How to fail in Literature. The advice is offered by a mere critic, and it is an axiom of the Arts that the critics "are the fellows who have failed," or have not succeeded. The persons who really can paint, or play, or compose seldom tell us how it is done, still less do

they review the performances of their contemporaries. That invidious task they leave to the unsuccessful novelists. The instruction, the advice are offered by the persons who cannot achieve performance. It is thus that all things work together in favour of failure, which, indeed, may well appear so easy that special instruction, however competent, is a luxury rather than a necessary. But when we look round on the vast multitude of writers who, to all seeming, deliberately aim at failure, who take every precaution in favour of failure that untutored inexperience can suggest, it becomes plain that education in ill-success, is really a popular want. In the following remarks some broad general principles, making disaster almost inevitable, will first be offered, and then special methods of failing in all special departments of letters will be ungrudgingly communicated. It is not enough to attain failure, we should deserve it. The writer, by way of insuring complete confidence, would modestly mention that he has had ample opportunities of study in this branch of knowledge. While sifting for five or six years the volunteered contributions to a popular periodical, he has

received and considered some hundred-weights of manuscript. In all these myriad contributions he has not found thirty pieces which rose even to the ordinary dead level of magazine work. He has thus enjoyed unrivalled chances of examining such modes of missing success as spontaneously occur to the human intellect, to the unaided ingenuity of men, women, and children.¹

He who would fail in literature cannot begin too early to neglect his education, and to adopt every opportunity of not observing life and character. None of us is so young but that he may make himself perfect in writing an illegible hand. This method, I am bound to say, is too frequently overlooked. Most manuscripts by ardent literary volunteers are fairly legible. On the other hand there are novelists, especially ladies, who not only write a hand wholly declining to let itself be deciphered, but who

¹ As the writer has ceased to sift, editorially, the contributions of the age, he does hope that authors will not instantly send him their MSS. But if they do, after this warning, they will take the most direct and certain road to the waste paper basket. No MSS. will be returned, even when accompanied by postage stamps.

fill up the margins with interpolations, who write between the lines, and who cover the page with scratches running this way and that, intended to direct the attention to after-thoughts inserted here and there in corners and on the backs of sheets. To pin in scraps of closely written paper and backs of envelopes adds to the security for failure, and produces a rich anger in the publisher's reader or the editor.

The cultivation of a bad handwriting is an elementary precaution, often overlooked. Few need to be warned against having their MSS. typewritten, this gives them a chance of being read with ease and interest, and this must be neglected by all who have really set their hearts on failure. In the higher matters of education it is well to be as ignorant as possible. No knowledge comes amiss to the true man of letters, so they who court disaster should know as little as may be.

Mr. Stevenson has told the attentive world how, in boyhood, he practised himself in studying and imitating the styles of famous authors of every age. He who aims at failure must never think of style, and should

sedulously abstain from reading Shakespeare, Bacon, Hooker, Walton, Gibbon, and other English and foreign classics. He can hardly be too reckless of grammar, and should always place adverbs and other words between "to" and the infinitive, thus: "Hubert was determined to energetically and on all possible occasions, oppose any attempt to entangle him with such." Here, it will be noticed, "such" is used as a pronoun, a delightful flower of speech not to be disregarded by authors who would fail. But some one may reply that several of our most popular novelists revel in the kind of grammar which I am recommending. This is undeniable, but certain people manage to succeed in spite of their own earnest endeavours and startling demerits. There is no royal road to failure. There is no rule without its exception, and it may be urged that the works of the gentlemen and ladies who "break Priscian's head"—as they would say themselves—may be successful, but are not literature. Now it is about literature that we are speaking.

In the matter of style, there is another excellent way. You need not neglect it, but

you may study it wrongly. You may be affectedly self-conscious, you may imitate the ingenious persons who carefully avoid the natural word, the spontaneous phrase, and employ some other set of terms which can hardly be construed. You may use, like a young essayist whom I have lovingly observed, a proportion of eighty adjectives to every sixty-five other words of all denominations. You may hunt for odd words, and thrust them into the wrong places, as where you say that a man's nose is "beetling," that the sun sank in "a cauldron of daffodil chaos," and the like.¹ You may use common words in an unwonted sense, keeping some private interpretation clearly before you. Thus you may speak, if you like to write partly in the tongue of Hellas, about "assimilating the *êthos*" of a work of art, and so write that people shall think of the processes of digestion. You may speak of

¹ I have made a rich selection of examples from the works of living English and American authors. From the inextensive volumes of an eminent and fastidious critic I have culled a dear phrase about an oasis of style in "a desert of literary limpness." But it were hardly courteous, and might be dangerous, to publish these exotic blossoms of art.

"exhausting the beauty" of a landscape, and, somehow, convey the notion of sucking an orange dry. Or you may wildly mix your metaphors, as when a critic accuses Mr. Browning of "giving the iridescence of the poetic afflatus," as if the poetic afflatus were blown through a pipe, into soap, and produced soap bubbles. This is a more troublesome method than the mere picking up of every newspaper commonplace that floats into your mind, but it is equally certain to lead — where you want to go. By combining the two fashions a great deal may be done. Thus you want to describe a fire at sea, and you say, "the devouring element lapped the quivering spars, the mast, and the sea-shouldering keel of the doomed *Mary Jane* in one coruscating catastrophe. The sea deeps were incarnadined to an alarming extent by the flames, and to escape from such many plunged headlong in their watery bier."

As a rule, authors who would fail stick to one bad sort of writing; either to the newspaper commonplace, or to the out of the way and inappropriate epithets, or to the common word with a twist on it. But there

are examples of the combined method, as when we call the trees round a man's house his "domestic bosage." This combination is difficult, but perfect for its purpose. You cannot write worse than "such." To attain perfection the young aspirant should confine his reading to the newspapers (carefully selecting his newspapers, for many of them will not help him to write ill), and to those modern authors who are most praised for their style by the people who know least about the matter. Words like "fictional" and "fictive" are distinctly to be recommended, and there are epithets such as "weird," "strange," "wild," "intimate," and the rest, which blend pleasantly with "all the time" for "always"; "back of" for "behind"; "belong with" for "belong to"; "live like I do" for "as I do." The authors who combine those charms are rare, but we can strive to be among them.

In short, he who would fail must avoid simplicity like a sunken reef, and must earnestly seek either the commonplace or the *bizarre*, the slipshod or the affected, the new-fangled or the obsolete, the flippant or the sepulchral. I need not specially recom-

mend you to write in "Wardour-street English," the sham archaic, a lingo never spoken by mortal man, and composed of patches borrowed from authors between Piers Plowman and Gabriel Harvey. A few literal translations of Icelandic phrases may be thrown in; the result, as furniture-dealers say, is a "made-up article."

On the subject of style another hint may be offered. Style may be good in itself, but inappropriate to the subject. For example, style which may be excellently adapted to a theological essay, may be but ill-suited for a dialogue in a novel. There are subjects of which the poet says

Ornari res ipsa vetat, contenta doceri.

The matter declines to be adorned, and is content with being clearly stated. I do not know what would occur if the writer of the Money Article in the *Times* treated his topic with reckless gaiety. Probably that number of the journal in which the essay appeared would have a large sale, but the author might achieve professional failure; in the office. On the whole it may not be the wiser plan to write about the Origins of Religion in the style which might suit a

study of the life of ballet dancers; the two MM. Halévy, the learned and the popular, would make a blunder if they exchanged styles. Yet Gibbon never denies himself a jest, and Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois* was called *L'Esprit sur les Lois*. M. Renan's *Histoire d'Israel* may almost be called skit-tish. The French are more tolerant of those excesses than the English. It is a digression, but he who would fail can reach his end by not taking himself seriously. If he gives himself no important airs, whether out of a freakish humour, or real humility, depend upon it the public and the critics will take him at something under his own estimate. On the other hand, by copying the gravity of demeanour admired by Mr. Shandy in a celebrated parochial animal, even a very dull person may succeed in winning no inconsiderable reputation.

To return to style, and its appropriateness: all depends on the work in hand, and the audience addressed. Thus, in his valuable Essay on Style, Mr. Pater says, with perfect truth: ¹

¹ *Appreciations*, p. 18.

"The otiose, the facile, surplusage: why are these abhorrent to the true literary artist, except because, in literary as in all other arts, structure is all important, felt or painfully missed, everywhere?—that architectural conception of work, which foresees the end in the beginning, and never loses sight of it, and in every part is conscious of all the rest, till the last sentence does but, with undiminished vigour, unfold and justify the first—a condition of literary art, which, in contradistinction to another quality of the artist himself, to be spoken of later, I shall call the necessity of *mind* in style."

These are words which the writer should have always present to his memory, if he has something serious that he wants to say, or if he wishes to express himself in the classic and perfect manner. But if it is his fate merely to be obliged to say something, in the course of his profession, or if he is bid to discourse for the pleasure of readers in the Underground Railway, I fear he will often have to forget Mr. Pater. It may not be literature, the writing of *causeries*, of Roundabout Papers, of rambling articles "on a broomstick," and yet again, it *may* be

literature! "Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden" — Mr. Pater charges heavily against these. The true artist "knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any *diversion*, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. . . . In truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere, according to Michel Angelo's fancy, in the rough-hewn block of stone."

Excellent, but does this apply to every kind of literary art? What would become of Montaigne if you blew away his allusions, and drove him out of "the allusive way," where he gathers and binds so many flowers from all the gardens and all the rose-hung lanes of literature? Montaigne sets forth to write an Essay on Coaches. He begins with a few remarks on sea-sickness in the common pig; some notes on the Pont Neuf at Paris follow, and a theory of why tyrants

are detested by men whom they have obliged ; a glance at Coaches is then given, next a study of Montezuma's gardens, presently a brief account of the Spanish cruelties in Mexico and Peru, last—*retombons à nos coches*—he tells a tale of the Inca, and the devotion of his Guard: *Another for Hector!*

The allusive style has its proper place, like another, if it is used by the right man, and the concentrated and structural style has also its higher province. It would not do to employ either style in the wrong place. In a rambling discursive essay, for example, a mere straying after the bird in the branches, or the thorn in the way, he might not take the safest road who imitated Mr. Pater's style in what follows:

“In this way, according to the well-known saying, ‘The style is the man,’ complex or simple, in his individuality, his plenary sense of what he really has to say, his sense of the world: all cautions regarding style arising out of so many natural scruples as to the medium through which alone he can expose that inward sense of things, the purity of this medium, its laws or tricks of refraction: nothing is to be left there which might

give conveyance to any matter save that." Clearly the author who has to write so that the man may read who runs will fail if he wrests this manner from its proper place, and uses it for casual articles: he will fail to hold the vagrom attention!

Thus a great deal may be done by studying inappropriateness of style, by adopting a style alien to our matter and to our audience. If we "haver" discursively about serious, and difficult, and intricate topics, we fail; and we fail if we write on happy, pleasant, and popular topics in an abstruse and intent, and analytic style. We fail, too, if in style we go outside our natural selves. "The style is the man," and the man will be nothing, and nobody, if he tries for an incongruous manner, not naturally his own, for example if Miss Yonge were suddenly to emulate the manner of Lever, or if Mr. John Morley were to strive to shine in the fashion of *Uncle Remus*, or if Mr. Rider Haggard were to be allured into imitation by the example, so admirable in itself, of the Master of Balliol. It is ourselves we must try to improve, our attentiveness, our interest in life, our seriousness of purpose, and then

the style will improve with the self. Or perhaps, to be perfectly frank, we shall thus convert ourselves into prigs, throw ourselves out of our stride, lapse into self-consciousness, lose all that is natural, *naïf*, and instinctive within us. Verily there are many dangers, and the paths to failure are infinite.

So much for style, of which it may generally be said that you cannot be too obscure, unnatural, involved, vulgar, slipshod, and metaphorical. See to it that your metaphors are mixed, though, perhaps, this attention is hardly needed. The free use of parentheses, in which a reader gets lost, and of unintelligible allusions, and of references to unread authors—the *Kalevala* and Lycophron, and the Scholiast on Apollonius Rhodius, is invaluable to this end. So much for manner, and now for matter.

The young author generally writes because he wants to write, either for money, from vanity, or in mere weariness of empty hours and anxiety to astonish his relations. This is well, he who would fail cannot begin better than by having nothing to say. The less you observe, the less you reflect, the less you put yourself in the paths of adventure and

experience, the less you will have to say, and the more impossible will it be to read your work. Never notice people's manner, conduct, nor even dress, in real life. Walk through the world with your eyes and ears closed, and embody the negative results in a story or a poem. As to Poetry, with a fine instinct we generally begin by writing verse, because verse is the last thing that the public want to read. The young writer has usually read a great deal of verse, however, and most of it bad. His favourite authors are the bright lyrists who sing of broken hearts, wasted lives, early deaths, disappointment, gloom. Without having even had an unlucky flirtation, or without knowing what it is to lose a favourite cat, the early author pours forth laments, just like the laments he has been reading. He has too a favourite manner, the old consumptive manner, about the hectic flush, the fatal rose on the pallid cheek, about the ruined roof tree, the empty chair, the rest in the village churchyard. This is now a little *rococo* and forlorn, but failure may be assured by travelling in this direction. If you are ambitious to disgust an editor at once, begin your poem with

“Only.” In fact you may as well head the lyric “Only.”¹

ONLY.

Only a spark of an ember,
Only a leaf on the tree,
Only the the days we remember,
Only the days without thee.
Only the flower that thou worst,
Only the book that we read,
Only that night in the forest,
Only a dream of the dead,
Only the troth that was broken,
Only the heart that is lonely,
Only the sigh and the token
That sob in the saying of Only !

In literature this is a certain way of failing, but I believe a person might make a livelihood by writing verses like these—for music. Another good way is to be very economical in your rhymes, only two to the four lines, and regretfully vague. Thus :

¹ It was the custom of Longinus, of the author of *The Bathos*, and other old critics, to take their examples of how *not* to do it from the works of famous writers, such as Sir Richard Blackmore and Herodotus. It seems altogether safer and more courteous for an author to supply his own Awful Examples. The Musical Rights in the following Poems are reserved.

SHADOWS.

In the slumber of the winter,
In the secret of the snow,
What is the voice that is crying
Out of the long ago?

When the accents of the children
Are silent on the stairs,
When the poor forgets his troubles,
And the rich forgets his cares.

What is the silent whisper
That echoes in the room,
When the days are full of darkness,
And the night is hushed in gloom?

'Tis the voice of the departed,
Who will never come again,
Who has left the weary tumult,
And the struggle and the pain.¹

And my heart makes heavy answer,
To the voice that comes no more,
To the whisper that is welling
From the far off happy shore.

If you are not satisfied with these simple ways of not succeeding, please try the Grosvenor Gallery style. Here the great point is to make the rhyme arrive at the end of a

¹ Or, if you prefer the other rhyme, read :
And the wilderness of men.

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very long word, you should also be free with your alliterations.

LULLABY.

When the sombre night is dumb,
Hushed the loud chrysanthemum,

Sister, sleep !

Sleep, the lissom lily saith,
Sleep, the poplar whispereth,
Soft and deep !

Filmy floats the wild woodbine,
Jonquil, jacinth, jessamine,
Float and flow.

Sleeps the water wild and wan,
As in far off Toltecan
Mexico.

See, upon the sun-dial,
Waves the midnight's misty pall,
Waves and wakes.

As, in tropic Timbuctoo,
Water beasts go plashing through
Lilied lakes !

Alliteration is a splendid source of failure in this sort of poetry, and adjectives like lissom, filmy, weary, weird, strange, make, or ought to make, the rejection of your manuscript a certainty. The poem should, as a rule, seem to be addressed to an unknown person, and should express regret and

despair for circumstances in the past with which the reader is totally unacquainted. Thus :

GHOSTS.

We met at length, as Souls that sit
At funeral feast, and taste of it,
And empty were the words we said,
As fits the converse of the dead,
For it is long ago, my dear,
Since we two met in living cheer,
Yea, we have long been ghosts, you know,
And alien ways we twain must go,
Nor shall we meet in Shadow Land,
Till Time's glass, empty of its sand,
Is filled up of Eternity.
Farewell — enough for once to die —
And far too much it is to dream,
And taste not the Lethæan stream,
But bear the pain of loves unwed
Even here, even here, among the dead !

That is a cheerful intelligible kind of melody, which is often practised with satisfactory results. Every form of imitation (imitating of course only the faults of a favourite writer) is to be recommended.

Imitation does a double service, it secures the failure of the imitator and also aids that of the unlucky author who is imitated. As soon as a new thing appears in literature,

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many people hurry off to attempt something of the same sort. It may be a particular trait and accent in poetry, and the public, weary of the mimicries, begin to dislike the original.

“ Most can grow the flowers now,
For all have got the seed ;
And once again the people
Call it but a weed.”

In fiction, if somebody brings in a curious kind of murder, or a study of religious problems, or a treasure hunt, or what you will, others imitate till the world is weary of murders, or theological flirtations, or the search for buried specie, and the original authors themselves will fail, unless they fish out something new, to be vulgarised afresh. Therefore, imitation is distinctly to be urged on the young author.

As a rule, his method is this, he reads very little, but all that he reads is *bad*. The feeblest articles in the weakest magazines, the very mildest and most conventional novels appear to be the only studies of the majority. Apparently the would-be contributor says to himself, or herself, “ well, I can do something almost on the level of this

or that maudlin and invertebrate novel." Then he deliberately sits down to rival the most tame, dull, and illiterate compositions that get into print. In this way bad authors become the literary parents of worse authors. Nobody but a reader of MSS. knows what myriads of fiction are written without one single new situation, original character, or fresh thought. The most out-worn ideas: sudden loss of fortune; struggles; faithlessness of First Lover; noble conduct of Second Lover: frivolity of younger sister; excellence of mother: naughtiness of one son, virtue of another, these are habitually served up again and again. On the sprained ankles, the mad bulls, the fires, and other simple devices for doing without an introduction between hero and heroine I need not dwell. The very youngest of us is acquainted with these expedients, which, by this time of day, will spell failure.

The common novels of Governess life, the daughters and granddaughters of *Jane Eyre*, still run riot among the rejected manuscripts. The lively large family, all very untidy and humorous, all wearing each other's boots and gloves, and making their

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dresses out of bedroom curtains and marrying rich men, still rushes down the easy descent to failure. The sceptical curate is at large, and is disbelieving in everything except the virtues of the young woman who "has a history." Mr. Swinburne hopes that one day the last unbelieving clergyman will disappear in the embrace of the last immaculate Magdalen, as the Princess and the Geni burn each other to nothingness, in the *Arabian Nights*. On that happy day there will be one less of the roads leading to failure. If the pair can carry with them the self-sacrificing characters who take the blame of all the felonies that they did not do, and the nice girl who is jilted by the poet, and finds that the squire was the person whom she *really* loved, so much the better. If not only Monte Carlo, but the inevitable scene in the Rooms there can be abolished; if the Riviera, and Italy can be removed from the map of Europe as used by novelists, so much the better. But failure will always be secured, while the huge majority of authors do not aim high, but aim at being a little lower than the last domestic drivel which came out in three volumes, or the last analy-

sis of the inmost self of some introspective young girl which crossed the water from the States.

These are general counsels, and apply to the production of books. But, when you have done your book, you may play a number of silly tricks with your manuscript. I have already advised you to make only one copy, a rough one, as that secures negligence in your work, and also disgusts an editor or reader. It has another advantage, you may lose your copy altogether, and, as you have not another, no failure can be more complete. The best way of losing it, I think and the safest, is to give it to somebody you know who has once met some man or woman of letters. This somebody must be instructed to ask that busy and perhaps casual and untidy person to read your manuscript, and "place" it, that is, induce some poor publisher or editor to pay for and publish it. Now the man, or woman of letters, will use violent language on receiving your clumsy brown paper parcel of illegible wares, because he or she has no more to do with the matter than the crossing sweeper. The MS. will either be put away so carefully

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that it can never be found again, or will be left lying about so that the housemaid may use it for her own domestic purposes, like Betty Barnes, the cook of Mr. Warburton, who seems to have burned several plays of Shakespeare.

The MS. in short will go where the old moons go.

And all dead days drift thither,
And all disastrous things.

Not only can you secure failure thus yourself, but you can so worry and badger your luckless victim, that he too will be unable to write well till he has forgotten you and your novel, and all the annoyance and anxiety you have given him. Much may be done by asking him for "introductions" to an editor or publisher. These gentry don't want introductions, they want good books, and very seldom get them. If you behave thus, the man whom you are boring will write to his publisher:

Dear Brown,

A wretched creature, who knows my great aunt, asks me to recommend his rubbish to you. I send it by to-day's post, and I wish you joy of it.

This kind of introduction will do you excellent service in smoothing the path to failure. You can arrive at similar results by sending your MS. *not* to the editor of this or that magazine, but to some one who, as you have been told by some nincompoop, is the editor, and who is *not*. He *may* lose your book, or he may let it lie about for months, or he may send it on at once to the real editor with his bitter malison. The utmost possible vexation is thus inflicted on every hand, and a prejudice is established against you which the nature of your work is very unlikely to overcome. By all means bore many literary strangers with correspondence, this will give them a lively recollection of your name, and an intense desire to do you a bad turn if opportunity arises. ¹

If your book does, in spite of all, get itself published, send it with your compliments to critics and ask them for favourable reviews. It is the publisher's business to send out books to the editors of critical papers, but never

¹ It is a teachable public: since this lecture was delivered the author has received many MSS. from people who said they had heard the discourse, "and enjoyed it so much."

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mind *that*. Go on telling critics that you know praise is only given by favour, that they are all more or less venal and corrupt and members of the Something Club, add that *you* are no member of a *côterie* nor clique, but that you hope an exception will be made, and that your volume will be applauded on its merits. You will thus have done what in you lies to secure silence from reviewers, and to make them request that your story may be sent to some other critic. This, again, gives trouble, and makes people detest you and your performance, and contributes to the end which you have steadily in view.

I do not think it is necessary to warn young lady novelists, who possess beauty, wealth, and titles, against asking Reviewers to dine, and treating them as kindly, almost, as the Fairy Paribanou treated Prince Ahmed. They only act thus, I fear, in Mr. William Black's novels.

Much may be done by re-writing your book on the proof sheets, correcting everything there which you should have corrected in manuscript. This is an expensive process, and will greatly diminish your pecuniary

gains, or rather will add to your publisher's bill, for the odds are that you will have to publish at your own expense. By the way, an author can make almost a certainty of disastrous failure, by carrying to some small obscure publisher a work which has been rejected by the best people in the trade. Their rejections all but demonstrate that your book is worthless. If you think you are likely to make a good thing by employing an obscure publisher, with little or no capital, then, as some one in Thucydides remarks, congratulating you on your simplicity, I do not envy your want of common sense. Be very careful to enter into a perfectly preposterous agreement. For example, accept "half profits," but forget to observe that, before these are reckoned, it is distinctly stated in your "agreement" that the publisher is to pay *himself* some twenty per cent. on the price of each copy sold before you get your share.

Here is "another way," as the cookery books have it. In your gratitude to your first publisher, covenant with him to let him have all the cheap editions of all your novels for the next five years, at his own

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terms. If, in spite of the advice I have given you, you somehow manage to succeed, to become wildly popular, you will still have reserved to yourself, by this ingenious clause, a chance of ineffable pecuniary failure. A plan generally approved of is to sell your entire copyright in your book for a very small sum. You want the ready money, and perhaps you are not very hopeful. But, when your book is in all men's hands, when you are daily reviled by the small fry of paragraphers, when the publisher is clearing a thousand a year by it, while you only got a hundred down, then you will thank me, and will acknowledge that, in spite of apparent success, you are a failure after all. There are publishers, however, so inconsiderate that they will not leave you even this consolation. Finding that the book they bought cheap is really valuable, they will insist on sharing the profits with the author, or on making him great presents of money to which he has no legal claim. Some persons, some authors, cannot fail if they would, so wayward is fortune, and such a Quixotic idea of honesty have some middlemen of literature. But, of course, you

may light on a publisher who will not give you *more* than you covenanted for, and then you can go about denouncing the whole profession as a congregation of robbers and and clerks of St. Nicholas.

The ways of failure are infinite, and of course are not nearly exhausted. One good plan is never to be yourself when you write, to put in nothing of your own temperament, manner, character — or to have none, which does as well. Another favourite method is to offer the wrong kind of article, to send to the *Cornhill* an essay on the evolution of the Hittite syllabary, (for only one author could make *that* popular;) or a sketch of cock fighting among the ancients to the *Monthly Record*; or an essay on *Ayaks in India* to an American magazine; or a biography of Washington or Lincoln to any English magazine whatever. We have them every month in some American periodicals, and our poor insular serials can get on without them: "have no use for them."

It is a minor, though valuable scheme, to send poems on Christmas to magazines about the beginning of December, because, in fact, the editors have laid in their stock

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of that kind of thing earlier. Always insist on *seeing* an editor, instead of writing to him. There is nothing he hates so much, unless you are very young and beautiful indeed, when, perhaps, if you wish to fail you had better *not* pay him a visit at the office. Even if you do, even if you were as fair as the Golden Helen, he is not likely to put in your compositions if, as is probable, they fall *much* below the level of his magazine.

A good way of making yourself a dead failure is to go about accusing successful people of plagiarising from books or articles of yours which did not succeed, and, perhaps, were never published at all. By encouraging this kind of vanity and spite you may entirely destroy any small powers you once happened to possess, you will, besides, become a person with a grievance, and, in the long run, will be shunned even by your fellow failures. Again, you may plagiarise yourself, if you can, it is not easy, but it is a safe way to fail if you can manage it. No successful person, perhaps, was ever, in the strict sense, a plagiarist, though charges of plagiary are always brought against every-

body, from Virgil to Milton, from Scott to Molière, who attains success. When you are accused of being a plagiarist, and shewn up in double columns, you may be pretty sure that all this counsel has been wasted on you, and that you have failed to fail, after all. Otherwise nobody would envy and malign you, and garble your book, and print quotations from it which you did not write, all in the sacred cause of morality.

Advice on how to secure the reverse of success should not be given to young authors alone. Their kinsfolk and friends, also, can do much for their aid. A lady who feels a taste for writing is very seldom allowed to have a quiet room, a quiet study. If she retreats to her chill and fireless bed chamber, even there she may be chevied by her brothers, sisters, and mother. It is noticed that cousins, and aunts, especially aunts, are of high service in this regard. They never give an intelligent woman an hour to herself.

“Is Miss Mary in?”

“Yes, ma’am, but she is very busy.”

“Oh, she won’t mind me, I don’t mean to stay long.”

Then in rushes the aunt.

"Over your books again: my dear! You really should not overwork yourself. Writing something;" here the aunt clutches the manuscript, and looks at it vaguely.

"Well, I dare say it's very clever, but I don't care for this kind of thing myself. Where's your mother? Is Jane better? Now, do tell me, do you get much for writing all that? Do you send it to the printers, or where? How interesting, and that reminds me, you that are a novelist, have you heard how shamefully Miss Baxter was treated by Captain Smith? No, well you might make something out of it."

Here follows the anecdote, at prodigious length, and perfectly incoherent.

"Now, write *that*, and I shall always say I was partly the author. You really should give me a commission, you know. Well, good bye, tell your mother I called. Why, there she is, I declare. Oh, Susan, just come and hear the delightful plot for a novel that I have been giving Mary."

And then she begins again, only further back, this time.

It is thus that the aunts of England may and do assist their nieces to fail in litera-

ture. Many and many a morning do they waste, many a promising fancy have they blighted, many a temper have they spoiled.

Sisters are rather more sympathetic: the favourite plan of the brother is to say, "Now, Mary, read us your new chapter."

Mary reads it, and the critic exclaims, "Well, of all the awful Rot! Now, why can't you do something like *Bootles's Baby?*"

Fathers never take any interest in the business at all: they do not count. The sympathy of a mother may be reckoned on, but not her judgment, for she is either wildly favourable, or, mistrusting her own tendencies, is more diffident than need be. The most that relations can do for the end before us is to worry, interrupt, deride, and tease the literary member of the family. They seldom fail in these duties, and not even success, as a rule, can persuade them that there is anything in it but "luck."

Perhaps reviewing is not exactly a form of literature. But it has this merit that people who review badly, not only fail themselves, but help others to fail, by giving a bad idea of their works. You will, of course, never read the books you review, and you

will be exhaustively ignorant of the subjects which they treat. But you can always find fault with the *title* of the story which comes into your hands, a stupid reviewer never fails to do this. You can also copy out as much of the preface as will fill your eighth of a column, and add, that the performance is not equal to the promise. You must never feel nor shew the faintest interest in the work reviewed, that would be fatal. Never praise heartily, that is the sign of an intelligence not mediocre. Be vague, colourless, and languid, this deters readers from approaching the book. If you have glanced at it, blame it for not being what it never professed to be; if it is a treatise on Greek Prosody, censure the lack of humour; if it is a volume of gay verses, lament the author's indifference to the sorrows of the poor or the wrongs of the Armenians. If it has humour, deplore its lack of thoughtfulness; if it is grave, carp at its lack of gaiety. I have known a reviewer of half a dozen novels denounce half a dozen *kinds* of novels in the course of his two columns; the romance of adventure, the domestic tale, the psychological analysis, the theological story, the detective's story,

the story of "Society," he blamed them all in general, and the books before him in particular, also the historical novel. This can easily be done, by dint of practice, after dipping into three or four pages of your author. Many reviewers have special aversions, authors they detest. Whatever they are criticising, novels, poems, plays, they begin by an attack on their pet aversion, who has nothing to do with the matter in hand. They cannot praise A, B, C, and D, without first assailing E. It will generally be found that E is a popular author. But the great virtue of a reviewer, who would be unreadable and make others unread, is a languid ignorant lack of interest in all things, a habit of regarding his work as a tedious task, to be scamped as rapidly and stupidly as possible.

You might think that these qualities would displease the reviewer's editor. Not at all, look at any column of short notices, and you will occasionally find that the critic has anticipated my advice. There is no topic in which the men who write about it are so little interested as contemporary literature. Perhaps this is no matter to marvel

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at. By the way, a capital plan is not to write your review till the book has been out for two years. This is the favourite dodge of the —, that distinguished journal.

If any one has kindly attended to this discourse, without desiring to be a failure, he has only to turn the advice outside in. He has only to be studious of the very best literature, observant, careful, original, he has only to be himself and not an imitator, to aim at excellence, and not be content with falling a little lower than mediocrity. He needs but bestow the same attention on this art as others give to the other arts and other professions. With these efforts, and with a native and natural gift, which can never be taught, never communicated, and with his mind set not on his reward, but on excellence, on style, on matter, and even on the not wholly unimportant virtue of vivacity, a man will succeed, or will deserve success. First, of course, he will have to "find" himself, as the French say, and if he does *not* find an ass, then, like Saul the son of Kish, he may discover a kingdom. One success he can hardly miss, the happiness of living, not with trash, but among good

books, and "the mighty minds of old." In an unpublished letter of Mr. Thackeray's, written before he was famous, and a novelist, he says how much he likes writing on historical subjects, and how he enjoys historical research. *The work is so gentlemanly*, he remarks. Often and often, after the daily dreadful lines, the bread and butter winning lines on some contemporary folly or frivolity, does a man take up some piece of work hopelessly unremunerative, foredoomed to failure as far as money or fame go, some dealing with the classics of the world, Homer or Aristotle, Lucian or Molière. It is like a bath after a day's toil, it is tonic and clean; and such studies, if not necessary to success, are, at least, conducive to mental health and self-respect in literature.

To the enormous majority of persons who risk themselves in literature, not even the smallest measure of success can fall. They had better take to some other profession as quickly as may be, they are only making a sure thing of disappointment, only crowding the narrow gates of fortune and fame. Yet there are others to whom success, though easily within their reach, does not seem a thing

to be grasped at. Of two such, the pathetic story may be read, in the Memoir of *A Scotch Probationer*, Mr. Thomas Davidson, who died young, an unplaced Minister of the United Presbyterian Church, in 1869. He died young, unaccepted by the world, unheard of, uncomplaining, soon after writing his latest song on the first grey hairs of the lady whom he loved. And she, Miss Alison Dunlop, died also, a year ago, leaving a little work newly published, *Anent Old Edinburgh*, in which is briefly told the story of her life. There can hardly be a true tale more brave and honourable, for those two were eminently qualified to shine, with a clear and modest radiance, in letters. Both had a touch of poetry, Mr. Davidson left a few genuine poems, both had humour, knowledge, patience, industry, and literary conscientiousness. No success came to them, they did not even seek it, though it was easily within the reach of their powers. Yet none can call them failures, leaving, as they did, the fragrance of honourable and uncomplaining lives, and such brief records of these as to delight, and console and encourage us all. They bequeath to us the spectacle of a

real triumph far beyond the petty gains of money or of applause, the spectacle of lives made happy by literature, unvexed by notoriety, unfretted by envy. What we call success could never have yielded them so much, for the ways of authorship are dusty and stony, and the stones are only too handy for throwing at the few that, deservedly or undeservedly, make a name, and therewith about one-tenth of the wealth which is ungrudged to physicians, or barristers, or stock-brokers, or dentists, or electricians. If literature and occupation with letters were not its own reward, truly they who seem to succeed might envy those who fail. It is not wealth that they win, as fortunate men in other professions count wealth; it is not rank nor fashion that come to their call nor come to call on them. Their success is to be let dwell with their own fancies, or with the imaginations of others far greater than themselves; their success is this living in fantasy, a little remote from the hubbub and the contests of the world. At the best they will be vexed by curious eyes and idle tongues, at the best they will die not rich in this world's goods, yet not unconsoled by the

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friendships which they win among men and women whose faces they will never see. They may well be content, and thrice content, with their lot, yet it is not a lot which should provoke envy, nor be coveted by ambition.

It is not an easy goal to attain, as the crowd of aspirants dream, nor is the reward luxurious when it is attained. A garland, usually fading and not immortal, has to be run for, not without dust and heat.



DOES RIDICULE KILL ?

By

ANDREW LANG.

DOES RIDICULE KILL?

STICKS and stones
Can break your bones,
But words can never hurt you,

says the Scottish saw, but we have the opposite saying that "Nothing kills like ridicule." The author of an interesting life of that most remarkable woman, Lola Montes, observes that ridicule is the weapon of authority, of the Conservative Party, and produces no effect. Socialism, Suffragettes, the "Temperance" Party flourish the more the more they are ridiculed in "racing rags." It may be assumed that the persons attacked do not read the sporting papers, but, if they did, no effect would be produced. Conscious virtue despises ridicule, and all the parties mentioned are full of conscious merit. "Women who would" insist on breaking the law of Dian could not be moved by the chaff of the late Mr. Traill's "Barbarous Britishers;" in their virtue, like the Roman poets, they involved themselves.

Ridicule is, in fact, usually the weapon of authority, and is futile. Nothing could be funnier than the attacks on premature Ibsenism, Darwinism, and Radicalism in the "Poetry of the *Anti-Jacobin*." To read

"The Rovers," which nobody does, is to find the most amusing parody of the Ibsenism of the German theatre of the day. But the fun did not prevent the reincarnation of the old spirit in Dr. Ibsen and his admirers any more than the Epic on Civilisation, and the blessed thing that it is to be in a state of Nature, and "The Loves of the Triangles" killed the spirit of the earlier in the later Darwin, Charles the Conqueror. Chaff assailed "The Vestiges of Creation," Disraeli sneered it away, and Mr. Darwin's own doctrines were the butt of all the arrows of ridicule. But they were blunted against the shield of that scientific Ajax; the question being one of facts. Various moralists, from Sir George Mackenzie, two hundred and fifty years ago, to Bob Acres have attempted to reform the vicious by displaying the ludicrous nature of vice. Yet "damns have" not "had their day," and no conspicuous moral progress is reported. If ridicule could kill "freethinking" it would not have survived Swift's argument against the wisdom of instantly abolishing the Christian religion, one of the most mirth-provoking essays of the author of "A Tale of a Tub,"

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itself not a successful Eirenicon. If chaff could demolish a party Swift's burlesque of the trial of Atterbury (in "Gulliver's Travels") would have succeeded, but we know, as matter of demonstrable fact, that Atterbury was up to the eyes in Jacobite guilt, and that the little dog, Harlequin, was a convincing witness against him. In this case it was not the party in authority that used the weapon of ridicule; however, the Opposition was more Tory than the Government.

The Comic Stage, when it stands at bay against Jesuits or Puritans, always maintains that, like the author of "Murder as a Fine Art," it is "all for virtue and order and that kind of thing." Molière was very strong on this head; he "castigat ridendo," he makes vice ludicrous; the clergy ought to welcome him as an ally. He does not flog religion, but hypocrisy in Tartuffe; not virtue, but libertinism in Don Juan, who, somehow, rather engages, like Satan in "Paradise Lost," the sympathies of the audience. Milton never thought, like the authors of the old Interludes, of making Satan ridiculous, a kind of celestial Thersites.

The Tory party in Athens excelled in ridicule. If chaff could dominate democracy it would have died with Cleon and the sausage seller. Euripides was damned, to a considerable degree, by Aristophanes, who did not like the "feminist" and the sophist. Mr. Swinburne was here on the side of Aristophanes and Toryism, but Euripides has been rehabilitated by Professor Murray, and Mr. Verrall has elaborately proved that it is as easy to make Tennyson ludicrous as Euripides. Perhaps ridicule did kill, for once, in the hands of Aristophanes, when he took Socrates in hand; but, after all, the fatal charge against Socrates was not that he was too absurd to live, but that he was too impious. We do not hear that Plato's very amusing chaff in the "Thrasymachus," robbed the Sophists of their audiences and their fees. The exquisite humour of Homer, in his treatment of the Olympians, had no effect in purifying Greek religious myth, and Xenophanes, in place of appreciating Homer's irony, accused him of being the fountain head of false religion. How authors are misconstrued! Homer had the best religious ideas, but he aimed at reform of

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myth through ridicule. The nagging wife, Hera; Zeus, the typical father, who deliberately, the poet tells us, "drew," or "riled" his wife, and lost his temper when she lost hers, and then yielded the point — "anything for a quiet wife," under an air of bluster. These are divine characters whom Homer found made to his hand in mythology. So is the bully, Ares; so is the lady of pleasure, Aphrodite. The poet merely accentuated their foibles. None of his human characters is ludicrous except the demagogue Thersites; and on the other side he placed his own conception of the gods, as they "whom all men yearn after;" the guardians of all the virtues, the protectors of the aged and the poor, the beggar and the suppliant, the guardians of the oath, the masters of prayer and penitence. Thus we find Homer as a didactic writer in disguise, exhibiting the absurdity of mythical conceptions of Deity. He was misunderstood; indeed, I do not know that any critic has taken his subtle point, and I never thought of it before — so his ridicule was worse than wasted!

It is only the weak things of this world

that are killed by ridicule. Could it slay, what would have become of the great Puritan movement? All the comic writers were against it, except Shakespeare, who was an extremely cautious man, and perhaps did not think it wise to increase the prejudice of the citizens of London, and give fury to their war against the theatre. The crop-eared, snuffing psalm-singing knaves were bantered on every side, but they did not attend the playhouse, they did not read lewd ballads, and they won the match till the glorious Twenty-ninth of May subdued them for a season. It has passed, that season of defeat. I was at Oxford on the Twenty-ninth of May, and for the first time did not see an oak-apple in the streets of that once loyal town.

A master of ridicule not usually found on the Tory side was Dickens. Perhaps his Mr. Bumble and his Circumlocution Office, and his Chancery suit did abate the evils which he made grotesque. The sisterhood of Mrs. Gamp also suffered from his ridicule. But Dickens warred vainly against Puritanism, against Chadband and the Shepherd and the kind of philanthropist, Mr. Honeythunder, who appears in "Edwin Drood." Slightly

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modified they are doing a great work in our midst: the flowing tide is with them, and missionaries do not suffer for Mrs. Jellyby and Borrioboola Gha. The subjects of ridicule have seldom any sense of humour, to poke fun at them is merely to stir the fire.

Lockhart thought and said that Orthodoxy ought to make fun of the Higher Criticism. It is not difficult, the task is tempting; the orthodox make no profit of the innumerable absurdities of the Higher Critics. If only I knew Hebrew I would eftsoons take a shot at them, but the people who do know Hebrew do not seize their opportunity. If they did serious minds of their own party would be better pleased by the glum attack than by the gay defence.

Even foolish fashions, like crinoline, can weather without an effort long continued blizzards of ridicule. Leech could not kill crinoline, if I am not mistaken it outlived him, being as much more durable than most fashions as it was more ugly and absurd. Farthingales were subdued neither by chaff nor by Seymour; and neither prophets nor satirists produce the faintest effect on the use of paint and powder by the fair sex.

DOES RIDICULE KILL?

Voltaire's ridicule was often remarkably effective, and in this case was not the weapon of Conservatism exactly. But his poem "La Pucelle" did not leave a smirch on the fame of his victim, "la mort n'y mord." That ridicule cannot harm the boundless popularity of the most absurd novelist we are only too well aware. It is a marvel that ridicule did overthrow, after a long struggle, the triumphs of Tupper and Robert Montgomery as poets. Ridicule did not abate the "æsthetic movement," which it merely advertised, and the contemporary decadent is too nauseous to be touched with the tongs of humour. In short, humour has not much chance in the struggle for existence.



The BiBelot

IN the work of Mr. Arthur H. Adams, born at Lawrence, Central Otago, New Zealand, June 6th, 1872, Australia may be said to have discovered a new writer who is moreover a true poet. Of colonial birth, the father of English, the mother of Irish extraction, Mr. Adams graduated B. A., from Otago University, studied law, practiced journalism for three years, and was war correspondent to China through the Boxer campaign. In 1902 he first visited London, returning home in 1905. Thereafter engaged in newspaper work until September, 1906, when he became editor of the Red Page, Sydney Bulletin; was appointed editor of The Lone Hand magazine, Sydney, N. S. W., in March 1909, and "is at present engaged on novels and plays"—for so runs the latest report obtainable.¹

¹ Such in brief is the biography of Mr. Adams which we complete with a list of his published works: Maoriland and Other Verses, (Sydney, 1899); The Nazarene, poems, (London, 1902); London Streets, (1906); The New Chum, short stories, (London, 1909); Galahad Jones, a novel, (London, 1910).

*In London Streets which gives a new
and splendid series of impressions of that
great City of the Soul, at an earlier date
apostrophized as one of the*

*"World-Flowers twain
Wherewith the World-Tree blooms again,
Since Time hath gathered Babylon,
And withered Rome still withers on,"—*

*he has introduced with surer technique a
vision not likely to be forgotten if once
brought home to our attention.*

*It is, perhaps, too much to expect wide
publicity for such a little book of lyrics,
though its author, at least, has caught the
splendour and misery, the mystery and
magic of "that mighty maze, but not with-
out a plan." It is nevertheless critically
sound to say that Henley's London Volun-
taries is the only fit comparison to the
poems we now reprint.*

*If Mr. Adams has not the lyrical cry of
John Davidson, or the impeccability of Mr.
Arthur Symonds' most finished verse, he still
has a style of his own. It abounds, perhaps
delights, in violent metaphors. In Fleet
street we are bid behold "some bent, obscure
Euripides" who "builds the loud drama of
the hour." Again the poet's imagination
glimpses the great cathedral,*

*“ Remote from all the City’s moods,
In high, untroubled solitudes,
Like an old Buddha swathed in dream,
St. Paul’s above the City broods ! ”*

This last may be cited against Davidson’s

*“ Afloat upon ethereal tides
St. Paul’s above the City rides.”*

Or, better still, Henley’s

*“ The high majesty of Paul’s
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—
Calls to his millions to behold and see
How goodly this his London town can be ! ”*

*For some of us Mr. Adams’ Interludes
may seem the weakest portion of his work.
Taken as a whole, however, London Streets
gloriously carries on the tradition of that
earlier band of singing men who, in Ernest
Dowson, Arthur Symons, John Davidson,
and Richard Le Gallienne, some fifteen years
ago, possessed room and verge enough to
entitle them to a successor, if not a succes-
sion, established in their own right. To the
last named poet we owe that Ballad of Lon-
don from which we quote four stanzas of
enduring beauty :*

*“ Ab, London ! London ! our delight,
Great flower that opens but at night,
Great City of the Midnight Sun,
Whose day begins when day is done.*

*"Lamp after lamp against the sky
Opens a sudden beaming eye,
Leaping alight on either hand,
The iron lilies of the Strand.*

*"Ah, London! London! our delight,
For thee, too, the eternal night,
And Circe Paris hath no charm
To stay Time's unrelenting arm.*

*"Time and his moths shall eat up all.
Your chiming towers proud and tall
He shall most utterly abase,
And set a desert in their place."*



FOR OCTOBER :
THE TWO BOYHOODS
BY JOHN RUSKIN.

LONDON STREETS :
A BOOK OF LYRICS
By
ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

IMPRESSION DE NUIT.

LONDON.

*See what a mass of gems the city wears
Upon her broad live bosom ! row on row
Rubies and emeralds and amethysts glow.
See ! that huge circle like a necklace, stares
With thousands of bold eyes to heaven, and dares
The golden stars to dim the lamps below,
And in the mirror of the mire I know
The moon has left her image unawares.*

*That's the great town at night : I see her breasts,
Pricked out with lamps they stand like huge black towers,
I think they move ! I hear her panting breath.
And that's her head where the tiara rests.
And in her brain, through lanes as dark as death,
Men creep like thoughts . . . The lamps are like pale
flowers.*

ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS.

LONDON STREETS | By | Arthur H. Adams | . . . |
T. N. Foulis | London and Edinburgh | 1906.
Crown, 8vo, bds. Pp. 44. (2s, 6d, net.)

We have followed the arrangement of text as given below.

INTRODUCTION — The Web.

1. The Strand.
2. Fleet Street.
3. The Temple.

INTERLUDE — Atropos.

4. Regent Street.
5. Bond Street.

INTERLUDE — Andromeda.

6. Bayswater, W.
7. Hyde Park.

INTERLUDE — Eurydice.

8. The East.
9. Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.
10. Victoria Street, S.W.

INTRODUCTION — THE WEB.

LONDON, that like a vast grey cobweb lies
Upon green England, in whose maze outspread
Pale Youth, with all his splendours from him bled,
And whining Wealth that still regrets and sighs,
And meanly murdered Happiness, like flies
Are caught and strangled — and yet are not dead !
And at the centre, silent and full-fed,
A spider, old, contemplative and wise !

Ah, far from England float those filaments ;
Weaving old wizardry they touch and claim
Tribute of souls from unseen continents !
In that Great Greyness prisoners they lie.
There, drawn by the great lure of that great name,
My alien heart, shrivelled and long sucked dry !

THE STRAND.

I STAND, perturbed on unknown shores :
Life ruthlessly about me roars ;
The turbid torrent of the Strand
Along its narrow tide-way pours !

Into the fog the far street shoals,
Dimming its vistas and its goals.
Cabs from the mist into the mist
Hurry, like hapless driven souls !

Cart-horses, alien in the loud
Terror of traffic, patient, proud,
Remembering quiet meadows wide
Superbly triumph through the crowd.

Lo ! like a mandate from the stars,
One arm upraised the current bars ;
And patient 'busses herded wait
With squat, fierce-spitting motor cars !

There the twin churches desolate,
High-islanded, their doomsday wait,
When their tall spires that point reproof
Shall be swept under that fierce spate.

For in the night a Strand unknown,
Silver and spacious, swift has grown;
From the dull foam of traffic spring
Nude Aphrodites of pale stone!

And in this narrow arena swirled
Beat all the passions of the world;
Soul clashes endlessly on soul,
Like atom upon atom hurled.

And quests, adventures, vague and far,
Wonders and wide enchantments are
Borne on the tireless stream that goes
From Charing Cross to Temple Bar.

Romance lies there with outstretched hand.
It is a new and faery land
When I, high on a lurching 'bus,
Go charioteering down the Strand!

FLEET STREET.

BENEATH this narrow, jostling street,
Unruffled by the noise of feet,
Like a slow organ-note I hear
The pulses of the great world beat.

Unseen beneath the city's show
Through this aorta ever flow
The currents of the universe —
A thousand pulses throbbing low!

Unheard beneath the pavement's din
Unknown magicians sit within
Dim caves, and weave life into words
On patient looms that spin and spin.

There, uninspired, yet with the dower
Of mightier mechanic power,
Some bent, obscure Euripides
Builds the loud drama of the hour!

There, from the gaping presses hurled,
A thousand voices, passion-whirled,
With throats of steel vociferate
The incessant story of the world!

So through this artery from age
To age the tides of passion rage,
The swift historians of each day
Flinging a world upon a page!

And then I pause and gaze my fill
Where cataracts of traffic spill
Their foam into the Circus. Lo!
Look up, the crown on Ludgate Hill!

Remote from all the city's moods,
In high, untroubled solitudes,
Like an old Buddha swathed in dream,
St. Paul's above the city broods!

THE TEMPLE.

IT is a heart of silence in
The city's heart. Slip from the din,
Knock at a little hidden door,
And peace and solitude begin!

Fleet Street's long echoes fade away,
The cool, wide shadows drift and stay —
Staid pigeons dreaming on the flags,
And large green leaves against the grey!

About its feet the city brawls;
But deep within high sheltering walls
The shadows dawdle listlessly,
Reluctantly the fountain falls.

For this an isle of silence seems,
A cloistered peace between two streams,
For Fleet Street here goes swirling past,
And here the Thames remembering dreams.

The city man the imminence
Of this grave silence feels, and thence
His loitering soul, enthralled, drifts on
From reverie to reverence.

So like a shadow, cool, benign,
Here quiet dwells, and I divine
That one turned from the noisy road
To rear to peace this hidden shrine.

So the loud city has its deeps
Of solitude, as though it keeps
The silence of the country-side
About the place where Goldsmith sleeps.

It is as though the silence leant
Above the cloisters to prevent
Hurt to the heart that holds the heart
Of that old Vicar of Content!

INTERLUDE — ATROPOS.

My heart of hearts I've given her —
A little pale-cheeked milliner.
Her name is Edith, but as all
The day she plies the shears, I call
Her Atropos — she of the Fates
Who with the quiet scissors waits.

She sits and sews, with dainty care
Moulding the gowns she may not wear.
All day beneath her fingers fine
Rich flowers of filmy wonder shine;
She seems an elfish gardener:
Strange splendours blossom up to her!

She sits all day and cuts and sews,
All day her restless needle goes,
Above those glowing flowers of dream,
Above the gossamer and gleam
Glancing in haste and hovering nigh,
Swift as a silver dragon-fly!

The castle where my princess hides
Is Westbourne Grove. Dull hours she bides,
Weaving, with face as white as milk,
Visions of sunlight out of silk;
Yet to her cheeks quick colour runs
Once in the day, and only once!

For, trudging homeward, I can see
Her throned amid her wizardry;
From castle-wall — her window-seat —
She smiles a glory on the street,
And I go by as in a swoon,
And “ Soon ! ” my eager heart says, “ Soon . . . ! ”

For with the dark there comes the morn ;
Into another world we 're borne ;
And side by side — so close we sit ! —
We see Heaven opening from the Pit :
The curtain lifts : with eager eyes
We lean and gaze at Paradise !

And when the nights forget to rain
We saunter through a wide demesne —
A pleasaunce that is hers and mine
From Marble Arch to Serpentine.
And hand in hand, as lovers should,
We thread a dim enchanted wood !

But when the gods in thunder speak
And grant me two pounds ten a week,
A loathly dragon I shall slay
And reave my Atropos away,
And rent a palace for my sweet
In some dear dull suburban street !

Though numbered houses on each hand
In dreary terraces may stand,
Yet in our dreams we've always seen
That cosy palace wedged between!
And there we'll live for aye — because
She'll drop her shears — my Atropos!

REGENT STREET.

THE shops, like syrens, watch this strait;
With smiling lures they lie in wait,
And the wide streams of voyagers
Enchanted drift and hesitate.

They hover there, strangely impelled —
Slaves to their tortures manacled —
Like dazed moths, drunken with the light,
By these long splendours snared and held.

About these perils glistening
Negligently they pause and cling,
Like bees upon the honeycomb
Upon the windows clustering

Yet unseen by those dreaming eyes,
A piteous thing of greater price
The pavement-hucksters sell, who are
The merchants — and the merchandise!

With punctual smile and gladness wan
They glide past. Ah! they long have gone
Beyond all bitterness; their hearts
Are dead, and they live on, live on!

Among the laughing, jostling show,
Dead souls discarded, to and fro
Winding about the ways of life,
Pale ghosts of joyousness, they go!

It is as though some memory clings
That back into the sunlight brings
Amid this multitude of life
That trail of dead, slow-gliding things.

Ah! old and grey the centuries,
Yet Spring on Spring there must be these
Waste souls cast out upon the heap —
The slag of passion's furnaces!

So as that opulence I tread
Within my heart there lies a dread
Lest I upon my arm should feel
The piteous fingers of the dead!

Young laughter puts that awe to flight;
The day strolls by — a long delight;
Till the long windows darken down,
And, with a blaze of stars, the night!

And in the Circus's expanse
With life's superb exuberance
The glittering fire-flies of the cabs
Beating about in endless dance!

BOND STREET.

Its glittering emptiness it brings —
This little lane of useless things.
Here peering envy arm in arm
With ennui takes her saunterings.

Here fretful boredom, to appease
The nagging of her long disease,
Comes day by day to dabble in
This foamy sea of fripperies.

The languid women driven through
Their wearied lives, and in their view,
Patient about the bakers' shops,
The languid children, two and two !

The champing horses standing still,
Whose veins with life's impatience thrill;
And — dead beside the carriage-door —
The footman, masked and immobile !

And bloated pugs, those epicures
Of darkened boudoirs — and of sewers —
Lolling high on their cushioned thrones
Blink feebly on their dainty wooers !

And in the blossoming window-shows
Each month another summer glows ;
They pay the price of human souls
To rear one rich and sickly rose.

And a suave carven god of jade,
By some enthralled old Asian made,
With that thin scorn still on his lips,
Waits, in a window-front displayed ;

The hurrying, streaming crowds he sees.
With the same smile he watches these
As from his temple-dusk he saw
The passing of the centuries !

INTERLUDE—ANDROMEDA.

HE is a snared and prisoned thing —
A meek white moth with broken wing.
Life took her heart when it was yet
Too young for grieving or regret,
And slowly tamed his prisoner —
That glowing woman's heart of her !

She did not guess what Earth could give ;
She did not know she did not live ;
Caught from the sun in Work's grey net
And in a gloomy office set,
Her breast sometimes forgot to sigh :
Some days she hardly missed the sky.

Her dewy gladness dull Work took
To write dead figures in a book ;
And on her high stool, hour by hour,
She sits — a frail and long-stemmed flower !
And the days drag, each day the same :
She is so soft a thing to maim !

She, made for love, of love compact,
Has half-forgot the love she lacked ;
She waits, a harp of slackened strings :
One word of love its music brings.
Each hour is but a death she dies :
One hand in hers is Paradise.

And when I kiss her lips at night
She is a pool of still delight,
Her low laugh a triumphant thing,
Her voice a bird on buoyant wing;
And when I whisper low her name
Her soul is but a shaken flame!

Her soul that dreams it is alive
The grey ghouls take — from nine till five.
She adds up figures — who to me
Is a god-given mystery!
They shut her heart in ledgers up —
Her heart that is a thirsty cup!

So long her life has bled and bled,
They pay dead wages to one dead.
Ah, still we chain, our gods to mock,
Andromeda upon her rock!
But that young stifled heart of her —
Unbind me, gods! her rescuer!

BAYSWATER, W.

A BOUT me leagues of houses lie,
Above me, grim and straight and high,
They climb; the terraces lean up
Like long grey reefs against the sky.

Packed tier on tier the people dwell;
Each narrow, hollow wall is full;
And in that hive of honeycomb,
Remote and high, I have one cell.

And when I turn into my street
I hear in murmurous retreat
A tide of noises flowing out —
The city ebbing from my feet!

And lo! two long straight walls between,
There dwells a little park serene,
Where blackened trees and railings hem
A little handkerchief of green.

Yet I can see across the roof
The sun, the stars and . . . God! For proof —
Between the twisted chimney-pots
A pointing finger, old, aloof!

The traffic that the city rends
Within my quiet haven ends
In a deep murmur, or across
My pool a gentle ripple sends.

A chime upon the silence drab
Paints music; hooting motors stab
The pleasant peace, and, far and faint,
The jangling lyric of the cab!

And when I wander, proud and free,
Through my domain, unceasingly
The endless pageant of the shops
Marches along the street with me!

About me ever blossoming
Like rich parterres the hoardings fling
An opulence of hue and make
Within my garden endless Spring!

The droning tram-cars spitting light :
And, like great bees in drunken flight
Burly and laden deep with bloom,
The 'busses lumbering home at night!

Sometimes an afternoon will fling
New meaning on each sombre thing;
And low across the level roofs
A strange cold sun comes shivering.

Sometimes the fog — that faery girl! —
Her veil of wonder will unfurl,
And crescent gaunt and looming flat
Are sudden mysteries of pearl!

New miracles the wet streets show;
On stems of flame the gas-lamps glow.
I walk upon the wave and see
Another London drowned below.

And when night comes strange jewels strew
The winding streets I wander through:
Like pearls upon a woman's throat
The street lamps' swerving avenue.

In every face that passes mine
Unfathomed epics I divine:
Each figure on the pavement is
A vial of untasted wine!

Through lands enchanted wandering,
To all a splendour seems to cling.
Lo! from a window-beacon high
Hope still the Night is questioning!

And so ere sleep I lie and mark
Romance's stealthy footsteps. Hark!
The rhythm of the horse's hoof
Bears some new drama through the dark!

So in this tall and narrow street
I lie as in Death's lone retreat,
And hear, in the loud pulse of Life,
Eternity upon me beat!

HYDE PARK.

IT is a robe of green dropt down —
A gallant blossom-broidered gown
Flung by the Country as she fled
From the grim onset of the Town.

These quiet lawns in Winter's hold
Are but a drab green cloth unrolled,
Till comes that smart dressmaker, Spring,
And slashes it with white and gold!

And, half-forgot, there seems to brood
In these long lanes the country's mood;
The aimless lovers, mazed in joy,
Dream through a strange enchanted wood.

All day beneath a roof of sleep
The pale green pools of sunlight creep:
Between the straight black trunks all day
The steady drift of browsing sheep.

Bravely the human blossoms show
From Marble Arch to Rotten Row:
Like poppies nodding on the bank
They watch the stream of fashion flow.

Blue eyes with all their hopes unsaid
From faces beautiful and dead
Stare bleakly out. Huge by them stroll
Their gallants, pruned and corsetted !

Park Lane stands there — a fisher set
Beside a widening sea of debt
Taking grim toll from a drowned world —
Park Lane, slow drawing in his net !

And safe within these pleasant meads
Little that gay Indifference heeds
The patient menace of the Mass
That in its East End sulks and breeds

INTERLUDE — EURYDICE.

I AM a clerk in prison held,
To a fat ledger manacled,
And she a thing of milk and pearl —
A little pale typewriter girl.
This is her name — Eurydice ;
And she and I . . . and I and she . . . !

High over London Town we greet :
Our windows stare across the street ;
And from the chasm flung between
Comes up the roar of tides unseen.
This solitude the gods allow
Of birds upon the topmost bough !

And from my high and sheltered nook,
By peering up across my book,
I see her dainty fingers play,
From hour to hour and day to day,
That restless clacking melody
That seems a song of love to me.

And she can lean a little down
And waft a smile back, or a frown ;
For love and work a warfare wage,
And in the middle of the page —
(That imp machine must bear the blame !)
The naughty keys will type my name !

And though to see her I am glad,
The endless columns that I add
Sometimes refuse to add up right;
The figures dance upon my sight,
Till I discover, tangled there,
A straying tress of tawny hair!

And every day at twelve fifteen
She covers up her tired machine,
And like a bird she seems to drift
On drooping pinion down the lift,
And meets me, breathless, at the door:
The wheels of life begin once more.

We dip into a hidden den
Where our own corner waits us; then
I watch her busy with the tea —
One lump for her, and two for me! —
Our hands may touch. Who would not be
In Hades with Eurydice?

And then the afternoon drags on,
Till I look up — and it is gone!
She nods — two hat-pins in her mouth —
And so the end of my long drouth!
For punctually at five past five
In London Town the gods arrive!

And as we saunter, every street
Is a strewn carpet for our feet,
Or golden staircase to a throne;
And all the city is our own!
The traffic chants a wedding psalm:
Each with a dream walks arm in arm!

At last we pause for parting where
A gaping blackness waits for her.
The door upon my longing clangs:
A dragon has her in his fangs!
And she is swallowed up from me —
My little wan Eurydice!

And she is hurried far away
Beneath my feet; then dies my day.
And, lacking just that little face,
The city is a lonely place.
On all a mist has drifted down,
And London Town is — London Town!

But every morn at half-past eight
At those dark portals I await,
Where the pale prisoners of Night
Are spilled again up to the light.
The black earth yields her up to me:
I look not back — Eurydice.

THE EAST.

THIS once was meadow-land! . . . The blame?
Man, like a fallen angel, came;
Where his foot pressed it seared and slew,
And this grey fungus rose in shame.

They lie beneath — those fields unseen,
The gladness that long since has been:
Lo, all the sombre houses stand
Grey tombs above the murdered green!

And with the roofs for sunny sward
Like crocuses in Spring, a horde
Of soiled and crooked chimney-pots
In grim array rise heavenward!

A country memory it brings —
One kicks a stone aside and flings
Up to the unaccustomed light
A pallid rout of stunted things.

Beneath this sky that dulls and blurs
What spacious hope within these stirs?
England an Empire sowed — to reap
This race of puny Englanders.

This grey dearth but a garden is
For sickly lives of sordidness,
Narrow as streets, and souls as mean
And orderly as terraces.

But o'er this grey sea shining fair —
Beacons to haven from despair —
From all the corners of all streets
The lighthouses of London stare !

And lo ! with naphtha torches bright,
In flickering bravery of light,
The costers' stalls lead loudly on
Their Bacchic pageant through the night !

And even here Joy beats his wings
And to drab skies his madness flings :
In these dull courts exultantly
Life like a prisoned song-bird sings !

Solemnly rapt, on pavements wet
The sombre children pirouette :
These are the fields of Paradise ;
The morning stars are singing yet !

And from this long monotony
Of weary streets triumphantly —
Grimly persistent through the grey —
Youth flowers straight and tall and free !

And oft from mean roofs one may lift
Sad eyes — and opens to him swift
A spacious quietude of stars,
Or fleets of galleon-clouds adrift !

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

SLOW nuzzling tugs and barges brown
That in the grey fog drift and drown,
And, dim as an old memory,
The river dreaming up and down.

Till, running with his torches bright,
That swift incendiary, the Night,
Sets the Embankment beaconing,
And lo! the tawny flood alight!

About the bridges flaming pyres
Tell of loud work that never tires:
The engineers unto their gods
Feed nightly their great altar-fires.

Sometimes the wan Magician-Mist,
Weaving a world of amethyst,
Draws Venice, dreaming, from her isles —
Venice, by tides of moonlight kissed!

River and flowing distance blur:
Too still the world for breath to stir!
Like faery cobwebs floating high
Vague bridges of blue gossamer!

Gaunt factories melt into surmise
Of dim facades in Paradise.
Four chimneys over Battersea
Like grim old campanili rise.

Gloved fingers smudge the sun away.
Below the bridge in drear array
A funeral pageant passes by —
Ghosts of slow barges swathed in grey!

But lovers, leaning from their dream,
See, riding on a silver stream,
Rich-laden argosies of Hope,
For which no shipwreck waits, they deem!

Nay, immobile, with quiet eye,
The serpent-river seems to lie,
Watching her shores go drifting down,
Londons on Londons flowing by!

And that old Hero-worshipper,
His back to Man, still watches her —
The subtle, ancient, sullen flood
Whom never any passions stir.

She witched great Turner's glowing soul;
Grave Wordsworth gave her reverent dole;
She half unveiled at Whistler's grin —
She passed, taking from all her toll.

Contempt at Cleopatra's Stone
She stares — she who with Time has grown ;
That frail ephemera of Man
Touches her not: she moves alone.

VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

(THE AGENTS-GENERAL.) . . .

WHERE beats the heart of Empire? Where
The hidden heart that yet shall stir
Old England from her island-calm,
And wake the Empire-pulse in her?

Not Whitehall, where our Lord of Sea
From his mast-head sees gloomily
A huge emporium of War
O'er-top his shabby Admiralty!

Nor those long halls, where, lost in doubt,
By party quarrels blown about,
The candle lit for Liberty
In windy parley gutters out!

Not that walled citadel uncouth
Whose stones with blood are mortared smooth.
Here History her shambles set,
Maimed Faith, bled Justice, butchered Truth!

Nor that fierce vortex where the Bank,
Within its fortress squat and blank,
Hoards gold like grain for which in turn
The nations wait, like cabs on rank.

Nor that old sanctuary of fame.
In straight grey tongues of steady flame
It beacons England; but beyond
Its radiance burns a greater name!

No. A thin pulse that is a spur
To those far-sprawling limbs of her —
The Nations Four — throbs secretly
In this dour street in Westminster!

For here, with no grave splendour fit,
No pomp of flags to blazon it,
Behind a brass-plate on a door
The Satraps of the Empire sit!



The Bibelot

"Oh that some one had told me in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed; and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither, I was to meet more!"

THESE final words of the master, from his notes on an exhibition of Turner's paintings in 1878, carry with them a pathetic fitness in view of the recent death of the last Pre-raphaelite, William Holman Hunt. For, as admirers of Ruskin will recall, Hunt's name is dwelt upon with deep regard in the last pages of *Modern Painters*, and we may easily believe the chapter here reprinted from that magnificent prose pæan was read by him, and accepted along with all else going to the defence and exposition of Turner's art.¹

The *Two Boyhoods* is taken from the fifth volume of that monumental work which,

¹ It is now possible to see *The Concert by Giorgione* reproduced in its original colours and also to procure many of Turner's works at small charge as compared with the year when *Modern Painters* was completed.

begun in 1843, was completed seventeen years later in 1860. We wonder how many, or rather how few, admirers of Modern Painters find time or retain sufficient courage to take up the great argument as developed by Ruskin and follow on to its superb close. There is so much that can neither advance our knowledge of Turner or interest us in the religious disquisitions of its author! In the contrasting environment of the great Venetian painter, and the one whom England could only behold to reject, one finds that inescapable beauty of utterance which still comes home to the heart after all the chance and change of fifty years. What is said of Giorgione is limited by a lack of knowledge not filled up by any later investigator, whereas the actual Turner and what he had to face and did face as long as he lived becomes real to us.

Perhaps, when all is considered, Ruskin remains the one whom the world at large could least afford to do without.



FOR NOVEMBER :
LYRICS BY SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN WITH A
PREFACE BY "A. E."

THE TWO BOYHOODS

By

JOHN RUSKIN.

NOTE ON *THE TWO BOYHOODS*.

RUSKIN goes back to Turner in the chapter called "The Two Boyhoods," which paints the Venice of the young Giorgione, and the Maiden Lane, the Chelsea, the Covent Garden, and Thamés side of the London child. The description of Venice is somewhat too gorgeous. It is hardly possible for any one who knows Italy to imagine her at any time all alabaster, bronze, and marble, splendidly draped. But like this untempered Venice of fancy is Ruskin's page. It is one of the beautiful passages that I do not extract, marking only with pleasure the quiet phrase that explains how no weak walls, low-roofed cottage, or straw-built shed could be built over those "tremulous streets." Turner's only drawing of an English clergyman is excellently described, and Turner in the fogs, Turner among the ships, Turner in the outer-ways of the trampled market. Ever after, his foregrounds had "a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners." But the England of his day did graver things to him even than the nurturing of this great childhood in squalor. Ruskin gives us the exposition of the first picture painted by Turner with his whole strength—the Garden of the Hesperides of 1806, as a great religious picture of that opening century, and its religion the triumph of the dragon of Mammon or Covetousness, sleepless, human-voiced, *il gran nemico* of Dante, set by Turner in a paradise of smoke, conceived by the painter's imaginative intellect as iron-hearted, with a true bony contour, organic, but like a glacier. And as an earlier chapter had ended: "This" (the labour, that is, of Albert Durer), "is indeed the labour which is crowned with laurel and has the wings of the eagle. It was reserved for another country to

prove the labour which is crowned with fire and has the wings of the bat ; " so this sad chapter on the " Nereid's Guard " closes with the fulfilment of the menace ; the " other country " and the other age were Turner's. Ruskin's beloved painter was also, like Salvator himself, in part overcome of evil. And when he fought his way to nature and the skies, painting *sun-colour* as Claude and Cuyp had painted but *sunshine*, the world not only rejected but reviled him. " One fair dawn or sunset obediently beheld " would have set it right, and justified his painting of the coloured Apollo. His critics shouted, " Perish Apollo. Bring us back Python." " And Python came," adds Ruskin, " came literally as well as spiritually ; all the perfect beauty and conquest which Turner wrought is already withered." This refers to the destruction that has come so soon upon the very material of Turner's work — wrecked, faded, and defiled, yet even so better than any other landscape painting unmarred.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE TWO BOYHOODS.

BORN half-way between the mountains and the sea—that young George of Castelfranco—of the Brave Castle:—Stout George they called him, George of Georges, so goodly a boy he was—Giorgione.

Have you ever thought what a world his eyes opened on—fair, searching eyes of youth? What a world of mighty life, from those mountain roots to the shore;—of loveliest life, when he went down, yet so young, to the marble city—and became himself as a fiery heart to it?

A city of marble, did I say? nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea,—the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster, stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient,

impenetrable, implacable,—every word a fate — sate her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but, for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn

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nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dream-like, vanishing in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, tree winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; — brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school — such Titian's home.

Near the south-west corner of Covent Garden, a square brick pit or well is formed by a close-set block of houses, to the back windows of which it admits a few rays of light. Access to the bottom of it is obtained out of Maiden Lane, through a low archway and an iron gate; and if you stand long enough under the archway to accustom your eyes to the darkness, you may see on the left hand a narrow door, which formerly gave quiet access to a respectable barber's shop, of which the front window, looking into Maiden Lane, is still extant, filled in this year (1860), with a row of bottles, connected, in some defunct manner, with a

brewer's business. A more fashionable neighborhood, it is said, eighty years ago than now — never certainly a cheerful one — wherein a boy being born on St. George's day, 1775, began soon after to take interest in the world of Covent Garden, and put to service such spectacles of life as it afforded.

No knights to be seen there, nor, I imagine, many beautiful ladies; their costume at least disadvantageous, depending much on incumbency of hat and feather, and short waists; the majesty of men founded similarly on shoebuckles and wigs; — impressive enough when Reynolds will do his best for it; but not suggestive of much ideal delight to a boy.

"Bello ovile dov' io dormii agnello:" of things beautiful, besides men and women, dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings; deep furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer's; magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner; and Thames' shore within three minutes' race.

None of these things very glorious; the best, however, that England, it seems, was then able to provide for a boy of gift: who,

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such as they are, loves them — never, indeed, forgets them. The short waists modify to the last his visions of Greek ideal. His foregrounds had always a succulent cluster or two of greengrocery at the corners. Enchanted oranges gleam in Covent Gardens of the Hesperides; and great ships go to pieces in order to scatter chests of them on the waves. That mist of early sunbeams in the London dawn crosses, many and many a time, the clearness of Italian air; and by Thames' shore, with its stranded barges and glidings of red sail, dearer to us than Lucerne lake or Venetian lagoon,—by Thames' shore we will die.

With such circumstance round him in youth, let us note what necessary effects followed upon the boy. I assume him to have had Giorgione's sensibility (and more than Giorgione's, if that be possible) to color and form. I tell you farther, and this fact you may receive trustfully, that his sensibility to human affection and distress was no less keen than even his sense for natural beauty—heart-sight deep as eyesight.

Consequently, he attaches himself with

the faithfullest child-love to everything that bears an image of the place he was born in. No matter how ugly it is,—has it anything about it like Maiden Lane, or like Thames' shore? If so, it shall be painted for their sake. Hence, to the very close of life, Turner could endure ugliness which no one else, of the same sensibility, would have borne with for an instant. Dead brick walls, blank square windows, old clothes, market-womanly types of humanity—anything fishy and muddy, like Billingsgate or Hungerford Market, had great attraction for him; black barges, patched sails, and every possible condition of fog.

You will find these tolerations and affections guiding or sustaining him to the last hour of his life; the notablest of all such endurances being that of dirt. No Venetian ever draws anything foul; but Turner devoted picture after picture to the illustration of effects of dinginess, smoke, soot, dust, and dusty texture; old sides of boats, weedy roadside vegetation, dung-hills, straw-yards, and all the soilings and stains of every common labor.

And more than this, he not only could

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endure, but enjoyed and looked for *litter*, like Covent Garden wreck after the market. His pictures are often full of it, from side to side; their foregrounds differ from all others in the natural way that things have of lying about in them. Even his richest vegetation, in ideal work, is confused; and he delights in shingle, débris, and heaps of fallen stones. The last words he ever spoke to me about a picture were in gentle exaltation about his St. Gothard: "that *litter* of stones which I endeavored to represent."

The second great result of this Covent Garden training was, understanding of and regard for the poor, whom the Venetians, we saw, despised; whom, contrarily, Turner loved, and more than loved — understood. He got no romantic sight of them, but an infallible one, as he prowled about the end of his lane, watching night effects in the wintry streets; nor sight of the poor alone, but of the poor in direct relations with the rich. He knew, in good and evil, what both classes thought of, and how they dwelt with, each other.

Reynolds and Gainsborough, bred in country villages, learned there the country

boy's reverential theory of "the squire," and kept it. They painted the squire and the squire's lady as centres of the movements of the universe, to the end of their lives. But Turner perceived the younger squire in other aspects about his lane, occurring prominently in its night scenery, as a dark figure, or one of two, against the moonlight. He saw also the working of city commerce, from endless warehouse, towering over Thames, to the back shop in the lane, with its stale herrings — highly interesting these last; one of his father's best friends, whom he often afterwards visited affectionately at Bristol, being a fishmonger and glueboiler; which gives us a friendly turn of mind towards herring-fishing, whaling, Calais poissardes, and many other of our choicest subjects in after life; all this being connected with that mysterious forest below London Bridge on one side; — and, on the other, with these masses of human power and national wealth which weigh upon us, at Covent Garden here, with strange compression, and crush us into narrow Hand Court.

"That mysterious forest below London

Bridge" — better for the boy than wood of pine, or grove of myrtle. How he must have tormented the watermen, beseeching them to let him crouch anywhere in the bows, quiet as a log, so only that he might get floated down there among the ships, and round and round the ships, and with the ships, and by the ships, and under the ships, staring and clambering; — these the only quite beautiful things he can see in all the world, except the sky; but these, when the sun is on their sails, filling or falling, endlessly disordered by sway of tide and stress of anchorage, beautiful unspeakably; which ships also are inhabited by glorious creatures — red-faced sailors, with pipes, appearing over the gunwales, true knights, over their castle parapets — the most angelic beings in the whole compass of London world. And Trafalgar happening long before we can draw ships, we, nevertheless, coax all current stories out of the wounded sailors, do our best at present to show Nelson's funeral streaming up the Thames; and vow that Trafalgar shall have its tribute of memory some day. Which, accordingly, is accomplished — once, with all our might,

for its death; twice, with all our might, for its victory; thrice, in pensive farewell to the old Temeraire, and, with it, to that order of things.

Now this fond companying with sailors must have divided his time, it appears to me, pretty equally between Covent Garden and Wapping (allowing for incidental excursions to Chelsea on one side, and Greenwich on the other), which time he would spend pleasantly, but not magnificently, being limited in pocket-money, and leading a kind of "Poor-Jack" life on the river.

In some respects, no life could be better for a lad. But it was not calculated to make his ear fine to the niceties of language, nor form his moralities on an entirely regular standard. Picking up his first scraps of vigorous English chiefly at Deptford and in the markets, and his first ideas of female tenderness and beauty among nymphs of the barge and the barrow,—another boy might, perhaps, have become what people usually term "vulgar." But the original make and frame of Turner's mind being not vulgar, but as nearly as possible a combination of the minds of Keats and Dante, join-

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ing capricious waywardness, and intense openness to every fine pleasure of sense, and hot defiance of formal precedent, with a quite infinite tenderness, generosity, and desire of justice and truth — this kind of mind did not become vulgar, but very tolerant of vulgarity, even fond of it in some forms; and, on the outside, visibly infected by it, deeply enough; the curious result, in its combination of elements, being to most people wholly incomprehensible. It was as if a cable had been woven of blood-crimson silk, and then tarred on the outside. People handled it, and the tar came off on their hands; red gleams were seen through the black, underneath, at the places where it had been strained. Was it ochre? — said the world — or red lead?

Schooled thus in manners, literature, and general moral principles at Chelsea and Wapping, we have finally to inquire concerning the most important point of all. We have seen the principal differences between this boy and Giorgione, as respects sight of the beautiful, understanding of poverty, of commerce, and of order of battle; then follows another cause of difference in

our training—not slight,—the aspect of religion, namely, in the neighborhood of Covent Garden. I say the aspect; for that was all the lad could judge by. Disposed, for the most part, to learn chiefly by his eyes, in this special matter he finds there is really no other way of learning. His father taught him “to lay one penny upon another.” Of mother’s teaching, we hear of none; of parish pastoral teaching, the reader may guess how much.

I chose Giorgione rather than Veronese to help me in carrying out this parallel; because I do not find in Giorgione’s work any of the early Venetian monarchist element. He seems to me to have belonged more to an abstract contemplative school. I may be wrong in this; it is no matter;—suppose it were so, and that he came down to Venice somewhat recusant, or insentient, concerning the usual priestly doctrines of his day,—how would the Venetian religion, from an outer intellectual standing-point, have *looked* to him?

He would have seen it to be a religion indisputably powerful in human affairs; often very harmfully so; sometimes de-

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vouring widows' houses, and consuming the strongest and fairest from among the young; freezing into merciless bigotry the policy of the old: also, on the other hand, animating national courage, and raising souls, otherwise sordid, into heroism: on the whole, always a real and great power; served with daily sacrifice of gold, time, and thought; putting forth its claims, if hypocritically, at least in bold hypocrisy, not waiving any atom of them in doubt or fear; and, assuredly, in large measure, sincere, believing in itself, and believed: a goodly system, moreover, in aspect; gorgeous, harmonious, mysterious;—a thing which had either to be obeyed or combated, but could not be scorned. A religion towering over all the city—many buttressed—luminous in marble stateliness, as the dome of our Lady of Safety shines over the sea; many-voiced also, giving, over all the eastern seas, to the sentinel his watchword, to the soldier his war-cry; and, on the lips of all who died for Venice, shaping the whisper of death.

I suppose the boy Turner to have regarded the religion of his city also from an external intellectual standing-point.

What did he see in Maiden Lane?

Let not the reader be offended with me; I am willing to let him describe, at his own pleasure, what Turner saw there; but to me, it seems to have been this. A religion maintained occasionally, even the whole length of the lane, at point of constable's staff; but, at other times, placed under the custody of the beadle, within certain black and unstately iron railings of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Among the wheelbarrows and over the vegetables, no perceptible dominance of religion; in the narrow, disquieted streets, none; in the tongues, deeds, daily ways of Maiden Lane, little. Some honesty, indeed, and English industry, and kindness of heart, and general idea of justice; but faith, of any national kind, shut up from one Sunday to the next, not artistically beautiful even in those Sabbatical exhibitions; its paraphernalia being chiefly of high pews, heavy elocution, and cold grimness of behavior.

What chiaroscuro belongs to it — (dependent mostly on candlelight),— we will, however, draw considerably; no goodliness of escutcheon, nor other respectability being

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omitted, and the best of their results confessed, a meek old woman and a child being let into a pew, for whom the reading by candlelight will be beneficial.¹

For the rest, this religion seems to him discreditable — discredited — not believing in itself, putting forth its authority in a cowardly way, watching how far it might be tolerated, continually shrinking, disclaiming, fencing, finessing; divided against itself, not by stormy rents, but by thin fissures, and splittings of plaster from the walls. Not to be either obeyed, or combated, by an ignorant, yet clear-sighted youth; only to be scorned. And scorned not one whit the less, though also the dome dedicated to *it* looms high over distant winding of the Thames; as St. Mark's campanile rose, for goodly landmark, over mirage of lagoon. For St. Mark ruled over life; the Saint of London over death; St. Mark over St.

¹ Liber Studiorum. "Interior of a church." It is worthy of remark that Giorgione and Titian are always delighted to have an opportunity of drawing priests. The English Church may, perhaps, accept it as matter of congratulation that this is the only instance in which Turner drew a clergyman.

Mark's Place, but St. Paul over St. Paul's Churchyard.

Under these influences pass away the first reflective hours of life, with such conclusion as they can reach. In consequence of a fit of illness, he was taken — I cannot ascertain in what year—to live with an aunt, at Brentford; and here, I believe, received some schooling, which he seems to have snatched vigorously; getting knowledge, at least by translation, of the more picturesque classical authors, which he turned presently to use, as we shall see. Hence also, walks about Putney and Twickenham in the summer time acquainted him with the look of English meadow-ground in its restricted states of paddock and park; and with some round-headed appearances of trees, and stately entrances to houses of mark: the avenue at Bushy, and the iron gates and carved pillars of Hampton, impressing him apparently with great awe and admiration; so that in after life his little country house is,—of all places in the world,—at Twickenham! Of swans and reedy shores he now learns the soft motion and the green mystery, in a way not to be forgotten.

THE TWO BOYHOODS

And at last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin; and one summer's evening, after various wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love of stage-coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills.¹ For the first time, the silence of Nature round him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last; no roll of cart-wheel, nor mutter of sullen voices in the back shop; but curlew-cry in space of heaven, and welling of bell-toned streamlet by its shadowy rock. Freedom at last. Dead-wall, dark railing, fenced field, gated garden, all passed away like the dream of a prisoner; and behold, far as foot or eye can race or range, the moor, and cloud. Loveliness at last. It is here then, among these deserted vales! Not among men. Those pale, poverty-struck, or cruel faces;—that multitudinous, marred humanity— are not the only things that God

¹ I do not mean that this is his first acquaintance with the country, but the first impressive and touching one, after his mind was formed. The earliest sketches I found in the National Collection are at Clifton and Bristol; the next, at Oxford.

has made. Here is something He has made which no one has marred. Pride of purple rocks, and river pools of blue, and tender wilderness of glittering trees, and misty lights of evening on immeasurable hills.

Beauty, and freedom, and peace; and yet another teacher, graver than these. Sound preaching at last here, in Kirkstall crypt, concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies, instead of priests' vestments; their white furry hair ruffled a little, fitfully, by the evening wind, deep-scented from the meadow thyme.

Consider deeply the import to him of this, his first sight of ruin, and compare it with the effect of the architecture that was around Giorgione. There were indeed aged buildings, at Venice, in his time, but none in decay. All ruin was removed, and its place filled as quickly as in our London; but filled always by architecture loftier and more wonderful than that whose place it took, the boy himself happy to work upon the walls of it; so that the idea of the passing away of the strength of men and beauty of their

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works never could occur to him sternly. Brighter and brighter the cities of Italy had been rising and broadening on hill and plain, for three hundred years. He saw only strength and immortality, could not but paint both; conceived the form of man as deathless, calm with power, and fiery with life.

Turner saw the exact reverse of this. In the present work of men, meanness, aimlessness, unsightliness: thin-walled, lath-divided, narrow-garreted houses of clay; booths of a darksome Vanity Fair, busily base.

But on Whitby Hill, and by Bolton Brook, remained traces of other handiwork. Men who could build had been there; and who also had wrought, not merely for their own days. But to what purpose? Strong faith, and steady hands, and patient souls—can this, then, be all you have left! this the sum of your doing on the earth!—a nest whence the night-owl may whimper to the brook, and a ribbed skeleton of consumed arches, looming above the bleak banks of mist, from its cliff to the sea?

As the strength of men to Giorgione, to

Turner their weakness and vileness, were alone visible. They themselves, unworthy or ephemeral; their work, despicable, or decayed. In the Venetian's eyes, all beauty depended on man's presence and pride; in Turner's, on the solitude he had left, and the humiliation he had suffered.

And thus the fate and issue of all his work were determined at once. He must be a painter of the strength of nature, there was no beauty elsewhere than in that; he must paint also the labor and sorrow and passing away of men; this was the great human truth visible to him.

Their labor, their sorrow, and their death. Mark the three. Labor; by sea and land, in field and city, at forge and furnace, helm and plough. No pastoral indolence nor classic pride shall stand between him and the troubling of the world; still less between him and the toil of his country,—blind, tormented, unwearied, marvellous England.

Also their Sorrow; Ruin of all their glorious work, passing away of their thoughts and their honor, mirage of pleasure, FALLACY OF HOPE; gathering of weed on temple step; gaining of wave on deserted strand;

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weeping of the mother for the children, desolate by her breathless first-born in the streets of the city,¹ desolate by her last sons slain, among the beasts of the field.²

And their Death. That old Greek question again ; — yet unanswered. The unconquerable spectre still flitting among the forest trees at twilight ; rising ribbed out of the sea-sand ; — white, a strange Aphrodite, — out of the sea-foam ; stretching its gray, cloven wings among the clouds ; turning the light of their sunsets into blood. This has to be looked upon, and in a more terrible shape than ever Salvator or Durer saw it. The wreck of one guilty country does not infer the ruin of all countries, and need not cause general terror respecting the laws of the universe. Neither did the orderly and narrow succession of domestic joy and sorrow in a small German community bring the question in its breadth, or in any unresolvable shape, before the mind of Durer. But the English death — the European death of the nineteenth century — was of another

¹ "The Tenth Plague of Egypt."

² "Rizpah, the Daughter of Aiah."

range and power; more terrible a thousand-fold in its merely physical grasp and grief; more terrible, incalculably, in its mystery and shame. What were the robber's casual pang, or the rage of the flying skirmish, compared to the work of the axe, and the sword, and the famine, which was done during this man's youth on all the hills and plains of the Christian earth, from Moscow to Gibraltar. He was eighteen years old when Napoleon came down on Arcola. Look on the map of Europe, and count the blood-stains on it, between Arcola and Waterloo.

Not alone those blood-stains on the Alpine snow, and the blue of the Lombard plain. The English death was before his eyes also. No decent, calculable, consoled dying; no passing to rest like that of the aged burghers of Nuremberg town. No gentle processions to churchyards among the fields, the bronze crests bossed deep on the memorial tablets, and the skylark singing above them from among the corn. But the life trampled out in the slime of the street, crushed to dust amidst the roaring of the wheel, tossed countlessly away into

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howling winter wind along five hundred leagues of rock-fanged shore. Or, worst of all, rotted down to forgotten graves through years of ignorant patience, and vain seeking for help from man, for hope in God — infirm, imperfect yearning, as of motherless infants starving at the dawn; oppressed royalties of captive thought, vague ague-fits of bleak, amazed despair.

A goodly landscape this, for the lad to paint, and under a goodly light. Wide enough the light was, and clear; no more Salvator's lurid chasm on jagged horizon, nor Durer's spotted rest of sunny gleam on hedgerow and field; but light over all the world. Full shone now its awful globe, one pallid charnel-house,—a ball strewn bright with human ashes, glaring in poised sway beneath the sun, all blinding-white with death from pole to pole,—death, not of myriads of poor bodies only, but of will, and mercy, and conscience; death, not once inflicted on the flesh, but daily, fastening on the spirit; death, not silent or patient, waiting his appointed hour, but voiceful, venomous; death with the taunting word, and burning grasp, and infixed sting.

“Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe.” The word is spoken in our ears continually to other reapers than the angels—to the busy skeletons that never tire for stooping. When the measure of iniquity is full, and it seems that another day might bring repentance and redemption,—“Put ye in the sickle.” When the young life has been wasted all away, and the eyes are just opening upon the tracks of ruin, and faint resolution rising in the heart for nobler things,—“Put ye in the sickle.” When the roughest blows of fortune have been borne long and bravely, and the hand is just stretched to grasp its goal,—“Put ye in the sickle.” And when there are but a few in the midst of a nation, to save it, or to teach, or to cherish; and all its life is bound up in those few golden ears,—“Put ye in the sickle, pale reapers, and pour hemlock for your feast of harvest home.”

This was the sight which opened on the young eyes, this the watchword sounding within the heart of Turner in his youth.

So taught, and prepared for his life's labor, sate the boy at last alone among his fair English hills; and began to paint, with

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cautious toil, the rocks, and fields, and
trickling brooks, and soft, white clouds of
heaven.



The BiBelot

... BUT there is one shy singer of the group of writers in New Songs who might easily get overlooked because his verse takes little or no thought of the past or present, or future of his country : yet the two slim books of Seumas O'Sullivan, *The Twilight People* and *Verses Sacred and Profane* reveal a true poet, and if he is too shy to claim his country in his verses there is no reason why his country should not claim him, for he is in his way as Celtic as any of our singers. He is, as Mr. W. B. Yeats was in his earlier days, the literary successor of those old Gaelic poets who were fastidious in their verse, who loved little in this world but some chance light in it which reminded them of fairyland, or who if they were in love, loved their mistress less for her own sake than because some turn of her head, "a thin palm like foam of the sea" carried their impetuous imaginations past her beauty into memories of Helen of Troy, Deirdre, or some other symbol of that remote and perfect beauty which, however man desires he shall embrace only at the end of time. I

think the wives or mistresses of these old poets must have been very unhappy, for women wish to be loved for what they know about themselves, and for the tenderness which is in their hearts, and not because some coloured twilight invests them with a shadowy beauty not their own, and which they know they can never carry into the light of day. These poets of the transient look and the evanescent light do not help us to live our daily life, but they do something which is as necessary. They educate the spirit so that it shall not come altogether without any understanding of delicate loveliness into the Kingdom of Heaven, or gaze on Tir-nan-Og with the crude blank misunderstanding of Cockney tourists staring up at the stupendous dreams pictured on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. These fastidious scorners of every day and its interests are always looking through nature for "the herbs before they were in the field and every flower before it grew," and through women for the Eve who was in the imagination of the Lord before she was embodied, and we all need this refining vision more than we know. It may be asked of us hereafter when we would mount up into the towers of vision, "How can you desire the beauty you have not seen, who

have not sought or loved its shadow in the world?" and the Gates of Ivory may not swing open at our demand. This will never be said to Seumas O'Sullivan who is always waiting on the transient look and the evanescent light to build up out of their remembered beauty the kingdom of his heaven:

*"Round you light tresses, delicate,
Wind-blown, wander and climb
Immortal, transitory."*

Earth has no steady beauty as the calm-eyed immortals have, but their image glimmers on the waves of time, and out of what instantly vanishes we can build up something within us which may yet grow into a calm-eyed immortality of loveliness, we becoming gradually what we dream of. I have heard people complain of the frailty of these verses of Seumas O'Sullivan. They want war songs, plough songs, to nerve the soul to fight or the hand to do its work. I will never make that complaint. I will only complain if the strife or the work ever blunt my senses so that I will pass by with an impatient disdain these delicate snatchings at a beauty which is ever fleeting. But I would ask him to remember that life never allures us twice

with exactly the same enchantment. Never again will that tress drift like a woven wind made visible out of Paradise; never again will that lifted hand, foam pale, seem like the springing up of beauty in the world; never a second time will that white brow remind him of the wonderful white towers of the city of the gods. To seek a second inspiration is to receive only a second rate inspiration, and our poet is a little too fond of lingering in his verse round a few things, a face, the swaying poplars, or sighing reeds which had once piped an alluring music in his ears, and which he longs to hear again. He lives not in too frail a world, but in too narrow a world, and he should adventure out into new worlds in the old quest. He has become a master of delicate and musical rhythms. I remember reading Seumas O'Sullivan's first manuscripts with mingled pleasure and horror for his lines often ran anyhow and scansion seemed to him an unknown art, but I feel humbly now that he can get a subtle quality into his rhythms which I could not hope to acquire. I would like him to catch some new and rare birds with that subtle net of his, and to begin to invent more beauty of his own and to seek for it less. I believe he has got it in him to do well, to

do better than he has done if he will now try to use his invention more. The poems with a slight narrative in them, like The Portent or the Saint Anthony seem to me the most perfect and it is in this direction, I think, he will succeed best. He wants a story to keep him from beating musical and ineffective wings in the void. I only hope this note may send some readers to Verses Sacred and Profane, and The Twilight People, and that it may help them to study with more understanding a mind that I love.

“A. E.”



FOR DECEMBER :
PASSAGES FROM THE SONG CELESTIAL :
TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LYRICS

By

SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN.

*Though, late in a too travelled world,
From no far land our sails are furled
For harbour, yet perchance, we bring
Tokens of further wandering,
For, it may be, our sadder hearts
Have dealt in more enchanted marts
Than those old singers, and our eyes
Have gathered costlier merchandise.
Witness if in our song there be,
For that fierce olden ecstasy,
For that old singing wild and brave,
Magic of wood and wind and wave,
For old high thoughts that clashed like swords,
A wisdom winnowed from light words.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

SUMAS O'SULLIVAN was born in Ireland, 1879, and the following titles comprise a list of his books thus far published :

- I. New Songs. A Lyric Selection made by "A. E." 12mo, paper boards. Dublin, 1904. This volume contains five poems by O'Sullivan : *The Twilight People*, *The Sorrow of Love*, *Remembrance*, *The Shadows*, and *The Grey Dusk*, and represents his first appearance in book form.
- II. *The Twilight People*. 12mo, blue paper wrappers, Dublin, 1905.
- III. Verses : Sacred and Profane. Sq. 16mo, wrappers, Dublin, 1908.
- IV. *The Earth-Lover and Other Verses*. Sq. 16mo, wrappers, Dublin, 1909.

To the above the present collection of lyrics made by "A. E." for the editor of *The Bibelot* must be added. The final poem, *At Sunset*, is taken from *The Earth-Lover*, and forms a fitting epilogue to this very beautiful and latest outpouring of the Celtic muse.

THE SHEEP.

SLOWLY they pass
In the grey of the evening
Over the wet road,
A flock of sheep.
Slowly they wend
In the grey of the gloaming
Over the wet road
That winds through the town.
Slowly they pass,
And gleaming whitely
Vanish away
In the grey of the evening.
Ah, what memories
Loom for a moment,
Gleam for a moment,
And vanish away,
Of the white days
When we two together
Went in the evening,
Where the sheep lay,
We two together,
Went with slow feet
In the grey of the evening
Where the sheep lay.
Whitely they gleam
For a moment and vanish

Away in the dimness
Of sorrowful years,
Gleam for a moment,
All white, and go fading
Away in the greyness
Of sundering years.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE.

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes ;
It is a long, low, whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes ;
It is a heart beat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people why will you still be crying,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees ?
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your calling
Only the old dead dreams a-fluttering go,
As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling
Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.

THE PORTENT.

PALE shadows, one by one, about my bed
Came trooping, with bowed head ;
And sad, and calm dead eyes,
Like frozen lake-water
No wind can stir ;
And looked on me a while
Like those faint forms of the beloved dead,
Some dream has won out of their paradise :
A little while, and then
Faded away from me.
Ah, surely thus,
And with such eyes looked sad Eurydice ;
When, from the arms of Orpheus,
And from the dawning of glad golden days,
She sank down suddenly again
To that cold throne
In Lethe's sunless ways.
So they went vanishing away, but one
More sorrowful than all
Returned to me alone ;
And looked on me as if it would have stirred,
But feared, with some dread word,
Silence more terrible,
And stood a while in doubt
Swaying about,
But came to me at last, and stooped, and said,
Half-whispering, "*She is dead.*"

THE HERDSMAN.

O HERDSMAN driving your slow twilight flock
By darkening meadow and hedge and grassy rath ;
The trees stand shuddering as you pass by ;
The suddenly falling silence is your path.

Over my heart too, the shadows are creeping ;
But on my heart for ever they will lie ;
O happy meadows and trees and rath and hedges,
The twilight and all its flock will pass you by.

SAINT ANTHONY.

ALL day Saint Anthony, twixt tear and moan
Had battled with weak heart, and now almost
His strength had failed him when the phantom host
Suddenly vanished and he was alone.
Half fearing still, he raised from the cold stone
His head sweat-bathed and weary, and his heart
Failed him almost, for by his side one stood
Lovelier than all the vanished multitude.
No longer he resisted, but stretched up
Weak hands desirous, wildly thrown apart,
Past the white limbs, past the round breasts, to where
The long and delicate tendrils of light hair
Caressed, wind-rippled, the brow's ivory.
Then, shrieking, on his face, Saint Anthony
Fell, for he knew the splendour of that face,
The eyes, that, full of pity, full of grace,
Looked on him from the white brow's Sanctity.
It was the Virgin Mother of his Lord.
Prostrate, half senseless, in his swoon he heard
The voice which sang his infant Lord to rest
Sound clear through the wild tumult of his breast,
"I, too, was beautiful, O Anthony."

POPLARS.

SURELY no lovelier forms their shadowy kingdom owns
Than these tall poplars bending, swaying, each upon
Its own light shadow, even as those unbodied ones
Swaying in some sad dance by shady Acheron.

THE LAND WAR.

(PRELUDE.)

SORROW is over the fields,
The fields that can never know
The joy that the harvest yields
When the corn stands row on row.

But alien the cattle feed
Where many a furrow lies,
For the furrows remember the seed,
And the men have a dream in their eyes.

Not so did the strong men dream
E'er the fathers of these were born,
And their sons have remembered their deeds
As the fields have remembered the corn.

OUTCAST FROM EDEN.

THE senses stifle in this narrow lane
Where the fierce merciless summer sun beats down
On rows of stinking fish, and vegetables
Half rotten, and tortured flowers with stems of wire
Enforced to live beyond their fragrant hour,
A horrid death-in-life. O God of Heaven,
Who made the fish to go in cool green ways,
And flowers to laugh beside the water's edge,
And autumn fruit to lurk in odorous shade,
If thou rememb'rest Eden, Lord, look down
On this thy world, defaced by usage vile ;
And send thy fire, and purge away the sin
Of those who, losing Eden, would destroy
That Eden left unto thy innocents.

PRAISE.

DEAR, they are praising your beauty,
The grass and the sky:
The sky in a silence of wonder,
The grass in a sigh.

I too would sing for your praising,
Dearest, had I
Speech as the whispering grass,
Or the silent sky.

These have an art for the praising
Beauty so high.
Sweet, you are praised in a silence,
Sung in a sigh.

ADORATION.

WHITE brow, as faultless pure
As the watch tower
Of some white city,
Reared by gods in dim eternal story
Above the sea of time :
Round you light tresses, delicate,
Wind-blown, wander and climb
Immortal, transitory.

Red lips whose curvèd pride
Is still belied
By soft eyes forest-wild and full of pity
For all sorrow.

White hands, foam-frail you seem ;
A vanishing gleam
On the light breaking wave of beauty's tide :
You hold my destiny,
And the fate of all beside
Who follow
Eternally by ways apart
Over enchanted ground,
Lit with the radiance of no earthly day,
Where Angus' heart,
Burning through his stringèd lute,

Lures with a music sweeter than all sound
Wild-hearted ones, blind wanderers,
To go, with foot-fall mute,
By his own way.

THE MONK.

I GO with silent feet and slow
As all my black-robed brothers go ;
I dig a while and read and pray,
So portion out my pious day
Until the evening time, and then
Work at my book with cunning pen.
If she would turn to me a while,
If she would turn to me and smile,
My book would be no more to me
Than some forgotten phantasy,
And God no more unto my mind
Than a dead leaf upon the wind.

THE BALLAD OF THE FIDDLER.

HE had played by the cottage fire
Till the dancing all was done,
But his heart kept up the music
When the last of the folk had gone.

So he came through the half-door softly
And wandered up the hill
In the glow of his heart's desire
That was on the music still.

And he passed the blackthorn thicket
And he heard the branches groan
As they bowed beneath the burden
Of the white fruit of the moon.

And he came to the fairy circle
Where none but the wise may sit
And blindness was on him surely
For he sat in the midst of it.

And maybe his heart went dreaming,
Or maybe his thoughts went wide,
But he took his battered old fiddle
And he took the bow from his side.

And he said "I will play them such music
As never a fairy heard,"
He said "I will play them the music
I stole from the throat of a bird."

And the sound of his lilt went straying
By valley and stream and sedge
Till the little white stars went dancing
Along the mountain's edge.

And things came out of the bushes
And out of the grassy mound
And joined their hands in a circle
And danced to the fiddle's sound.

And quicker and sweeter and stranger
The notes came hurrying out
And joined with a shriek and a whistle
In the dance of the Goblin Rout.

And all night long on the green lands
They danced in a 'wilder'd ring
And every note of the fiddle
Was the shriek of a godless thing.

And when the winter morning
Came whitely up the glen
The Fiddler's soul fled whistling
In the rout of the Fairy Men.

EVE AND LILITH.

WITH Adam I have mourned for Lilith flown,
Yea, walked disconsolate in Paradise
Through the green ways of Eden unconsolated,
Though by my side young Eve went wondering
And whispering with her young grace that made
The loveliness of Eden lovelier.
Till, finding unavailing all her ways
And each caress, taught by her woman's love,
That is more subtle than the mind of God,
She found, devised, and perfected a plan
Which, brought to full fruition, closed on me
For evermore, that Eden she abhorred,
Where my sad heart could have but thought of one
Who walked there in the morning of the world.

CALVARY.

SWEETHEART, be brave and face with me
The thing that we have done ;
Lo, in the quiet garden now
He prayeth all alone —
The Lord we have betrayed ; yet we
May go with Him to Calvary.

Even now the brutal soldiery,
With lust of slaughter mad,
Wait by the quiet garden, where
He went secure and glad.
Sweetheart, there is sad comfort, see,
Three crosses crown our Calvary.

“THE LOVE-GIFT OF SORROW.”

FOR all my sorrow I have been more glad
Than those that know but joy, for I have had
This thought that is of all my thought more near
Than my own heart, this thought for solace. Dear,
In the long years to come when you have grown
More gentle, almost lovelier, having known
The things that wait about a woman's heart;
One day when you have turned from all apart
And come to your own self again, a thought
Will come to you, immortal, being wrought
Out of all love and sorrow in my own heart,
And you will bend your head lower and sigh
Because of that great love that you passed by.

REMEMBRANCE.

DEEP in some ancient forest fragrant with primeval
dew

Two stately forest trees with intermingling boughs we
grew,

When I went fierce in gold and black, by cave and
rock and pool

And wooded way, you went beside me lithe and beau-
tiful.

When challenging the light exultant through the air I
sped

You flew beside me; all the heaven was our bridal
bed.

And when beneath the soundless deep of watery ways
I went

For you I fought the hosts of ocean, proud and jubi-
lant.

Ah, gladly would I go again upon a way that brings

Me here, to read again the tale of all my wanderings

In your dark eyes that for a moment look with love
grown bold,

And droop 'neath gentle lids, half conscious of the
things they hold.

THE SEDGES.

I WHISPERED my great sorrow
To every listening sedge;
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly
To see me sorrow so,
Like the light winds that laughing
Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly
Who all my sorrow knows,
Like the little wind that laughing
Across the water blows.

IN AN IRISH THEATRE.

WE are not kingly born :
Why should we mourn
The Sons of Usna left companionless,
Deirdre's sad loveliness ?
Surely it fits us better to be gay
In this our little day,
And singing dance, and flash our midget wings
Over the surfaces of things,
Until the sorrow-heavy years return
Bearing full many a sorrow, many an urn
Wherein earth's kingliest ones so long have slept
Austere, unwept.
For it may be when we have danced our round
And known all joys that are above the ground,
That we too will be taught in some sad school
How to mourn for the kingly and beautiful.

NELSON STREET.

THERE is hardly a mouthful of air
In the room where the breakfast is set,
For the blind is still down tho' it's late,
And the curtains are redolent yet
Of tobacco smoke, stale from last night.
There 's the little bronze teapot, and there
The rashers and eggs on the plate,
And the sleepy canary, a hen,
Starts faintly her chirruping tweet,
And I know could she speak she would say :
"Hullo there — what 's wrong with the light ?
Draw the blind up, let 's look at the day."
I see that it's Monday again,
For the man with the organ is there ;
Every Monday he comes to the street
(Lest I, or the bird there, should miss
Our count of monotonous days)
With his reed-organ, wheezy and sweet,
And stands by the window and plays
"There 's a Land that is Fairer than This."

DEAD LETTERS.

EVERY night a man comes down our street,
Without a sound he comes on silent feet !
But every single night at two o'clock
He creeps along, for I can hear him knock
At almost all the houses in his round,
And the doors open soft without a sound,
And he hands in the letters then, I know,
For folk who died a hundred years ago.

A FIDDLER.

ALL day long about the town,
He had wandered up and down
From street to street, from drink to drink ;
At evening he began to think,
“ Better, far better, to be dead
Where no thought could find out my head ;
Lying in some green place apart
No sorrow could find out my heart ;
Laid in the quiet there alone
I should have all my dreams my own ;
For, though they know not, when I play
(These fools), I give my dreams away.”

A VISION OF HOSTING.

WHAT have the heavens for their wonder of starry glory
To show like these?
I have seen in the flashing of their white swords the story
Of victories.

Forth they go, the conquerors, the path of their going
To the world's end;
Greet the stars, their brothers, and shout in the sunrise knowing
The sun their friend.

Forth they go, uncaring, as fitteth immortals,
How the quest ends:
Here, or beyond red seas, in the flaming portals
They will greet friends.

WINTER.

WHY will you plague me with your loveliness?
Can you not see
How vain is every grace and each caress?
Prithee let be.

Your beauty is no less than when we kept
The summer that we knew;
But it is winter, sweet, you should have slept
The winter through.

For what avail your kisses and your sighs,
The lovely splendour of your tear-bright eyes?
Less than a little wine
Poured out upon the grave
Of some old glad and brave
Dead singer of the vine.

TO THE LADY OF THE POPLARS.*

A SONG for you, a song I made
Of glimmering moons and moon-white ways,
And branches woven into shade

Where quiet goes ; to make your praise,
I sought in these, and dreams of these,
My Lady of the Poplar trees.

Ah, deeper quiet he must seek,
And deeper-shadowed ways I ween,
Peace hidden of no earthly trees,
Radiance no earthly moon has seen,
He must seek out who sings to please
My Lady of the Poplar trees.

A MADONNA.

A PICTURE BY BEATRICE ELVERY.

THIS is the very face of her who bent
Above the cradle of her infant Lord,
Murmuring, as mothers murmur, many a word
Of wisdom infantile and sweet; or went
With grave proud grace, intent on household things
Yet hearing in the calm of the hushed hours,
For token of the presence of great powers
Assistant, clamour of space-hidden wings.
Draw nigh, O foolish worshippers who mock
With pious woe of sainted imagery
The Kingly-human presence of your God.
Draw near, and with new reverence gaze on her.
See you, these hands have toiled, these feet have trod
In all a woman's business; bend the knee.
For this of very certainty is she
Ordained of heavenly hierarchies to rock
The cradle of the infant carpenter.

OUT OF THE STRONG, SWEETNESS.

HALF-LIGHT of the dawn of the world,
Tremulous watery plains,
And chaos half dispelled
From the nebulous sea and land,
And through the gloom
The eyes of the gods.

Eyes of the gods, and silence,
And sense of the laughter of gods ;
And there alone in the grey,
Slender and gentle and shy,
Large-eyed with wonder, and trembling,
A herd of deer.

And whisper less loud than a thought,
Little ones gentle and shy,
Deep in the heart of the wood
The silence awaits you, your home.
Hide from the gods and their laughter
In leafy ways.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(FROM THE JAPANESE.)

NAY, but he is so young, and feet so small
Must stumble on the way, and he will fall.
I will go down to him who rules the night
And say "Lo this I give thee, so thou take
The little lad upon thy back, and make
His path over the sunless meadow light."

“JE NE VEUX DE PERSONNE AUPRES DE
MA TRISTESSE.”

— HENRIE DE REGNIER.

NAY, sweet, my grief and I, we may not brook
Even your light footfall, even your shy look,
Even your light hand that touches carelessly
The faded ribbon in the closed-up book.

Let be ; my door is closed for this one day,
Nor may morn's freshness through my window stray ;
My heart is a guest-chamber, and awaits
Sorrow, a sweet shy guest from far away.

Shyly it comes from its far distant home,
O keep a silence lest its voice be dumb ;
For every man that lives and laughs and loves
Must hear that whisper when his hour has come.

STANZAS.

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF HENRI DE REGNIER.)

"J'ai gardé ce miroir où vous vous êtes vue."

I HAVE kept still untroubled that clear tide
Deep wherein lay
Your image in its crystal unconcealed
A Summer's day.

For still the sleeping water, all unrest,
Stirs faintly deep;
As though some dream of that old loveliness
Troubled its sleep.

And, sweet, my heart grown sad with long desire
Holds hidden too
A memory of the swift and lovely grace
Your girlhood knew.

NIGHT.

(AFTER THE FRENCH OF HENRI DE REGNIER.)

A N odorous shade lingers the fair day's ghost,
And the frail moon now by no wind is tost,
And shadow-laden scents of tree and grass
Build up again a world our eyes have lost.

Now all the wood is but a murmured light
Where leaf on leaf falls softly from the height;
The hidden freshness of the river seems
A breath that mingles with the breath of night.

And time and shade and silence seem to say,
Close now your eyes nor fear to die with day;
For if the daylight win to earth again,
Will not its beauty also find a way?

And flower and stream and forest, will they not
Bring back to-morrow, as to-day they brought,
This shadow-hidden scent — this odorous shade?
Yea, and with more abiding memories fraught.

A PIPER.

A PIPER in the streets to-day,
Set up, and tuned, and started to play,
And away, away, away on the tide
Of his music we started ; on every side
Doors and windows were opened wide,
And men left down their work and came,
And women with petticoats coloured like flame,
And little bare feet that were blue with cold,
Went dancing back to the age of gold,
And all the world went gay, went gay,
For half an hour in the street to-day.

TO A GREEK POET.

O HAPPY hearted singer of a day
So golden that its very memory
Can stir the heart to sing its ecstasy,
A rivulet to the ocean of your lay.
O heart of golden fire, could you not stay
This leaden age that never more will see
White Aphrodite's naked majesty
Gleam suddenly out of the white sea spray,
Or Bacchus laughing through his wine-wet hair?
For chastity that wont to dwell apart
Timid and veiled, seeks now no hidden place,
But like a strumpet certain of her art
Shows in the daylight unashamed her face,
And Love your Lord is crownless everywhere.

AT SUNSET.

To all who went adventuring at the last,
And to new voyages at sunset passed,
Too brave at heart, too high of hope, to see
Their sky horizoned by mortality.
Oisian who left the ease that age had earned
That he might win to where the Fenians burned
And him who found new hopes invincible
Because the sea had something yet to tell,
And many another one who, scorning death,
Went forth enkindling with his latest breath
To glory and a never-dying flame,
The funeral pyre that lights a hero name.
These lines I consecrate that they may aid
Me when I go upon that last crusade,
For though the west be grey and no light linger
Where beckoned once the sunset's flickering finger,
No business of the earth will hold me back
From seeking out where they have found a track.
I will launch forth elate, and leave again
These little harbours and the ways of men,
And light again all that old western fire
With the red sunset of my last desire.



The Bibelot

BRIEFLY stated Sir Edwin Arnold's translation from the Sanskrit text of *The Song Celestial* or *Bhagavad-Gîtâ* is a discourse between Arjuna, Prince of India, and the Supreme Being under the form of Krishna. As set forth by Charles Johnston in his recent prose version (1908) "‘Bhagavad Gîtâ’ means *The Songs of the Master*, that is, of Krishna, Prince of Dvaraka, a Rajput of royal line. The occasion is the decisive battle of Kurukshetra, and the opening of the poem is epic and martial in spirit. Only a part of the battle is recorded. We are not told the result. For this work is but a section of a much longer poem, the *Mahâbhârata*, which embodies a whole cycle of Indian history, tradition and legend."

The question that arises as to the date of the *Gîtâ* is at present insoluble. Much has been written to place it about the Third Century A. D., but, on the other hand, there are not wanting those who see in its inspired teachings a more remote origin. Again Professor Johnston may be profitably quoted: "If we are justified in holding the

views already suggested, it was written at different times, through several centuries, growing gradually to fuller and fuller completeness." In this view the latest scholarship would seem to find utterance. So far as our knowledge of the text is concerned the prose version by Charles Wilkins (1785) was the first translation of the first book of Sanskrit literature to be offered English readers. It was probably best known in America through this medium up to the time of Arnold's earliest edition issued in 1885, just one hundred years later. For those who would go more deeply into its philosophy the Preface by Mr. John Davies to "The Sacred Lay" (London, 1907) and Johnston's still later rendition with commentaries upon each book, as well as a general Introduction, leave very little to seek for elsewhere.

One is not able at all times to locate the precise moment in which a great work presents itself and produces a lasting effect. It was the casual opening of a current Atlantic some two years ago in which the writer of the story cited these few lines :

" He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ ! No !
Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
Because no heart that holds one right desire
Treadeth the road of loss ! "

Reading these words was equivalent to that vital experience voiced by Keats as the feeling of all men who first come into touch with an undying truth :

*"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken."*

In regard to our selections from this great scripture of the Hindu mind, we begin at the commencement of the Second Book which is, in fact, where the poem opens "as an exposition of philosophy." But, as mere philosophy, I fear the attraction would have died out in one reader, at least, had it not been reinforced by the flexible beauty which Sir Edwin Arnold has managed to retain with few exceptions throughout his notable task. One can well understand that it was a labour of love performed by a poet and not merely by the scholar. It is these passages which bear the impress of lasting poetic loveliness that we here offer our clientele. One may know very little about the time or place, or whether, indeed, there is any historical basis in these Songs of the Master. They come to us with the same divine warrant that is found in the Book of Job, in the Psalms, in Ecclesiastes. That Emerson drew from these deep sources, that Whitman was acquainted with this ancient

literature, and that to-day they are more than ever witnesses of a revived interest in "one of the noblest scriptures of India, one of the deepest scriptures of the world" is all we really need to know in taking their great human validity of utterance to our hearts. Professor Johnston has nobly said, and we conclude with his remark :

"There is but one problem of life; throughout all lands, in all ages, it has been the same. It is the problem of the soul and immortality. From difference of temperament or race, or both, there have been certain widely divergent lines in the effort of ancient India to solve the immemorial secret. Each had its growth and development; each its long line of adherents; each its controversies, its commentators, its triumphs. In course of time, the difference between these systems grew more marked than their agreement, and controversy overshadowed appreciation. One great task of the Bhagavad Gîtâ is that of reconciler between these divergent systems, and the revelation of the truth that they all lead to a single goal."



PASSAGES FROM THE SONG CELESTIAL :

Translated by

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Magistrorum reverentia a Brachmanis inter sanctissima pietatis officia refertur. Ergo te primum, Vates sanctissime, Numinisque hypopheta! quisquis tandem inter mortales dictus tu fueris, carminis hujus auctor, cujus oraculis mens ad excelsa quæque æterna atque divina, cum inenarrabili quiddam delectatione rapitur — te primum, inquam, salvere jubeo, et vestigia tua semper adoro.

F. VON SCHLEGEL.

PASSAGES from *The Song Celestial* are chosen as follows:

SECTIONS I-VI. From Book II: The Book of Doctrines.

SECTIONS VII-VIII. From Book III: The Book of Virtue in Work.

SECTION IX. From Book IV: The Book of the Religion of Knowledge.

SECTION X. From Book V: The Book of Religion by Renouncing Fruit of Works.

SECTION XI. From Book VI: The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint.

SECTIONS XII-XIII. From Book VII: The Book of Religion by Discernment.

SECTION XIV. Book VIII complete: The Book of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God.

SECTIONS XV-XVI. From Book IX: The Book of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge and the Kingly Mystery.

SECTION XVII. Book XII complete: The Book of the Religion of Faith.

SECTIONS XVIII-XIX. From Book XIII: The Book of Religion by Separation of Matter and Spirit.

SECTIONS XX-XXI. From Book XIV: The Book of Religion by Separation from the Qualities.

SECTIONS XXII-XXIII. From Book XV: The Book of Religion by Attaining the Supreme.

SECTIONS XXIV-XXVI. From Book XVI: The Book of the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine.

SECTION XXVII. From Book XVIII: The Book of Religion by Deliverance and Renunciation.

PASSAGES FROM THE SONG CELESTIAL.

I.

KRISHNA.

THOU grievest where no grief should be! thou speak'st
Words lacking wisdom! for the wise in heart
Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
For ever and for ever afterwards.
All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
As there come infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down
Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks —
Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements —
Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
'Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
The soul that with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying! That which is
Can never cease to be; that which is not
Will not exist. To see this truth of both
Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;

It cannot anywhere, by any means,
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
But for these fleeting frames which it informs
With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain!

II.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life;
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,—
Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death
Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?

III.

This Life within all living things, my Prince !
 Hides beyond harm ; scorn thou to suffer, then,
 For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part !
 Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not !
 Nought better can betide a martial soul
 Than lawful war ; happy the warrior
 To whom comes joy of battle — comes, as now,
 Glorious and fair, unsought ; opening for him
 A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
 This honourable field — a Kshattriya —
 If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
 Duty and task go by — that shall be sin !
 And those to come shall speak thee infamy
 From age to age ; but infamy is worse
 For men of noble blood to bear than death !
 The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
 Will deem 't was fear that drove thee from the fray.
 Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
 Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
 Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
 The valour which thou hadst ; what fate could fall
 More grievously than this ? Either — being killed —
 Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or — alive
 And victor — thou wilt reign an earthly king.
 Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti ! brace
 Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet —
 As things alike to thee — pleasure or pain,

Profit or ruin, victory or defeat :
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Thou shalt not sin !

IV.

Seek refuge in thy soul ; have there thy heaven !
Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts !
The mind of pure devotion — even here —
Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,
Passing above them. Unto pure devotion
Devote thyself : with perfect meditation
Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise —
More certainly because they seek no gain —
Forth from the bands of body, step by step,
To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul
Hath shaken off those tangled oracles
Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar
To high neglect of what's denied or said,
This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.
Troubled no longer by the priestly lore,
Safe shall it live, and sure ; steadfastly bent
On meditation. This is Yôg — and Peace !

V.

When one, O Prithâ's Son ! —
Abandoning desires which shake the mind —
Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
He hath attained the Yôg — that man is such !

In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
Not overjoyed ; dwelling outside the stress
Of passion, fear, and anger ; fixed in calms
Of lofty contemplation ; — such an one
Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse !
He who to none and nowhere overbound
By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
Neither desponding nor exulting, such
Bears wisdom's plainest mark ! He who shall draw
As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
Under its shield, his five frail senses back
Under the spirit's buckler from the world
Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince !
Hath wisdom's mark ! Things that solicit sense
Hold off from the self-governed ; nay, it comes,
The appetites of him who lives beyond
Depart,—aroused no more. Yet may it chance,
O Son of Kunti ! that a governed mind
Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
His kingdom ! let him conquer this, and sit
On Me intent. That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself ! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction ; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness ; then the memory — all betrayed —
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.

But, if one deals with objects of the sense
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
And out of that tranquillity shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains,
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.

VI.

Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh
Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free
From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"
Toucheth tranquillity! O Prithâ's Son!
That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread
When that last step is reached! Live where he will,
Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining,
To blest Nirvâna, with the Gods, attaining.

VII.

He that abstains
To help the rolling wheels of this great world,
Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,
Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,
Self-concentrated, serving self alone,
No part hath he in aught; nothing achieved,
Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him; no hope

Of help for all the living things of earth
 Depends from him. Therefore, thy task prescribed
 With spirit unattached gladly perform,
 Since in performance of plain duty man
 Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
 Janak and ancient saints reached blessedness !
 Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
 Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose
 The unwise people take ; what best men do
 The multitude will follow. Look on me,
 Thou Son of Prithâ ! in the three wide worlds
 I am not bound to any toil, no height
 Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
 Yet I act here ! and, if I acted not —
 Earnest and watchful — those that look to me
 For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
 Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
 And I should break earth's order and commit
 Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata !

VIII.

They who shall keep
 My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,
 Have quittance from all issue of their acts ;
 But those who disregard My ordinance,
 Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,
 Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one
 Doth of his kind, following what fits him most :

And lower creatures of their kind ; in vain
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be
The objects of the sense will stir the sense
To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man
Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.
Finally, this is better, that one do
His own task as he may, even though he fail,
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.
To die performing duty is no ill ;
But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

IX.

Manifold the renewals of my birth
Have been, Arjuna ! and of thy births, too !
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not,
O Slayer of thy Foes ! Albeit I be
Unborn, undying, indestructible,
The Lord of all things living ; not the less —
By Maya, by my magic which I stamp
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast —
I come, and go, and come. When Righteousness
Declines, O Bharata ! when Wickedness
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take
Visible shape, and move a man with men,
Succouring the good, thrusting the evil back,
And setting Virtue on her seat again.

Who knows the truth touching my births on earth
And my divine work, when he quits the flesh
Puts on its load no more, falls no more down
To earthly birth: to Me he comes, dear Prince!

Many there be who come! from fear set free,
From anger, from desire; keeping their hearts
Fixed upon me — my Faithful — purified
By sacred flame of Knowledge. Such as these
Mix with my being. Whoso worship me,
Them I exalt; but all men everywhere
Shall fall into my path; albeit, those souls
Which seek reward for works, make sacrifice
Now, to the lower gods. I say to thee
Here have they their reward. But I am He
Made the Four Castes, and portioned them a place
After their qualities and gifts. Yea, I
Created, the Reposeful; I that live
Immortally, made all those mortal births:
For works soil not my essence, being works
Wrought uninvolved.¹ Who knows me acting thus
Unchained by action, action binds not him;
And, so perceiving, all those saints of old
Worked, seeking for deliverance. Work thou
As, in the days gone by, thy fathers did.

¹ Without desire of fruit.

X.

This world's Lord makes
 Neither the work, nor passion for the work,
 Nor lust for fruit of work ; the man's own self
 Pushes to these ! The Master of this World
 Takes on himself the good or evil deeds
 Of no man — dwelling beyond ! Mankind errs here
 By folly, darkening knowledge. But, for whom
 That darkness of the soul is chased by light,
 Splendid and clear shines manifest the Truth
 As if a Sun of Wisdom sprang to shed
 Its beams of dawn. Him meditating still,
 Him seeking, with Him blended, stayed on Him,
 The souls illuminated take that road
 Which hath no turning back — their sins flung off
 By strength of faith. [Who will may have this Light ;
 Who hath it sees.] To him who wisely sees,
 The Brahman with his scrolls and sanctities,
 • The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,
 The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.

XI.

ARJUNA.

And what road goeth he who, having faith,
 Fails, Krishna ! in the striving ; falling back
 From holiness, missing the perfect rule ?

Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light,
Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and heaven
When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth ?
Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,
Since, Krishna ! none save thou can clear the doubt.

KRISHNA.

He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ ! No !
Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
Because no heart that holds one right desire
Treadeth the road of loss ! He who should fail,
Desiring righteousness, cometh at death
Unto the Region of the Just ; dwells there
Measureless years, and being born anew,
Beginneth life again in some fair home
Amid the mild and happy. It may chance
He doth descend into a Yôgin house
On Virtue's breast ; but that is rare ! Such birth
Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief !
So hath he back again what heights of heart
He did achieve, and so he strives anew
To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince !
For by the old desire he is drawn on
Unwittingly ; and only to desire
The purity of Yôg is to pass
Beyond the *Sabdabrahm*, the spoken Ved.
But, being Yôgi, striving strong and long,
Purged from transgressions, perfected by births

Following on births, he plants his feet at last
Upon the farther path. Such as one ranks
Above ascetics, higher than the wise,
Beyond achievers of vast deeds ! Be thou
Yôgi Arjuna ! And of such believe,
Truest and best is he who worships Me
With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery !

XII.

I will declare to thee that utmost lore,
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,
Striveth for Truth ; and of those few that strive —
Nay, and rise high — one only — here and there —
Knoweth Me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,
And individuality — those eight
Make up the showing of Me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature ; learn the higher,
Whereby, thou Valiant One ! this Universe
Is, by its principle of life, produced ;
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born

As from a *Yoni*. Know! I am that womb :
I make and I unmake this Universe :
Than me there is no other Master, Prince !
No other Maker ! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water ; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,
The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is ;
The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
Of the informed, the greatness of the great.
The splendour of the splendid. Kunti's Son !
These am I, free from passion and desire ;
Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
Chief of the Bhâratas ! for all those moods,
Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
Which Nature frames, deduce from me ; but all
Are merged in me — not I in them ! The world —
Deceived by those three qualities of being —
Wotteth not Me Who am outside them all,
Above them all, Eternal ! Hard it is
To pierce that vèil divine of various shows
Which hideth Me ; yet they who worship Me
Pierce it and pass beyond.

XIII.

Who cleave, who seek in Me
Refuge from birth and death, those have the Truth !
Those know Me BRAHMA ; know Me Soul of Souls,
The ADHYÂTMAN ; know KARMA, my work ;
Know I am ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Life,
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice ;
Worship Me well, with hearts of love and faith,
And find and hold me in the hour of death.

XIV.

ARJUNA.

Who is that BRAHMA ? What that Soul of Souls,
The ADHYÂTMAN ? What, Thou Best of All !
Thy work, the KARMA ? Tell me what it is
Thou namest ADHIBHUTA ? What again
Means ADHIDAIVA ? Yea, and how it comes
Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA in thy flesh ?
Slayer of Madhu ! Further, make me know
How good men find thee in the hour of death ?

KRISHNA.

I BRAHMA am! the One Eternal God,
And ADHYÂTMAN is My Being's name,
The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from Me,
Causing all life to live, is KARMA called :
And, Manifested in divided forms,
I am the ADHIBHUTA, Lord of Lives ;
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
Because I am PURUSHA, who begets.
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice,
I — speaking with thee in this body here —
Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines
Flame unto Me!) And, at the hour of death,
He that hath meditated Me alone,
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,
Enters into My Being — doubt thou not!
But, if he meditated otherwise
At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have Me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,
Shalt surely come to Me! All come who cleave
With never-wavering will of firmest faith,
Owning none other Gods: all come to Me,
The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest!

Whoso hath known Me, Lord of sage and singer,
Ancient of days ; of all the Three Worlds Stay,
Boundless,— but unto every atom Bringer
Of that which quickens it : whoso, I say,

Hath known My form, which passeth mortal knowing ;
Seen my effulgence — which no eye hath seen —
Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,
Dispersing darkness,— unto him hath been

Right life ! And, in the hour when life is ending,
With mind set fast and trustful piety,
Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,
In happy peace that faithful one doth die,—

In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven.
The place which they who read the Vedas name
AKSHARAM, " Ultimate ;" whereto have striven
Saints and ascetics — their road is the same.

That way — the highest way — goes he who shuts
The gates of all his senses, locks desire
Safe in his heart, centres the vital airs
Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set ;
And, murmuring OM, the sacred syllable —
Emblem of BRAHM — dies, meditating Me.

For who, none other Gods regarding, looks
Ever to Me, easily am I gained
By such a Yôgi; and, attaining Me,
They fall not — those Mahatmas — back to birth,
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,
But take the way of utmost blessedness.

The worlds, Arjuna! — even Brahma's world —
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest;
But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to Me,
Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day
Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know
The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,
Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know!
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible
Is brought anew into the Visible;
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is
Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth;
Yea! this vast company of living things —
Again and yet again produced — expires
At Brahma's Nightfall; and, at Brahma's Dawn,
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.
But — higher, deeper, innermost — abides
Another Life, not like the life of sense,
Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures
When all created things have passed away:
This is that Life named the Unmanifest,
The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.

Thither arriving none return. That Life
Is Mine, and I am there ! And, Prince ! by faith
Which wanders not, there is a way to come
Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread
The Universe around me — in Whom dwell
All living Things — may so be reached and seen !

Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,
Such wisdom is ! The Yôgi, this way knowing,
Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

XV.

By Me the whole vast Universe of things
Is spread abroad ; — by Me, the Unmanifest !
In Me are all existences contained ;
Not I in them !

Yet they are not contained,
Those visible things ! Receive and strive to embrace
The mystery majestic ! My Being —
Creating all, sustaining all — still dwells
Outside of all !

XVI.

The minds untaught mistake Me, veiled in form ; —
Naught see they of My secret Presence, nought

Of My hid Nature, ruling all which lives.
Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing ; fed
On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek
An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.
But My Mahatmas, those of noble soul
Who tread the path celestial, worship Me
With hearts unwandering,— knowing Me the Source,
Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly
They glorify Me ; seek Me ; keep their vows
Of reverence and love, with changeless faith
Adoring Me. Yea, and those too adore,
Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,
Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,
One Force in every place, though manifold !
I am the Sacrifice ! I am the Prayer !
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead !
I am the healing herb ! I am the ghee,
The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns !
I am — of all this boundless Universe —
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard !
The end of Learning ! That which purifies
In lustral water ! I am OM ! I am
Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved ;
The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,
The Witness ; the Abode, the Refuge-House,
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life
Which sends, and swallows up ; Treasure of Worlds
And Treasure-Chamber ! Seed and Seed-Sower,
Whence endless harvests spring ! Sun's heat is mine ;

Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;
Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
Arjuna! SAT and ASAT, Visible Life,
And Life Invisible!

Yea! those who learn
The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,
Purge sins, pay sacrifice — from Me they earn
Passage to Swarga; where the meats divine

Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.
Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,
Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,
Come to the world of death and change once more.

They had their recompense! they stored their treasure,
Following the threefold Scripture and its writ;
Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure
Of joy which comes and goes! I grant them it!

But to those blessed ones who worship Me,
Turning not elsewhere, with minds set fast,
I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.

Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,
O Kunti's Son! though they pray wrongfully;
For I am the Receiver and the Lord

Of every sacrifice, which these know not
Rightfully ; so they fall to earth again !
Who follow gods go to their gods ; who vow
Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris ; minds
To evil Bhûts given o'er sink to the Bhûts ;
And whoso loveth Me cometh to Me.
Whoso shall offer Me in faith and love
A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,
That offering I accept, lovingly made
With pious will. What'er thou doest, Prince !
Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,
Praying or fasting, let it all be done
For Me, as Mine. So shalt thou free thyself
From *Karmabandh*, the chain which holdeth men
To good and evil issue, so shalt come
Safe unto Me — when thou art quit of flesh —
By faith and abdication joined to Me !

I am alike for all ! I know not hate,
I know not favour ! What is made is Mine !
But them that worship Me with love, I love ;
They are in Me, and I in them !

Nay, Prince !
If one of evil life turn in his thought
Straightly to Me, count him amidst the good ;
He hath the high way chosen ; he shall grow
Righteous ere long ; he shall attain that peace

Which changes not. Thou Prince of India !
Be certain none can perish, trusting Me !
O Prithâ's Son ! whoso will turn to Me,
Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,
Woman or man ; sprung of the Vaisya caste
Or lowly disregarded Sudra,—all
Plant foot upon the highest path ; how then
The holy Brahmans and My Royal Saints ?
Ah ! ye who into this ill world are come —
Fleeting and false — set your faith fast on Me !
Fix heart and thought on Me ! Adore Me ! Bring
Offerings to Me ! Make Me prostrations ! Make
Me your supremest joy ! and, undivided,
Unto My rest your spirits shall be guided.

XVII.

ARJUNA.

Lord ! of the men who serve Thee — true in heart —
As God revealed ; and of the men who serve,
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, Far,
Which take the better way of faith and life ?

KRISHNA.

Whoever serve Me — as I show Myself —
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed.

Those hold I very holy. But who serve —
Worshipping Me The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure —
Who thus adore Me, mastering their sense,
Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto Me.

Yet, hard

The travail is for such as bend their minds
To reach th' Unmanifest. That viewless path
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing the flesh !
But whereso any doeth all his deeds
Renouncing self for Me, full of Me, fixed
To serve only the Highest, night and day
Musing on Me — him will I swiftly lift
Forth from life's ocean of distress and death,
Whose soul clings fast to Me. Cling thou to Me !
Clasp Me with heart and mind ! so shalt thou dwell
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height ; if thou be'st weak to set
Body and soul upon Me constantly,
Despair not ! give Me lower service ! seek
To reach Me, worshipping with steadfast will ;
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me !
For he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain ! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure ! find
Refuge in Me ! let fruits of labour go,

Renouncing hope for Me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come ; for, though to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation — very near —
Dwelleth Eternal Peace !

Who hateth nought
Of all which lives, living himself benign,
Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,
Exempt from love of self, unchangeable
By good or ill ; patient, contented, firm
In faith, mastering himself, true to his word,
Seeking Me, heart and soul ; vowed unto Me,—
That man I love ! Who troubleth not his kind,
And is not troubled by them ; clear of wrath,
Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,
That man I love ! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,
Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,
Working with Me, yet from all works detached,
That man I love ! Who, fixed in faith on Me,
Dotes upon none, scorns none ; rejoices not,
And grieves not, letting good or evil hap
Light when it will, and when it will depart,
That man I love ! Who, unto friend and foe
Keeping an equal heart, with equal mind
Bears shame and glory ; with an equal peace
Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain ; abides
Quit of desires, hears praise or calumny
In passionless restraint, unmoved by each ;

Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in Me,
That man I love! But most of all I love
Those happy ones to whom 't is life to live
In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
Drinking the blessed Amrit¹ of my Being!

XVIII.

Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both
Have no beginning! Know that qualities
And changes of them are by Nature wrought;
That Nature puts to work the acting frame,
But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause
Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked
To moulded matter, entereth into bond
With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus
Married to matter, breeds the birth again
In good or evil *yonis*.

XIX.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul
PURUSHA, working through the qualities
With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him!

¹ The nectar of immortality.

Whatever flesh he bears, never again
Shall he take on its load. Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in Self
Self-schooled ; and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither ; some by works :
Some, never so attaining, hear of light
From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it
Worshipping ; yea ! and those — to teaching true —
Overpass Death !

Wherever, Indian Prince !

Life is — of moving things, or things unmoved,
Plant or still seed — know, what is there hath grown
By bond of Matter and of Spirit : Know
He sees indeed who sees in all alike
The living, lordly Soul ; the Soul Supreme,
Imperishable amid the Perishing :
For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
In every form, the same, one, Living Life,
Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
Are Nature's wont, for Soul to practise by
Acting, yet not the agent ; sees the mass
Of separate living things — each of its kind —
Issue from One, and blend again to One :
Then hath he BRAHMA, he attains !

XX.

This Universe the womb is where I plant
 Seed of all lives ! Thence, Prince of India, comes
 Birth to all beings ! Whoso, Kunti's Son !
 Mothers each mortal form, Brahma conceives,
 And I am He that fathers, sending seed !

XXI.

Moreover, when a soul departeth, fixed
 In Soothfastness, it goeth to the place —
 Perfect and pure — of those that know all Truth.
 If it departeth in set habitude
 Of Impulse, it shall pass into the world
 Of spirits tied to works ; and, if it dies
 In hardened Ignorance, that blinded soul
 Is born anew in some unlighted womb.

The fruit of Soothfastness is true and sweet ;
 The fruit of lusts is pain and toil ; the fruit
 Of Ignorance is deeper darkness. Yea !
 For Light brings light, and Passion ache to have ;
 And gloom, bewilderments, and ignorance
 Grow forth from Ignorance. Those of the first
 Rise ever higher ; those of the second mode
 Take a mid place ; the darkened souls sink back
 To lower deeps, loaded with witlessness !

When, watching life, the living man perceives
The only actors are the Qualities,
And knows what rules beyond the Qualities,
Then is he come nigh unto Me !

The Soul,
Thus passing forth from the Three Qualities —
Whereby arise all bodies — overcomes
Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age ; and drinketh deep
The undying wine of Amrit.

XXII.

KRISHNA.

Men call the Aswattha,— the Banyan-tree,—
Which hath its boughs beneath, its roots above,—
The ever-holy tree. Yea ! for its leaves
Are green and waving hymns which whisper Truth !
Who knows the Aswattha, knows Veds, and all.

Its branches shoot to heaven and sink to earth,
Even as the deeds of men, which take their birth
From qualities : its silver sprays and blooms,
And all the eager verdure of its girth,

Leap to quick life at kiss of sun and air,
As men's lives quicken to the temptings fair
Of wooing sense : its hanging rootlets seek
The soil beneath, helping to hold it there,

As actions wrought amid this world of men
Bind them by ever-tightening bonds again.

If ye knew well the teaching of the Tree,
What its shape saith ; and whence it springs ; and, then

How it must end, and all the ills of it,
The axe of sharp Detachment ye would whet,
And cleave the clinging.snaky roots, and lay
This Aswattha of sense-life low,— to set

New growths upspringing to that happier sky,—
Which they who reach shall have no day to die,
Nor fade away, nor fall — to Him, I mean,
FATHER and FIRST, Who made the mystery

Of old Creation ; for to Him come they
From passion and from dreams who break away ;
Who part the bonds constraining them to flesh,
And,— Him, the Highest, worshipping alway —

No longer grow at mercy of what breeze
Of summer pleasure stirs the sleeping trees,
What blast of tempest tears them, bough and stem :
To the eternal world pass such as these !

Another Sun gleams there ! another Moon !
Another Light,— not Dusk, nor Dawn, nor Noon —
Which they who once behold return no more ;
They have attained My rest, life's Utmost boon !

XXIII.

Know, too, from Me
Shineth the gathered glory of the suns
Which lighten all the world: from Me the moons
Draw silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.
I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
Their living force; I glide into the plant —
Root, leaf, and bloom — to make the woodlands green
With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,
I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass,
With outward and with inward breath, to feed
The body by all meats.

For in this world
Being is twofold: the Divided, one;
The Undivided, one. All things that live
Are "the Divided." That which sits apart,
"The Undivided."

Higher still is He,
The Highest, holding all, whose Name is LORD,
The Eternal, Sovereign, First! Who fills all worlds,
Sustaining them. And — dwelling thus beyond
Divided Being and Undivided — I
Am called of men and Vedas, Life Supreme.

XXIV.

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
 Always to strive for wisdom ; opened hand
 And governed appetites ; and piety,
 And love of lonely study ; humbleness,
 Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
 Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
 That lightly letteth go what others prize ;
 And equanimity, and charity
 Which spieth no man's faults ; and tenderness
 Towards all that suffer ; a contented heart,
 Fluttered by no desires ; a bearing mild,
 Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed,
 With patience, fortitude, and purity ;
 An unvengeful spirit, never given
 To rate itself too high ; — such be the signs,
 O Indian Prince ! of him whose feet are set
 On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth !

XXV.

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,
 Divine and Undivine ; I spake to thee
 By what marks thou shouldst know the Heavenly Man,
 Hear from me now of the Unheavenly !

They comprehend not, the Unheavenly,
How Souls go forth from Me; nor how they come
Back unto Me: nor is there Truth in these,
Nor purity, nor rule of Life. "This world
Hath not a Law, nor Order, nor a Lord,"
So say they: "nor hath risen up by Cause
Following on Cause, in perfect purposing,
But is none other than a House of Lust."
And, this thing thinking, all those ruined ones —
Of little wit, dark-minded — give themselves
To evil deeds, the curses of their kind.
Surrendered to desires insatiable,
Full of deceitfulness, folly, and pride,
In blindness cleaving to their errors, caught
Into the sinful course, they trust this lie
As it were true — this lie which leads to death —
Finding in Pleasure all the good which is,
And crying "Here it finisheth!"

XXVI.

Thus vowed
To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,
These My blasphemers, in the forms they wear
And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,
Hateful and hating; cruel, evil, vile,
Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down
Again, and yet again, at end of lives,

Into some devilish womb, whence — birth by birth —
The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled ;
And, till they find and worship Me, sweet Prince !
Tread they that Nether Road.

*Hear then the conclusion of The Song Celestial in The
Master's final words :*

XXVII.

Whoso performeth — diligent, content —
The work allotted him, whate'er it be,
Lays hold of perfectness ! Hear how a man
Findeth perfection, being so content :
He findeth it through worship — wrought by work —
Of HIM that is the Source of all which lives,
Of HIM by Whom the universe was stretched.

Better thine own work is, though done with fault,
Than doing others' work, ev'n excellently.
He shall not fall in sin who fronts the task
Set him by Nature's hand ! Let no man leave
His natural duty, Prince ! though it bear blame !
For every work hath blame, as every flame

Is wrapped in smoke ! Only that man attains
Perfect surcease of work whose work was wrought
With mind unfettered, soul wholly subdued,
Desires for ever dead, results renounced.

Learn from me, Son of Kunti ! also this,
How one, attaining perfect peace, attains
BRAHM, the supreme, the highest height of all !

Devoted — with a heart grown pure, restrained
In lordly self-control, forgoing wiles
Of song and senses, freed from love and hate,
Dwelling 'mid solitudes, in diet spare,
With body, speech, and will tamed to obey,
Ever to holy meditation vowed,
From passions liberate, quit of the Self,
Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride ;
Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking nought —
Such an one grows to oneness with the BRAHM ;
Such an one, growing one with BRAHM, serene,
Sorrows no more, desires no more ; his soul,
Equally loving all that lives, loves well
Me, Who have made them, and attains to Me.
By this same love and worship doth he know
Me as I am, how high and wonderful,
And knowing, straightway enters into Me.
And whatsoever deeds he doeth — fixed
In Me, as in his refuge — he hath won

For ever and for ever by My grace
 Th' Eternal Rest! So win thou! In thy thoughts
 Do all thou dost for Me! Renounce for Me!
 Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me!
 Live in the faith of Me! In faith of Me
 All dangers thou shalt vanquish, by My grace;
 But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
 Thou can'st but perish! If this day thou say'st,
 Relying on thyself, "I will not fight!"
 Vain will the purpose prove! thy qualities
 Would spur thee to the war. What thou dost shun,
 Misled by fair illusions, thou wouldst seek
 Against thy will, when the task comes to thee
 Waking the promptings in thy nature set.
 There lives a Master in the hearts of men
 Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling-strings,
 Dance to what tune HE will. With all thy soul
 Trust Him, and take Him for thy succour, Prince!
 So — only so, Arjuna! — shalt thou gain —
 By grace of Him — the uttermost repose,
 The Eternal Place!

Thus hath been opened thee
 This Truth of Truths, the Mystery more hid
 Than any secret mystery. Meditate!
 And — as thou wilt — then act!

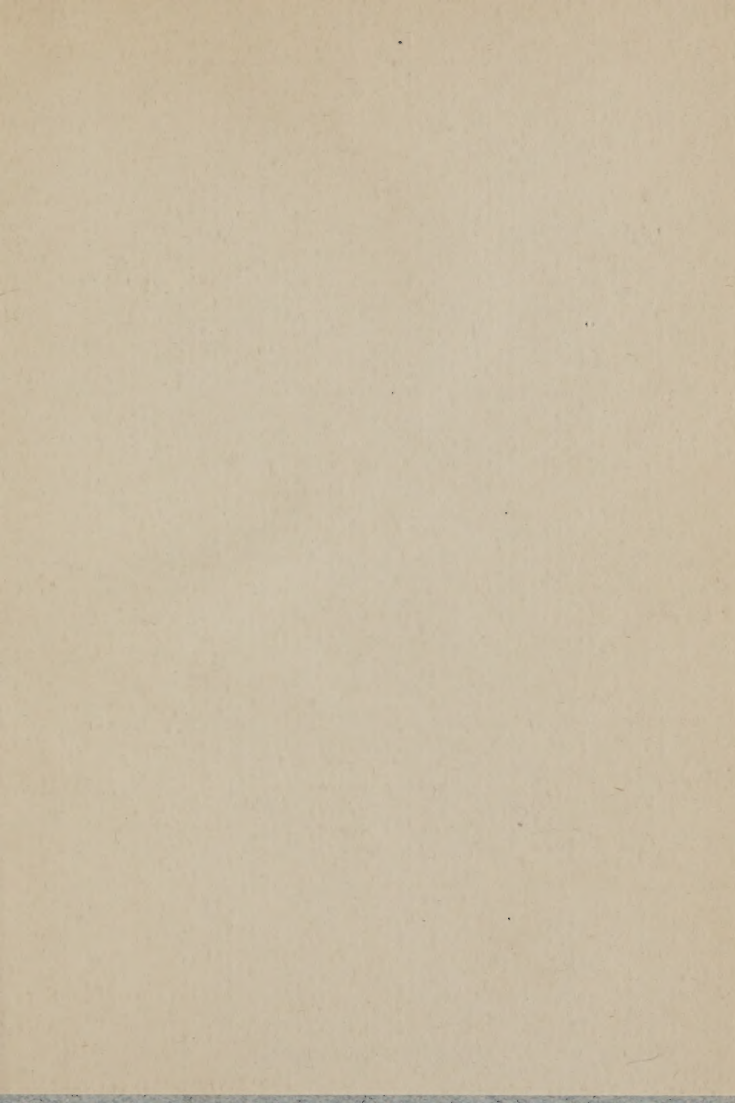
Nay! but once more
 Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!

Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved !
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to Me !
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
For thou art sweet to Me !

And let go those —
Rites and writ duties! Fly to Me alone!
Make Me thy single refuge! I will free
Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!



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